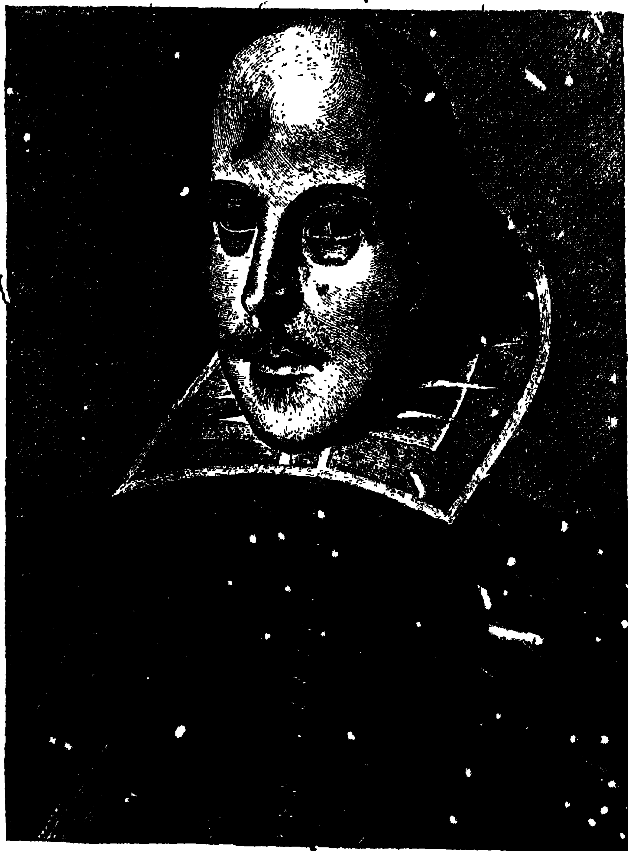


THE DROESHOUT PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

[*By Photography from the Folio of 1623.*]

# SHAKESPEARE'S

TRAGEDY OF

# CORIOLANUS.

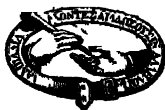
EDITED, WITH NOTES,

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DISTANT VIEW OF ROME.



KEMBLE AS CORIOLANUS.

# INTRODUCTION

TO

# CORIOLANUS.

## I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

*Coriolanus* was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 1–30 in the division of "Tragedies," though *Troilus and Cressida* (which was at first intended, as the paging shows, to follow *Romeo and Juliet*) is placed before it. It is one of sixteen plays in the folio which are recorded

in the Stationers' Registers as not having been previously "entered" to other publishers. For the date of its composition we have only the internal evidence of style and metre, which indicate that it was one of the latest of the plays. It was probably written between 1607 and 1610. Malone and Stokes make the date 1610; Ward, 1610 or "perhaps rather earlier;" Chalmers and Drake, 1609; Fleay (in his *Introduction to Shakespearian Study*) and Dowden, "about 1608;" Delius, "before May, 1608;" and Furnivall, 1607–8. Halliwell sees in v. 3. 97 evidence that Shakespeare used the 1612 edition of North's *Plutarch*—in which the misprint of "unfortunately" for "unfortunate" is first corrected—while Fleay believes that the correction in North was got from the play. One argument is just as good as the other, both in our opinion (see our note on the passage below) being good for nothing; and the same may be said of any inferences concerning the date based upon the allusion to the "mulberry" in iii. 2. 79.*

II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The source from which Shakespeare drew his materials was Sir Thomas North's "Lives of the noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by that grave, learned Philosopher and Historiographer, Plutarke of Chaeronea," translated from the French version of James Amyot, Bishop of Auxerre, and first published in 1579. As the poet was evidently acquainted with the book when he wrote the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* (see our ed. p. 15), which was pretty certainly before the appearance of the 2d edition of North in 1595, he probably used the 1st edition in *Coriolanus* also. The extracts in the *Notes* will show how freely he drew from North, and how closely in many instances he followed even the phraseology of his authority. Some expressions in the

* See our note below; and for another passage which has been thought to bear on the date, see on ii. 2. 97.

fable told by Menenius in i. 1 may have been suggested by the version in Camden's *Remains*, published in 1605. Wright thinks it possible that the resemblances to Camden —first pointed out by Malone—may be accidental, but we are inclined, with Ward, Fleay, and others, to believe that Shakespeare was really indebted to that author—though the obligation was at best but a trifling one.

### III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespear's Plays."* *]

Shakespear has in this play shown himself well versed in history and state affairs. *Coriolanus* is a storehouse of political commonplaces. . . . The arguments for and against aristocracy or democracy, on the privileges of the few and the claims of the many, on liberty and slavery, power and the abuse of it, peace and war, are here very ably handled, with the spirit of a poet and the acuteness of a philosopher. Shakespear himself seems to have had a leaning to the arbitrary side of the question, perhaps from some feeling of contempt for his own origin, and to have spared no occasion of bating the rabble. What he says of them is very true; what he says of their betters is also very true, though he dwells less upon it. The cause of the people is indeed but little calculated as a subject for poetry: it admits of rhetoric, which goes into argument and explanation, but it presents no immediate or distinct images to the mind,

"no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage,"

for poetry "to make its pendent bed and procreant cradle" in. The language of poetry naturally falls in with the language of power. The imagination is an exaggerating and exclusive faculty: it takes from one thing to add to another;

* *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*, by William Hazlitt, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt (London, 1869), p. 49 fol.

it accumulates circumstances together to give the greatest possible effect to a favourite object. The understanding is a dividing and measuring faculty; it judges of things, not according to their immediate impression on the mind, but according to their relations to one another. The one is a monopolizing faculty, which seeks the greatest quantity of present excitement by inequality and disproportion; the other is a distributive faculty, which seeks the greatest quantity of ultimate good by justice and proportion. The one is an aristocratical, the other a republican faculty. The principle of poetry is a very anti-levelling principle. It aims at effect, it exists by contrast. It admits of no medium. It is everything by excess. It rises above the ordinary standard of sufferings and crimes. It presents a dazzling appearance. It shows its head turreted, crowned, and crested. Its front is gilt and blood-stained. Before it "it carries noise, and behind it leaves tears." It has its altars and its victims, sacrifices, human sacrifices. Kings, priests, nobles, are its train-bearers, tyrants and slaves its executioners. "Carnage is its daughter." Poetry is right royal. It puts the individual for the species, the one above the infinite many, might before right. A lion hunting a flock of sheep or a herd of wild asses is a more poetical object than they; and we even take part with the lordly beast, because our vanity or some other feeling makes us disposed to place ourselves in the situation of the strongest party. So we feel some concern for the poor citizens of Rome when they meet together to compare their wants and grievances, till Coriolanus comes in, and with blows and words drives this set of "poor rats," this rascal scum, to their homes and beggary before him. There is nothing heroical in a multitude of miserable rogues not wishing to be starved, or complaining that they are like to be so; but when a single man comes forward to brave their cries and to make them submit to the last indignities, from mere pride and self-will, our admiration of his prowess

is immediately converted into contempt for their pusillanimity. The insolence of power is stronger than the plea of necessity. The tame submission to usurped authority, or even the natural resistance to it, has nothing to excite or flatter the imagination; it is the assumption of a right to insult or oppress others that carries an imposing air of superiority with it. We had rather be the oppressor than the oppressed. The love of power in ourselves and the admiration of it in others are both natural to man; the one makes him a tyrant, the other a slave. Wrong, dressed out in pride, pomp, and circumstance, has more attraction than abstract right. Coriolanus complains of the fickleness of the people; yet, the instant he cannot gratify his pride and obstinacy at their expense, he turns his arms against his country. If his country was not worth defending, why did he build his pride on its defence? He is a conqueror and a hero: he conquers other countries, and makes this a plea for enslaving his own; and when he is prevented from doing so, he leagues with his enemies to destroy his country. He rates the people "as if he were a God to punish, and not a man of their infirmity." He scoffs at one of the tribunes for maintaining their rights and franchises: "Mark you his absolute *shall*?" not marking his own absolute *will* to take everything from them, his impatience of the slightest opposition to his own pretensions being in proportion to their arrogance and absurdity. If the great and powerful had the beneficence and wisdom of gods, then all this would have been well; if with a greater knowledge of what is good for the people, they had as great a care for their interest as they have themselves, if they were seated above the world, sympathizing with the welfare, but not feeling the passions of men, receiving neither good nor hurt from them, but bestowing their benefits as free gifts on them, they might then rule over them like another Providence. But this is not the case. Coriolanus is unwilling that the Senate should show their "cares" for the people, lest their

"cares" should be construed into "fears," to the subversion of all due authority, and he is no sooner disappointed in his schemes to deprive the people, not only of the cares of the state, but of all power to redress themselves, than Volumnia is made madly to exclaim,

> "Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
> And occupations perish."

This is but natural: it is but natural for a mother to have more regard for her son than for a whole city, but then the city should be left to take some care of itself. The care of the state cannot, we here see, be safely intrusted to maternal affection, or to the domestic charities of high life. The great have private feelings of their own, to which the interests of humanity and justice must courtesy. Their interests are so far from being the same as those of the community, that they are in direct and necessary opposition to them: their power is at the expense of *our* weakness, their riches of *our* poverty, their pride of *our* degradation, their splendour of *our* wretchedness, their tyranny of *our* servitude. If they had the superior knowledge ascribed to them (which they have not), it would only render them so much more formidable, and from gods would convert them into devils. The whole dramatic moral of *Coriolanus* is that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left. The people are poor, therefore they ought to be starved. They are slaves, therefore they ought to be beaten. They work hard, therefore they ought to be treated like beasts of burden. They are ignorant, therefore they ought not to be allowed to feel that they want food, or clothing, or rest—that they are enslaved, oppressed, and miserable. This is the logic of the imagination and the passions, which seek to aggrandize what excites admiration and to heap contempt on misery, to raise power into tyranny, and to make tyranny absolute, to thrust down that which is

low still lower, and to make wretches desperate; to exalt magistrates into kings, kings into gods; to degrade subjects to the rank of slaves, and slaves to the condition of brutes. The history of mankind is a romance, a mask, a tragedy, constructed upon the principles of *poetical justice;* it is a noble or royal hunt, in which what is sport to the few is death to the many, and in which the spectators halloo and encourage the strong to set upon the weak, and cry havoc in the chase though they do not share in the spoil. We may depend upon it that what men delight to read in books, they will put in practice in reality.

[*From Gervinus's "Shakespeare Commentaries."* *]

It is by no means unimportant, in forming a judgment on this play, whether we take the political or the psychological idea as the basis for our consideration. If we take the political struggle between the two orders to be the main point, we shall readily arrive at wrong conclusions. To instance only one: We see Coriolanus, as the chief representative of the aristocracy, in strong opposition to the people and the tribunes; hence we naturally take up the view expressed by Hazlitt, that Shakespeare had a leaning to the arbitrary side of the question, to the aristocratical principle, inasmuch as he does not dwell on the truths he tells of the nobles in the same proportion as he does on those he tells of the people. Hazlitt has added excellent grounds for proving even the naturalness and need of this inclination in the poet. He shows that the poetic imagination is an exaggerating, exclusive, aristocratic faculty, that the principle of poetry is everywhere an anti-levelling principle, that we feel more admiration for the proud arbitrary man than for the humble crowd that bow before him, for the oppressor than for the oppressed. All this is very true, and seems to gain more

* *Shakespeare Commentaries*, by Dr. G. G. Gervinus, translated by F. E. Bunnett, revised ed. (London, 1875), p. 748 fol.

force by its application to Coriolanus. But Shakespeare's poetry is always so closely connected with morality, his imaginative power is so linked with sound reason, his ideal is so full of actual truth, that his poetry seemed to us always distinguished from all other poetry exactly by this: that there is nothing exclusive in it, that candour and impartiality are the most prominent marks of the poet and his poetry, that if imagination even with him strives sometimes after effect, exists by contrasts, and admits no middle course, yet in the very placing, describing, and colouring of the highest poetical contrasts there appears ever for the moral judgment that golden mean of impartiality which is the precious prerogative of the truly wise. Shakespeare has depicted the man of freedom, Brutus, nay, even the harder master-spirit of the revolution, Cassius, far nobler and with much more love than the man of the aristocracy, Coriolanus. It will be allowed that, from the example of Brutus, many more would be won over to the cause of the people than would be won over to aristocratic principles by Coriolanus. If we regard Coriolanus not merely in reference to the many, but if we weigh his character in itself and with itself, we must confess, after the closest consideration, that personified aristocracy is here represented in its noblest and in its worst side, with that impartiality which Shakespeare's nature could scarcely avoid. It may be replied, the people are not so depicted. Yet even on the nobles as a body our poet has just as little thrown a favourable light at last; for it lies in the nature of things that a multitude can never be compared with one man who is to be the subject of poetical representation, and who, on that very account, must stand alone, one single man distinguished from the many. But it may be said, the representatives of the people, the tribunes, are not thus impartially depicted. Yet where would have been the poetic harmony, if Shakespeare had made these prominent? Where the truth, if he had given dignity and energy to a new power created

in a tumult? where our sympathy in his hero, if he had placed a Marcus Brutus in opposition to him in the tribunate? In proportion as he had raised our interest in the tribunes, he would have withdrawn it from Coriolanus, who had already enough to do to bear his own burden of declension.

If we observe closely, we cannot even find that the people are here represented as so very bad. We must distinguish between the way in which they really act and the way in which the mockers and despisers of the people represent them; we may then soon find that the populace in *Julius Cæsar* appear much worse than in *Coriolanus*. Great attention is here paid to the character of the age. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, where the people had ceased to be of any importance, they no longer appear; in *Julius Cæsar*, where their degeneracy ruined the republic, they are shown in all their weakness; in *Coriolanus*, where they can oppose but not stop the progress of Rome's political career, they appear equally endowed with good and bad qualities. . . .

If, however, we would find out the poet's estimate of democratic and aristocratic principles, we must, as intimated above, compare the highest representatives of both principles, Coriolanus with Brutus and Cassius; not the populace with Coriolanus, who is intended by the poet, expressly and in accordance with history, to tower like a hero above them. . . . The poet has taken great pains to make the exceptional pride and greatness of his hero *possible*. He has given him a mother glowing with patriotism, early left a widow, who has centred all her pride, her strength, and her love on making her only and early distinguished son the chief hero and ruler of his country. . . . He has been trained from childhood to an elevation above the ordinary and the vulgar; he has, says Volumnia, "affected the fine strains of honour, to imitate the graces of the gods." These overstrained demands on himself and others, springing from pride and

begetting greater pride, made him in time unfit for every thing and ruinous to himself, because with them every good and every bad quality rose to a height that could not, as it were, support itself; he strove for a degree of merit "that stifled itself by its own excess." No idle dream of honour impels him to seek for renown; he wishes to be, not to *seem*, the first. In this sense he is an aristocrat in the simplest and noblest meaning of the word; with him the name and the rank are nothing, but every thing consistent with true pride lies in real merit. It would not satisfy him, like Cæsar, to be the first in the smallest place in the world, but rather to be second in the greatest; he wishes to be, not the first in rank, but the greatest in deeds in the whole earth.

What induced Shakespeare to endow the hero of this play with this superhuman, demi-godlike greatness? History imposed upon the poet a catastrophe of the rarest kind. Coriolanus, after his banishment, fights against his country, for which before he would have striven in the hardest battles without requiring any reward; he enters into a league with his bitterest enemy from a cold unfeeling thirst for vengeance; then, at the certain peril of his life, he suddenly abandons this revenge at the entreaty of his mother. These contradictions, Shakespeare thought, could only be imputed to a man who, from nature and education, had carried his virtues and his faults to extremes, which rendered natural the change of his different qualities into their opposites. This is managed with an art and a delicacy which can scarcely be suspected in the apparently coarse strokes of this delineation.

First, his unmeasured thirst for glory, which in an heroic age can only seek its satisfaction in the praise bestowed on the highest valour. If valour be "the chiefest virtue," it is said of him that he is then "singly counterpoised in the world." Coriolanus so considered valour. Nowhere is his whole being so over-excited as in battle; not his blows only,

but his voice and his looks are dreadful. He suffers none to approach him in this point, unless it be old Titus Lartius, who, fighting on crutches, cannot hurt his glory. There is but one who rivals him in valour, Tullus Aufidius; towards whom his ambition rises into envy. If he were "any thing but what he is," Coriolanus would wish to be Aufidius. He confesses that he "sins in envying his nobility.". . .

Next to his military virtues we will examine his political qualities. That a man of his disposition and education must be an aristocrat on principle, if not so by birth, is very evident. He dislikes the representation of the people by the tribunate; he opposes every innovation which interferes with the sole rule of the senate; he is jealous against any concession as a proof of weakness and as a wanton encouragement of rebellion; he is convinced that where two powers rule together, unless one has the upper hand, confusion will introduce discord between them, and one will overturn the other. But with these strict aristocratic principles he would have ruled like a wise statesman, if regard had been had to his nature and he had been left in peace. The poet has endowed him with that knowledge of state affairs and those high political views which seem peculiar to aristocratic bodies, in addition to the blamelessness of his private character. He possesses the first quality of a statesman—disinterestedness: even the populace allow that he is not greedy of gain; in the war he will not take a greater share of booty than any of the others. He would not distribute corn gratis among the rebellious crowd, but neither would he oppress the people; so long as he was not offended, he would be towards the people, as Menenius says, "a bear that lives like a lamb." He is, moreover, free from all petty and punishable ambition. Dictatory as he is, he would never aim at tyrannical power; the scandal-loving tribunes themselves could not hope to have such a report of him as this believed. As he would not descend from the aristocratic sphere, so neither would

he step beyond it. Jealous as he is of true honour and true pre-eminence, the posts of external honour are indifferent to him. He does not smooth the road to honour like those who flatter the people; he strives to advance the labours of actual merit. He does not covet the consulate, any more than the chief command of the army. But here prudence may be mixed with modesty, and modesty with pretension. He feels that he deserves the consulate, but he is not willing to use the usual means of suing for it; he will rather be the slave of the people in his own way than rule over them in theirs. But as, through the entreaties of his mother and his friends, he has once been induced to try for the consulate, he is bent upon obtaining it as a point of honour, as the reward of his deservings. If on these points his aristocratic feelings are free from egotism and a petty love of place, they are also free from petty conservatism, the usual principle of this class of politicians. He is not afraid of revolutions and cutting remedies, when in his wrath he has to pursue a party aim; but even in calmness and in the leisure of consideration he would not hesitate to apply "a dangerous physic" against an infirmity of the state which will cause death without it. He utters in the calmest manner the excellent maxim, adverse to the petty principles of conservatism:

> "What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
> The dust of antique time would lie unswept,
> And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
> For truth to overpeer."

With such principles Coriolanus would have been a distinguished statesman if he had employed the charm of his superiority to lead the people gently to goodness. Thus his mother teaches him. In war, she says, he is content to unite prudence and policy with honour, but he should also do so in peace. She can endure his absolute disposition, in which to her "he can never be too noble;" but when extremities speak, "when fortune and friends are at stake, he should

tame his proud heart, and let the mouth only speak." "She has," she says, "a heart as little apt as his to be counselled, but yet a brain that leads her use of anger to better vantage." This he should learn. He does, indeed, indifferently understand it, under new conditions, when the unsociability of his nature has not yet brought him into difficulties, and when great aims make him prudent and discreet. When he has to propitiate the people of Antium he is at once loved and prized by them all. The senators stand bareheaded before him; Aufidius shares his power with him, and submits to his authority; the soldiers follow him to battle, as boys pursue butterflies; he is their god! But all these qualities suddenly disappear when he is angry, and when he experiences contradiction, especially from those whom he despises. When the people rebel in the famine, he will heap up mountains of their bodies; when, at his election to the consulate, he has to suffer for his changeableness and the malice of the tribunes, he resents the peremptory *shall* of the popular leaders, while *his* absolute *will* never endured the smallest contradiction. . . .

If Coriolanus's warlike ambition and aristocratic presumption of ruling were rooted in the great, proud, exaggerated claims which he makes on himself, in the high opinion he had of himself, and in the great merit which he knew he possessed, the passionateness by which he is hurried along was so likewise. Brought up with haughty manners, accustomed to no contradiction, he can endure none; yet he himself seeks his glory in contradiction. Those who in this way are spoiled by fortune, who appear everywhere as conquerors, who rule over all, are usually least able to rule themselves, and to be master of their fortune. To oppose Coriolanus is the way to irritate him; when thus irritated he cannot recover himself; when angry he forgets "that ever he heard the name of death;" when moved he "will not spare to gird the gods, and to bemock the modest moon." . . .

The extremity of his pride is seen when he casts back upon his condemners the sentence of banishment, "I banish you," as if the one condemned weighed more than all the condemners in the world. And yet it may be asked whether this monstrous insolence indicates the actual pitch of Coriolanus's pride more than that modesty with which he contemns and rejects all reward, all praise, and all flattery. That his modesty has its origin partly in sincere endeavours after self-approval, and that, therefore, he will not have his mother's praise, although "she has a charter to extol her blood," this shows that his self-reliance is noble in principle and his pride justified in a great degree by his merits and his actions. Nevertheless, this feature bears also the stamp of excessive pride; there is mixed up with it that highest arrogance which thinks itself superior to all praise, with which he avoids all acclamation and every laudatory report, with which the man begs not to hear "his nothings monstered," while he believed as much as any in the gigantic greatness of his importance.

This peculiarity in Coriolanus of being unable to listen to flattery is connected with another. that of being still less able to express it. He is true and plain; he has been "bred i' the wars, and is ill schooled in boulted language;" "meal and bran together he throws out without distinction;" he speaks the truth in spite of every danger; he can also listen to the truth, if it be without degradation and abuse; what he thinks, he utters, and what he says, he does; promise-breakers are hateful to him. He strives, therefore, to avoid applying for the consulship in the customary manner by humbly suing the people; he would not, they say, "flatter Neptune for his trident," how then should he flatter the people? . . . And yet afterwards among the Antiates, when his plans of revenge and wrath against the Romans demand it, this extraordinary man can suddenly use the arts he never would condescend to employ; he can do violence to his own nat-

ure, flatter the furtherers of his plans, and act towards his enemies out of thirst for vengeance as he never could towards his friends out of public-spiritedness and patriotism.

The intractableness of his disposition, the inflexibility of his character, and the stubbornness of his will, which display themselves in his proud demeanour, are, like this pride itself, partly founded in his nature and partly in the principles of his exaggerated aspirations. Seriousness, severity, unsociableness, we must acknowledge to be in his disposition; the people themselves and Aufidius excuse much of his pride on account of the unconquerable power of his natural disposition. The habits of the soldier helped to condense these qualities into a rigid, repelling unapproachableness; Aufidius says of his nature that he could not move "from the casque to the cushion," that he was "no other than one thing," one-sided and obstinate, as Plutarch also characterizes him. . . . To tower above all in acts, in power, and in unbending will, to appear, as was said of him, like an oak, like a rock, to be shaken by no wind, is evidently the most significant mark of his aspiring pride. . . . When these notions of proud, manly heroism are put to the highest trial, they find also their boldest expression. When mother, wife, and son stand up between him and his revenge, and "great nature cries *Deny not*," he prepares with a shudder to do the last violence to nature: "Out, affection!" he exclaims,

"All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
*  *  *  Let the Volsces
Plough Rome and harrow Italy; I 'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin."

His proud self-will drives him to the assumption of a godlike power of self-determination, staking his will against every natural impulse and feeling. But under this violent

strain nature gives way; stifled instinct revenges itself; and while abjuring all natural emotions, he feels he is not of stronger earth than other men. And the man who made it his pride to outdo humanity pleases us best when he condescends to be human.

This change does not take place in him by virtue of an arbitrary machinery. We may, on other occasions also, observe in him the traces of this suppressed humanity, and on these occasions we like him best. . . . These features betray a fund of real good nature in his character, and a share of the inalienable requirements of the heart, which in his overstrained notions of noble manhood he has only attempted to extinguish. This is seen in his domestic affections, the last vulnerable spot in the horny hide of his selfishness. Like Othello, he is attached to a wife whom we know to be domestic, not remarkably intellectual, not to be seduced from her work, silent, reserved, but of the utmost feminine sweetness. The poet has given her a quiet but powerful influence over Coriolanus; to her alone he is gentle and tender; "my gracious silence" he calls her when she greets his triumph with tears; and when she comes with Volumnia to petition against the siege of Rome, he is first moved by "those doves' eyes, which can make gods forsworn," and he addresses her in words of real feeling. Filial piety goes hand in hand with this conjugal love. It is said among the people that his love for his mother is equal to his pride, and that both are dearer to him than his country. According to a practice already familiar to us, the poet has prepared us for the decisive scene, where maternal influence prevails, by an example preceding it, so that one may explain the other. He shows her to us first persuading him to present himself repentant before the tribunes. This is a harder task than the later one, where she attunes him to human feeling, whereas here she impels him to act contrary to his nature, to renounce his intention, to humble his spirit. He agrees to do what she

asks for her sake, but for his own he would rather be ground to dust than do it; he paints the scene in self-despising language; overcome with shame, he recalls his promise, but his mother pledges her honour for its performance. "To beg of thee," she says, "it is more my dishonour than thou of them;" this compels him to make the effort which fails. The skill displayed in this scene is as great as in the subsequent one, the real task which history placed before the poet. After the first proof of Volumnia's power over her son it is easy to comprehend the second. In the first the consulship only was in question, here the fate of Rome; there his outward honour, here his true glory; if he overthrows Rome, his mother tells him, his name will be "dogged with curses," and the chronicle will add,

> "The man was noble,
> But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
> * * * His name remains
> To the ensuing age abhorred."

On the first occasion she pledged her honour; here, with Virgilia, she pledges her life: he shall not assault his country without treading on their bodies. There the mother's ambition spoke, here her love of country, which outweighs even the enthusiastic love of the mother; she rises to a magnanimous heroism on the grand occasion which restores to him his human feelings. The appearance of his friend Menenius has given him the first shock. The sight of his mother on her knees before him shows him how unnatural is his position towards his country. His boy's droll remark completes the shock; his own blood threatens to rise up against him in defence of his country. . . .

On two great occasions in his history we see him fall from want of self-government, from overstrained passion and irritability; once on the occasion of his banishment, and again at his death. On both occasions a single word, the opprobrious epithet of traitor, brings on the fatal outbreak of his

fury. This shows in a very remarkable manner the fine turning-point by which he missed the result of all his strivings. If this name were rightly bestowed on him, then no reproach could be thought of which would so immediately shatter the noble work of Volumnia, and overturn the object of all the proud endeavours of Coriolanus, as this. If he were a traitor, then his glory was turned into shame, his bravery misapplied, his pride dishonoured, his civic virtue changed into selfishness, his truth and fidelity into their reverse, his most honourable efforts covered with the coarsest stains. And it cannot be denied that he became a traitor to Rome after he first heard this word of reproach, and he was one to the Antiates when he heard it for the second time. This mother, the giver and the shaper of his life, had brought him into both situations; she, therefore, meets her punishment with him. The first time, in a movement of motherly weakness, she had tempted him, contrary to a right instinct, into a false path, and thereby drawn down upon him the unmerited reproach of being a traitor, which he then hastened to deserve; this fault she and he also repaired when, in a noble spirit of patriotism, she allured him back from his mistaken search after vengeance into the path of humanity, which he trod with death before his eyes. The name of traitor suits him now, indeed, but rather to his glory than to his disgrace, and his death atones for his life.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."* *]

In Volumnia, Shakspeare has given us the portrait of a Roman matron, conceived in the true antique spirit, and finished in every part. Although Coriolanus is the hero of the play, yet much of the interest of the action and the final catastrophe turn upon the character of his mother, Volumnia, and the power she exercised over his mind, by which, according to the story, "she saved Rome and lost her son." Her

* American ed. (Boston, 1857), p. 345 fol.

lofty patriotism, her patrician haughtiness, her maternal pride, her eloquence, and her towering spirit, are exhibited with the utmost power of effect; yet the truth of female nature is beautifully preserved, and the portrait, with all its vigour, is without harshness.

I shall begin by illustrating the relative position and feelings of the mother and son; as these are of the greatest importance in the action of the drama, and consequently most prominent in the characters. Though Volumnia is a Roman matron, and though her country owes its salvation to her, it is clear that her maternal pride and affection are stronger even than her patriotism. Thus when her son is exiled, she bursts into an imprecation against Rome and its citizens:

"Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!"

Here we have the impulses of individual and feminine nature, overpowering all national and habitual influences. Volumnia would never have exclaimed like the Spartan mother, of her dead son, "Sparta has many others as brave as he;" but in a far different spirit she says to the Romans,

"Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all."

In the very first scene, and before the introduction of the principal personages, one citizen observes to another that the military exploits of Marcius were performed, not so much for his country's sake "as to please his mother." By this admirable stroke of art, introduced with such simplicity of effect, our attention is aroused, and we are prepared in the very outset of the piece for the important part assigned to Volumnia, and for her share in producing the catastrophe.

In the first act we have a very graceful scene [i. 3], in

which the two Roman ladies, the wife and mother of Coriolanus, are discovered at their needle-work, conversing on his absence and danger, and are visited by Valeria:

> "The noble sister of Publicola,
> The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
> That 's curded by the frost from purest snow,
> And hangs on Dian's temple!"

Over this little scene Shakspeare, without any display of learning, has breathed the very spirit of classical antiquity. The haughty temper of Volumnia, her admiration of the valour and high bearing of her son, and her proud but unselfish love for him, are finely contrasted with the modest sweetness, the conjugal tenderness, and the fond solicitude of his wife Virgilia.

This distinction between the two females is as interesting and beautiful as it is well sustained. Thus when the victory of Coriolanus is proclaimed, Menenius asks, "Is he wounded?"

> "*Virgilia.* O, no, no, no!
> *Volumnia.* O, he is wounded—I thank the gods for 't!"

And when he returns victorious from the wars, his high-spirited mother receives him with blessings and applause—his gentle wife with "gracious silence" and with tears.

The resemblance of temper in the mother and the son, modified as it is by the difference of sex, and by her greater age and experience, is exhibited with admirable truth. Volumnia, with all her pride and spirit, has some prudence and self-command; in her language and deportment all is matured and matronly. The dignified tone of authority she assumes towards her son, when checking his headlong impetuosity, her respect and admiration for his noble qualities, and her strong sympathy even with the feelings she combats, are all displayed in the scene in which she prevails on him to soothe the incensed plebeians [iii. 2. 28–130].

When the spirit of the mother and the son are brought into immediate collision, he yields before her; the warrior who stemmed alone the whole city of Corioli, who was ready to face "the steep Tarpeian death, or at wild horses' heels—vagabond exile—flaying," rather than abate one jot of his proud will, shrinks at her rebuke. The haughty, fiery, overbearing temperament of Coriolanus is drawn in such forcible and striking colours, that nothing can more impress us with the real grandeur and power of Volumnia's character than his boundless submission to her will—his more than filial tenderness and respect.

> "You gods! I prate,
> And the most noble mother of the world
> Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth;
> Of thy deep duty more impression show
> Than that of common sons!"

When his mother appears before him as a suppliant, he exclaims:

> "My mother bows;
> As if Olympus to a molehill should
> In supplication nod."

Here the expression of reverence, and the magnificent image in which it is clothed, are equally characteristic both of the mother and the son.

Her aristocratic haughtiness is a strong trait in Volumnia's manner and character; and her supreme contempt for the plebeians, whether they are to be defied or cajoled, is very like what I have heard expressed by some high-born and high-bred women of our own day:

> "I muse my mother
> Does not approve me further, who was wont
> To call them woollen vassals, things created
> To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
> In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder
> When one but of my ordinance stood up
> To speak of peace or war."

And Volumnia reproaching the tribunes:

> "'T was you incens'd the rabble—
> Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
> As I can of those mysteries which Heaven
> Will not have earth to know."

There is all the Roman spirit in her exultation when the trumpets sound the return of Coriolanus:

> "Hark! the trumpets!
> These are the ushers of Marcius; before him
> He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears."

And in her speech to the gentle Virgilia, who is weeping her husband's banishment:

> "Leave this faint puling! and lament as I do,
> In anger—Juno-like!"

But the triumph of Volumnia's character, the full display of all her grandeur of soul, her patriotism, her strong affections, and her sublime eloquence, are reserved for her last scene, in which she pleads for the safety of Rome, and wins from her angry son that peace which all the swords of Italy and her confederate arms could not have purchased. The strict and even literal adherence to the truth of history is an additional beauty.

Her famous speech, beginning "Should we be silent and not speak" [v. 3. 94], is nearly word for word from Plutarch, with some additional graces of expression, and the charm of metre superadded. The last lines of this address [v. 3. 148–182] illustrate that noble and irresistible eloquence which was the crowning ornament of the character. One exquisite touch of nature was beyond the rhetorician and historian, and belongs only to the poet:

> "When she (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
> Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
> Laden with honour."

It is an instance of Shakspeare's fine judgment, that after this magnificent and touching piece of eloquence, which saved Rome, Volumnia should speak no more, for she could

say nothing that would not deteriorate from the effect thus left on the imagination. She is at last dismissed from our admiring gaze amid the thunder of grateful acclamations:

"Behold, our patroness—the life of Rome."

[*From Dowden's "Shakspere."* *]

The subject of *Coriolanus* is the ruin of a noble life through the sin of pride. If duty be the dominant ideal with Brutus, and pleasure of a magnificent kind be the ideal of Antony and Cleopatra, that which gives tone and colour to Coriolanus is an ideal of self-centred power. The greatness of Brutus is altogether that of the moral conscience; his external figure does not dilate upon the world through a golden haze like that of Antony, nor bulk massively and tower like that of Coriolanus. Brutus venerates his ideals, and venerates himself, but this veneration of self is in a certain sense disinterested. A haughty and passionate personal feeling, a superb egoism, are with Coriolanus the sources of weakness and of strength. Brutus is tender and considerate to all—to his household servants, to the boy Lucius, to the poor peasantry from whom he will not wring their petty hard-earned gains. The Theseus of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the great lord and conqueror, now in his mood of leisure and enjoyment, is graciously indulgent to the rough-handed and thick-witted mechanicals of Athens. In Henry V. Shakspere had drawn the figure of a man right royal, who yet keeps his sympathies in living contact with the humblest of his subjects, and who, by his real rising above self, his noble disinterestedness, is saved from arrogance and haughty self-will. On the ground of common manhood he can meet John Bates and Michael Williams; and the great King, strong, because he possesses in himself so large a fund of this plain, sound manhood, finds comfort

* *Shakspere: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 317 fol.

and support in his sense of equality with his subjects and fellow-soldiers. "For though I speak it to you," says Henry, while playing the private soldier on the night before the battle, "I think the king is but a man as I am; the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing." Only the greatness of a high responsibility distinguishes the king, and gives him weightier cares and nobler toil. Such is the spirit, neither aristocratic nor, in the modern doctrinaire sense, democratic, of Shakspere's Henry V.

"The whole dramatic moral of *Coriolanus*," Hazlitt wrote, "is that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left. The people are poor, therefore they ought to be starved. They are slaves, therefore they ought to be beaten. They work hard, therefore they ought to be treated like beasts of burden. They are ignorant, therefore they ought not to be allowed to feel that they want food or clothing or rest; that they are enslaved, oppressed, and miserable."* This is simply impossible; this is extravagantly untrue, a piece of the passionate injustice which breaks forth every now and again in Hazlitt's writings. The dramatic moral of *Coriolanus* lies far nearer to the very opposite of Hazlitt's statement. Had the hero of the play possessed some of the human sympathies of Henry V., the tragic issue would have become impossible.

"Shakspere," a great modern poet has said, "is incarnated, uncompromising feudalism in literature."† Shakspere is certainly something more human and permanent than feudalism; but it is true that he is not in a modern sense

* *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*, p. 74 (ed. 1818).
† Walt Whitman, *Democratic Vistas*, p. 81.

democratic. That he recognized the manly worth and vigour of the common English character is evident. It cannot be denied, however, that when the people are seen in masses in Shakspere's plays, they are nearly always shown as factious, fickle, and irrational. To explain this fact, we need not suppose that Shakspere wrote to flatter the prejudice of the *jeunesse dorée* of the Elizabethan theatre.* How could Shakspere represent the people otherwise? In the Tudor period the people had not yet emerged. The people, like Milton's half-created animals, is still pawing to get free its hinder parts from the mire. The mediæval attempts to resist oppression, the risings of peasants or of citizens, inaugurated commonly by the murder of a lord or of a bishop, were for the most part desperate attempts, rash and dangerous, sustained by no sense of adequate moral or material power. It is only after such an immense achievement as that of 1789, such a proof of power as the French Revolution afforded, that moral dignity, the spirit of self-control and self-denial, the heroic devotion of masses of men to ideas, and not merely interests, could begin to manifest themselves. Shakspere studied and represented in his art the world which lay before him. If he prophesied the future, it was not in the ordinary manner of prophets, but only by completely embodying the present, in which the future was contained. . . .

What were Shakspere's political views? It is matter of congratulation that Shakspere approached history, not through political theories or philosophies, but through a wide and deep sympathy with human action and human suffering. That a poet of the nineteenth century should disregard political theories, and philosophies of history, would prove that he was lacking in that very sympathy with humanity which made Shakspere what he was. But the seventeenth century was one in which, in the world of politics, nation struggled with nation, and man with man, rather

* See Rümelin, *Shakespeare-Studien*, p. 222.

than idea with idea. Shakspere has no political doctrine to apply to the civil contest of the houses of Lancaster and York by which to resolve the claims of the contending parties. If we discover any principle in which he had faith, it is that of the right of the kingliest nature to be king. The divine right of Richard II., gallantly urged by the Bishop of Carlisle, is hardly as sacred in Shakspere's eyes as the divine right of the son of the usurping Bolingbroke. It is Henry VI. whose over-irritable conscience suggests to him doubts respecting the title of his house. Happily we are not afflicted by Shakspere with doctrinaire utterances, with sentiments liberal or reactionary uttered by the heroes of monarchy or of republicanism. A time will perhaps come, more favourable to true art than the present, when ideas are less outstanding factors in history than they have been in this century; when thought will be obscurely present in instinctive action and in human emotion, and will vitalize and inspire these joyously rather than tyrannically dominate them. And then men's sympathy with the Elizabethan drama will be more prompt and sure than in our day it can be.

Party spirits are baffled by the great human poet. They can, with entire ease and self-satisfaction, read their several creeds, political and religious, into the poetry of Shakspere; but *find* them there they cannot. Only if we look for what is truly human and of permanent interest to man, we shall not be disappointed. "Many reproaches have been uttered against Shakspere. But the hypocrite whom his poetry does not unmask and cover with confusion, the tyrant who does not suffer in himself the pangs of conscience and earn the general hatred, the coward who is not made a laughing-stock, the dressed-up imposition who, discovered in his nakedness, does not experience the poet's annihilating scorn, is in vain to be sought for among the historical figures of those dramas."*

* F. Kreyssig, *Shakespeare-Fragen*, pp. 97, 98. The discussion of this subject by Kreyssig is excellent.

That the people should appear at all in the histories of Shakspere is worthy of note. In French tragedy the people plays no part; and naturally, for "French history does not speak of the people before the nineteenth century."* Shakspere's representation of the people is by no means harsh or ungenial. He does not discover in them heroic virtues; he does not think that a crowd of citizens is invariably very wise, patient, or temperate; and he has a certain aversion, quite under control, however, to the sweaty caps and grimy hands and stinking breath of garlic eaters and men of occupation.† Nevertheless, Shakspere recognizes that the heart of the people is sound; their feelings are generally right, but their view of facts is perverted by interests, by passions, by stupidity. In the play of *Coriolanus* the citizens are not insensible to the virtues of the great Consul; they appreciate the humorous kindliness of the patrician Menenius. But they are as wax in the hands of their demagogues. Is Shakspere's representation so wholly unjust to the seventeenth century, or even to the nineteenth? He had no political doctrinaire philosophy, no humanitarian idealism, to put between himself and the facts concerning the character of the people. His age did not supply him with humanitarian idealism; but man delighted Shakspere, and woman also. Thersites was not beyond the range of his sympathy. And to Shakspere the people did not appear as Thersites; at worst it appeared as Caliban.

Further, if Shakspere exposes the vices of a mob, he shrinks as little from exposing the vices of a court. The wisdom of the populace is not inferior to the wisdom of a Polonius. The manners of handicraftsmen are as truly

* A. Mézières, *Shakespeare, ses Œuvres et ses Critiques*, p. 154. M. Mézières studies the historical dramas of Shakspere in a highly interesting manner, throwing the characters into groups—the women, the children, the people, the lords, the prelates, the kings.

† Kreyssig, *Shakespeare-Fragen*, p. 95.

gentle as the manners of Osric. Of ceremony Shakspere was no lover; but he was deeply in love with all that is sound, substantial, honest. Prince Henry flies from the inanimate, bloodless, and insincere world of his father's court to the society of drawers and carriers in Eastcheap. In the play of *Coriolanus*, the intolerant haughtiness and injustice of the patrician is brutal and stupid, not less, but rather more, than the plebeian inconstancy and turbulence. . . .

Although the play of *Coriolanus* almost inevitably suggests a digression into the consideration of the politics of Shakspere, it must once again be asserted that the central and vivifying element in the play is not a political problem, but an individual character and life. The tragic struggle of the play is not that of patricians with plebeians, but of Coriolanus with his own self. It is not the Roman people who bring about his destruction; it is the patrician haughtiness and passionate self-will of Coriolanus himself. Were the contest of political parties the chief interest of Shakspere's drama, the figures of the tribunes must have been drawn upon a larger scale. They would have been endowed with something more than "foxship." As representatives of a great principle, or of a power constantly tending in one direction, they might have appeared worthy rivals of the leaders of the patrician party; and the fall of Coriolanus would be signalized by some conquest and advance of the tide of popular power.* Shakspere's drama is the drama of individuality, including under this name all those bonds of duty and of affection which attach man to his fellow-man, but not impersonal principles and ideas.† The passion of patriot-

* I owe this observation to Professor H. Th. Rötscher, *Shakespeare in seinen höchsten Charactergebilden*, etc. (Dresden, 1864), p. 20.

† "His [Shakspere's] drama is the drama of *individuality*. . . . Shakspere shows neither the consciousness of law nor of humanity; the future is mute in his dramas, and enthusiasm for great principles unknown. His genius comprehends and sums up the past and the present; it does not initiate the future. He interpreted an epoch; he announced none" (Jo-

ism, high-toned and enthusiastic, stands with Shakspere instead of general political principles and ideas; and the life of the individual is widened and elevated by the national life, to which the individual surrenders himself with gladness and with pride.

The pride of Coriolanus is, however, not that which comes from self-surrender to and union with some power or person or principle higher than one's self. It is twofold—a passionate self-esteem which is essentially egoistic, and, secondly, a passionate prejudice of class. His nature is the reverse of cold or selfish; his sympathies are deep, warm, and generous; but a line, hard and fast, has been drawn for him by the aristocratic tradition, and it is only within that line that he permits his sympathies to play. To the surprise of the tribunes, he can accept, well pleased, a subordinate command under Cominius. He yields with kindly condescension to accept the devotion and fidelity of Menenius, and cherishes towards the old man a filial regard—the feeling of a son who has the consciousness that he is greater than his father. He must dismiss Menenius disappointed from the Volscian camp; but he contrives an innocent fraud by means of which the old senator will fancy that he has effected more for the peace of Rome than another could. For Virgilia, the gentle woman in whom his heart finds rest, Coriolanus has a manly tenderness and constant freshness of adhesion:

> "O, a kiss
> Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
> Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
> I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
> Hath virgin'd it e'er since!"

In his boy he has a father's joy, and yields to an ambitious hope, and a yearning forward to his son's possible future of

seph Mazzini, *Life and Writings*, vol. ii. pp. 133, 134). See Rümelin, *Shakespeare-Studien*, pp. 169, 170.

heroic action, in which there is something of touching paternal weakness:

> "The god of soldiers,
> With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
> Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
> To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
> Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
> And saving those that eye thee!"

His wife's friend Valeria is the "moon of Rome,"

> "Chaste as the icicle
> That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,
> And hangs on Dian's temple."*

In his mother, Volumnia, the awful Roman matron, he rejoices with a noble enthusiasm and pride; and while she is present always feels himself, by comparison with this great mother, inferior and unimportant.

But Cominius, Menenius, and Virgilia, Valeria and Volumnia, and his boy belong to the privileged class; they are patrician. Beyond this patrician class neither his sympathies nor his imagination find it possible to range. The plebeians are "a common cry of curs" whose breath Coriolanus hates. He cannot, like Bolingbroke, flatter their weakness, while he despises them inwardly. He is not even indifferent towards them; he rather rejoices in their malice and displeasure; if the nobility would let him use his sword, he would make a quarry "with thousands of these quarter'd slaves" as high as he could pick his lance. Sicinius the Tribune is "the Triton of the minnows." When Coriolanus departs from Rome, as though all the virtue of the city were resident in himself, he reverses the apparent fact and pronounces a self-

* Observe the extraordinary vital beauty and illuminating quality of Shakspere's metaphors and similes. A commonplace poet would have written "as chaste as snow;" but Shakspere's imagination discovers degrees of chastity in ice and snow, and chooses the chastest of all frozen things. On this subject, see an excellent study by Rev. H. N. Hudson, *Shakespeare: his Life, Art, and Characters*, vol. i. pp. 217–237.

tence of banishment against those whom he leaves behind—"*I banish you.*" Brutus is warranted by the fact when he says:

> "You speak o' the people,
> As if you were a god to punish, not
> A man of their infirmity."

And yet the weakness, the inconstancy, and the incapacity of apprehending facts which are the vices of the people, reflect and repeat themselves in the great patrician; his aristocratic vices counterbalance their plebeian. He is rigid and obstinate: but under the influence of an angry egoism he can renounce his principles, his party, and his native city. He will not bear away to his private use the paltry booty of the Volsces; but to obtain the consulship he is urged by his proud mother and his patrician friends to stand bareheaded before the mob, to expose his wounds, to sue for their votes, to give his heart the lie, to bend the knee like a beggar asking an alms. The judgment and blood of Coriolanus are ill commingled; he desires the end, but can only half submit to the means which are necessary to attain that end; he has not sufficient self-control to enable him to dispose of those chances of which he is lord. And so he mars his fortune. The pride of Coriolanus, as Mr. Hudson has observed, is "rendered altogether inflammable and uncontrollable by passion; insomuch that if a spark of provocation is struck into the latter, the former instantly flames up beyond measure, and sweeps away all the regards of prudence, of decorum, and even of common-sense."* Now, such passion as this Shakspere knew to be weakness, and not strength; and by this uncontrollable violence of temper Coriolanus draws down upon himself his banishment from Rome and his subsequent fate.

At the moment when he passes forth through the gates of the city, and only then, his passion, instead of breaking vio-

* *Shakespeare: his Life, Art, and Characters*, vol. ii. p. 473.

lently forth, subdues his nature in a more evil fashion, and becomes dark and deadly. He feels that he has been deserted by "the dastard nobles," and given over as a prey to the mob. He, who had been so warm, so generous, so loyal towards his class, now feels himself betrayed; and the deadly need of revenge, together with the sense that he is in solitude and must depend upon his own strength and prudence, makes him calm. He endeavours to pacify his mother and to check the old man's tears; he utters no violent speech. Only one obscure and formidable word escapes his lips:

"I go alone
Like to a lonely dragon that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen."

And in this spirit he strides forward towards Corioli. . . .

But Coriolanus has found in Antium no second home. Honoured and deferred to, tended on, and treated as almost sacred, he is still the "lonely dragon that his fen makes fear'd." Cut off from his kindred and his friends, wronged by his own passionate sense of personality, his violent egoism, he resolves to stand

"As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin."

But the loves and loyalties to which he has done violence react against him. The struggle, prodigious and pathetic, begins between all that is massive, stern, inflexible, and all that is tender and winning in his nature; and the strength is subdued by the weakness. It is as if an oak were rent and uprooted not by the stroke of lightning, but by some miracle of gentle yet irresistible music. And while Coriolanus yields under the influence of an instinct not to be controlled, he possesses the distinct consciousness that such yielding is mortal to himself. He has come to hate and to conquer, but he must needs perish and love:

> 'My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
> Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
> The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
> All bond and privilege of nature, break!
> Let it be virtuous to be obstinate!
> What is that curt'sy worth? Or those doves' eyes,
> Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
> Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows,
> As if Olympus to a molehill should
> In supplication nod; and my young boy
> Hath an aspect of intercession, which
> Great nature cries 'Deny not.'"

The convulsive efforts to maintain his hardness and rigidity are in vain; Coriolanus yields; his obstinacy and pride are broken; he is compelled to learn that a man cannot stand as if he were author of himself. And so the fortunes of Coriolanus fall, but the man rises with that fall.

Delivered from patrician pride and his long habit of egoism, Coriolanus cannot be. The purely human influences have reached him through the only approaches by which he was accessible—through his own family. To the plebeian class he must still remain the intolerant patrician. Nevertheless, he has undergone a profound experience; he has acknowledged purely human influences in the only way in which it was possible for him to do so. No single experience, Shakspere was aware, can deliver the soul from the long habit of passionate egoism. And, accordingly, at the last it is this which betrays him into the hands of the conspirators. His conduct before Rome is about to be judicially inquired into at Antium. But the word "boy," ejaculated against him by Aufidius, "touches Coriolanus into an ecstasy of passionate rage:"

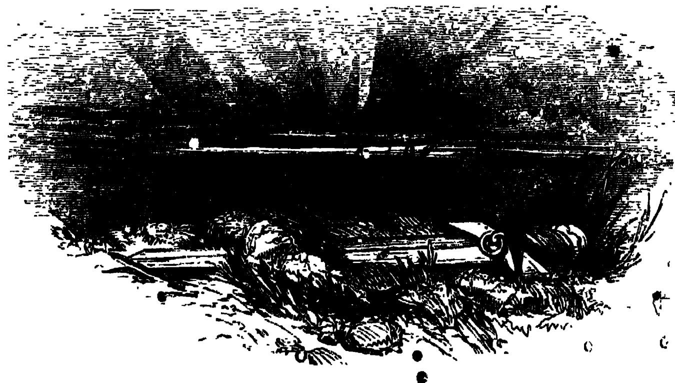
> "Boy! O slave!
> Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that ever
> I was forc'd to scold. . . .
>
> . . .
> Boy! false hound!

> If you have writ your annals true, 't is there
> That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
> Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli;
> Alone, I did it. Boy!"

And in a moment the swords of the conspirators have pierced him. A Volscian lord, reverent for fallen greatness, protects the body:

> "Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet;
> Put up your swords."

So suddenly has he passed from towering passion to the helplessness of death, the victim of his own violent egoism and uncontrollable self-will. We remain with the sense that a great gap in the world has been made; that a sea-mark "standing every flaw" has for all time disappeared. We see the lives of smaller men still going on; we repress all violence of lamentation, and bear about with us a memory in which pride and pity are blended.



# CORIOLANUS.



## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.
TITUS LARTIUS, } generals against the Volscians.
COMINIUS, }
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } tribunes of the people.
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, general of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian guards.

VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.
VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.
VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.
Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Rome and the neighbourhood; Corioli and the neighbourhood; Antium.*





ISOLA TIBERINA, ROME.

# ACT I.

## SCENE I. *Rome. A Street.*

*Enter a company of mutinous* Citizens, *with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

1 *Citizen.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

*All.* Speak, speak.

1 *Citizen.* You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

*All.* Resolved, resolved.

1 *Citizen.* First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

*All.* We know 't, we know 't.

1 *Citizen.* Let us kill him, and we 'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

*All.* No more talking on 't; let it be done: away, away!

2 *Citizen.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Citizen.* We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome,

we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes; for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for vengeance.

2 *Citizen.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

1 *Citizen.* Against him first; he 's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Citizen.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Citizen.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Citizen.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Citizen.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Citizen.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Citizen.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen; why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

*All.* Come, come.

1 *Citizen.* Soft! who comes here?

*Enter* MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Citizen.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Citizen.* He 's one honest enough; would all the rest were so!

*Menenius.* What work 's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? speak, I pray you.

1 *Citizen.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we 'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

*Menenius.* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Citizen.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

*Menenius.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state, whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack!
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Citizen.* Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet:—suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there 's all the love they bear us.

*Menenius.* Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,

Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it,
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

1 *Citizen.* Well, I 'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale, but, an 't please you, deliver.

*Menenius.* There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly, thus accus'd it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

1 *Citizen.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

*Menenius.* Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Citizen.* Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

*Menenius.* What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—What then? what then?

1 *Citizen.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—
*Menenius.* Well, what then?
1 *Citizen.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?
*Menenius.* I will tell you;
If you 'll bestow a small—of what you have little—
Patience awhile, you 'll hear the belly's answer.
1 *Citizen.* Ye 're long about it.
*Menenius.* Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends,'—this says the belly, mark me,—
1 *Citizen.* Ay, sir; well, well.
*Menenius.* 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to 't?
1 *Citizen.* It was an answer; how apply you this?
*Menenius.* The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members; for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find

No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?

1 *Citizen.* I the great toe! why the great toe?

*Menenius.* For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost.
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.—

*Enter* Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble Marcius!

*Marcius.* Thanks.—What 's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 *Citizen.* We have ever your good word.

*Marcius.* He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead

And hews down oaks with rushes Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland What 's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What 's their seeking?

*Menenius* For corn at their own rates, whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd

*Marcius* Hang 'em! They say!
They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol, who 's like to rise,
Who thrives and who declines, side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages, making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes They say there 's grain enough
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I 'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance

*Menenius* Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

*Marcius* They are dissolv'd Hang 'em!
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth proverbs,—
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only with these shreds
They vented their complainings, which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

*Menenius.* What is granted them?

*Marcius.* Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice; one 's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

*Menenius.* This is strange.

*Marcius.* Go, get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a* Messenger, *hastily.*

*Messenger.* Where 's Caius Marcius?

*Marcius.* Here. What 's the matter?

*Messenger.* The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

*Marcius.* I am glad on 't; then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

*Enter* COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 *Senator.* Marcius, 't is true that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.

*Marcius.* They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility,
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

*Cominius.* You have fought together.

*Marcius.* Were half to half the world by the ears and he
Upon my party, I 'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him; he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

*1 Senator.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
*Cominius.* It is your former promise.
*Marcius.* Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
*Titus.* No, Caius Marcius;
I 'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t' other
Ere stay behind this business.
*Menenius.* O, true bred!
*1 Senator.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
*Titus.* Lead you on.—
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.
*Cominius.* Noble Marcius!
*1 Senator.* [*To the Citizens*] Hence to your homes; be gone!
*Marcius.* Nay, let them follow.
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow.
[*Citizens steal away. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Sicinius.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
*Brutus.* He has no equal.
*Sicinius.* When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—
*Brutus.* Mark'd you his lips and eyes?
*Sicinius.* Nay, but his taunts.
*Brutus.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.
*Sicinius.* Bemock the modest moon.
*Brutus.* The present wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.
*Sicinius.* Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow

Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

*Brutus.* Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he 's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man, and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, 'O, if he
Had borne the business!'

*Sicinius.* Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so sticks on Marcius shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

*Brutus.* Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

*Sicinius.* Let 's hence and hear
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

*Brutus.* Let 's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Corioli. The Senate-house.*

*Enter* TULLUS AUFIDIUS *with* Senators *of Corioli.*

1 *Senator.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels
And know how we proceed.

*Aufidius.* Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'T is not four days gone

Since I heard thence; these are the words:—I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:
[Reads] '*They have press'd a power, but it is not known*
*Whether for east or west: the dearth is great,*
*The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,*
*Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,*
*Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,*
*And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,*
*These three lead on this preparation*
*Whither 't is bent: most likely 't is for you.*
*Consider of it.*'

1 *Senator.* Our army 's in the field.
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

*Aufidius.* Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 *Senator.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands.
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you 'll find
They 've not prepar'd for us.

*Aufidius.* O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'T is sworn between us we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

*All.* The gods assist you!

*Aufidius* And keep your honours safe!
1 *Senator* Farewell.
2 *Senator* Farewell.
*All* Farewell [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III *Rome* *A Room in Marcius' House.*

*Enter* VOLUMNIA *and* VIRGILIA, *they set them down on two low stools, and sew*

*Volumnia* I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love When yet he was but tender bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I,—considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him, from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man. 16

*Virgilia* But had he died in the business, madam, how then?

*Volumnia* Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a* Gentlewoman.

*Gentlewoman.* Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

*Virgilia.* Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.
*Volumnia.* Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him.
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome.' His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that 's task'd to mow
Or all or lose his hire.
*Virgilia.* His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!
*Volumnia.* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy; the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword, contemning.—Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gentlewoman.*
*Virgilia.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!
*Volumnia.* He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee
And tread upon his neck.

*Enter* VALERIA *with an* Usher, *and a* Gentlewoman.

*Valeria.* My ladies both, good day to you.
*Volumnia.* Sweet madam,—
*Virgilia.* I am glad to see your ladyship.
*Valeria.* How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?
*Virgilia.* I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.
*Volumnia.* He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.
*Valeria.* O' my word, the father's son; I 'll swear, 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; has such a confirmed countenance.

I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

*Volumnia.* One on 's father's moods.

*Valeria.* Indeed, la, 't is a noble child.

*Virgilia.* A crack, madam.

*Valeria.* Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

*Virgilia.* No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

*Valeria.* Not out of doors!

*Volumnia.* She shall, she shall.

*Virgilia.* Indeed, no, by your patience; I 'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

*Valeria.* Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

*Virgilia.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

*Volumnia.* Why, I pray you?

*Virgilia.* 'T is not to save labour, nor that I want love.

*Valeria.* You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

*Virgilia.* No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

*Valeria.* In truth, la, go with me; and I 'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

*Virgilia.* O, good madam, there can be none yet.

*Valeria.* Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

*Virgilia.* Indeed, madam?

*Valeria.* In earnest, it 's true; I heard a senator speak it.

Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power; your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

*Virgilia.* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter. 101

*Volumnia.* Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

*Valeria.* In troth, I think she would.—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

*Virgilia.* No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*Valeria.* Well, then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Before Corioli.*

*Enter, with drum and colours,* MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Captains, *and* Soldiers.

*Marcius.* Yonder comes news. A wager they have met.

*Lartius.* My horse to yours, no.

*Marcius.* 'T is done.

*Lartius.* Agreed.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Marcius.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*Messenger.* They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

*Lartius.* So, the good horse is mine.

*Marcius.* I 'll buy him of you.

*Lartius.* No, I 'll nor sell nor give him; lend you him I will
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

*Marcius.* How far off lie these armies?

*Messenger.* Within this mile and half.

*Marcius.* Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours.—

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.—
[*They sound a parley.*

*Enter two* Senators *with others on the walls.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
1 *Senator.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That 's lesser than a little. [*Drum afar off.*] Hark! our drums
Are bringing forth our youth. We 'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They 'll open of themselves. [*Alarum afar off*] Hark you, far off!
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.
*Marcius.* O, they are at it!
*Lartius.* Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

*Enter the army of the* Volsces.

*Marcius.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus;
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows;
He that retires, I 'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.
[*Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches.*

*Re-enter* Marcius, *cursing.*

*Marcius.* All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of— Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another

Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe
And make my wars on you! Look to 't: come on;
If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

*[Another alarum. The Volsces fly, and Marcius follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope; now prove good seconds.
'T is for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers; mark me, and do the like.

*[Enters the gates.*

1 *Soldier.* Fool hardiness! not I.

2 *Soldier.* Nor I.

*[Marcius is shut in.*

1 *Soldier.* See, they have shut him in.

*All.* To the pot, I warrant him.

*[Alarum continues.*

*Re-enter* TITUS LARTIUS.

*Lartius.* What is become of Marcius?

*All.* Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Soldier.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

*Lartius.* O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art lost, Marcius;
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible

Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

*Re-enter* MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

1 *Soldier.* Look, sir!
*Lartius.* O, 't is Marcius!
Let 's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V. *Corioli. A Street.*

*Enter certain* Romans, *with spoils.*

1 *Roman.* This will I carry to Rome.
2 *Roman.* And I this.
3 *Roman.* A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

*Enter* MARCIUS, *and* TITUS LARTIUS *with a trumpet.*

*Marcius.* See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up.—Down with them!—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans; then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.
*Lartius.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.
*Marcius.* Sir, praise me not;

My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me; to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

*Lartius.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

*Marcius.* Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

*Lartius.* Thou worthiest Marcius!— [*Exit Marcius.*
Go sound thy trumpet in the market place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind: away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Near the Camp of Cominius.*

*Enter* COMINIUS, *as it were in retire, with* Soldiers.

*Cominius.* Breathe you, my friends. Well fought! we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire; believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends.—Ye Roman gods!
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice!—

*Enter a* Messenger.

Thy news?

*Messenger.* The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle;
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

*Cominius.* Though thou speak'st t[illegible]
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since?
*Messenger.* Above an hour, my lord.
*Cominius.* 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard their drums.
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?
*Messenger.* Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about, else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.
*Cominius.* Who 's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have
Beforetime seen him thus.
*Marcius.* [*Within.*] Come I too late?
*Cominius.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

*Enter* MARCIUS.

*Marcius.* Come I too late?
*Cominius.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
*Marcius.* O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!
*Cominius.* Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?
*Marcius.* As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

*Cominius.* Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.
*Marcius.* Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
*Cominius.* But how prevail'd you?
*Marcius.* Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
*Cominius.* Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire to win our purpose.
*Marcius.* How lies their battle? know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?
*Cominius.* As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
*Marcius.* I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.
*Cominius.* Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
*Marcius.* Those are they

That most are willing.—If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country 's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout and wave their swords, take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O, me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all; the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

*Cominius.* March on, my fellows;
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a* Lieutenant, *other* Soldiers, *and a* Scout.

*Lartius.* So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

*Lieutenant.* Fear not our care, sir.
*Lartius.* Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A Field of Battle.*

*Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite sides,* MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

*Marcius.* I 'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
*Aufidius.* We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.
*Marcius.* Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
*Aufidius.* If I fly, Marcius,
Holla me like a hare.
*Marcius.* Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 't is not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
*Aufidius.* Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—
[*They fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.*
Officious, and not valiant, you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE IX. *The Roman Camp.*

*Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter from one side,* COMINIUS *with the* Romans, *from the other side,* MARCIUS, *with his arm in a scarf.*

*Cominius.* If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 't not believe thy deeds: but I 'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,
I' the end, admire, where ladies shall be frighted
And, gladly quak'd, hear more, where the dull tribunes,
That with the fusty plebeians hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts 'We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier.'
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

*Enter* TITUS LARTIUS *with his power, from the pursuit.*

*Lartius.* O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—
*Marcius.* Pray now, no more, my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done, that 's what I can: induc'd
As you have been, that 's for my country.
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.
*Cominius.* You shall not be
The grave of your deserving, Rome must know
The value of her own. 'Twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,

Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.
*Marcius.* I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.
*Cominius.* Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good and good store, of all
The treasure in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.
*Marcius.* I thank you, general,
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword; I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.
[*A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius! Marcius!' cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*
*Marcius.* May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers! Let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing,
Where steel grows soft as the parasite's silk!
Let them be made an overture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which, without note, here 's many else have done,-
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.
*Cominius.* Too modest are you

More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we 'll put you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS!—Bear
The addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

*All.* Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

*Marcius.* I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thank you.—
I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

*Cominius.* So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back; send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good and ours.

*Lartius.* I shall, my lord.

*Marcius.* The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

*Cominius.* Take 't; 't is yours. What is 't?

*Marcius.* I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly.
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;

But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.
*Cominius.* O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind.—Deliver him, Titus.
*Lartius.* Marcius, his name?
*Marcius.* By Jupiter, forgot!—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?
*Cominius.* Go we to our tent.
The blood upon your visage dries; 't is time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *The Camp of the Volsces.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter* TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *bloody, with two or three* Soldiers.

*Aufidius.* The town is ta'en!
1 *Soldier.* 'T will be deliver'd back on good condition.
*Aufidius.* Condition!
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me,
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his! Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I 'll potch at him some way
Or wrath or craft may get him.
1 *Soldier.* He 's the devil.

*Aufidius.* Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Soldier.* Will not you go?

*Aufidius.* I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you—
'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 *Soldier.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*



## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. A Public Place.*

*Enter* MENENIUS, *with the two Tribunes of the people,* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

*Menenius.* The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

*Brutus.* Good or bad?

*Menenius.* Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

*Sicinius.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Menenius.* Pray you, who does the wolf love?

*Sicinius.* The lamb.

*Menenius.* Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

*Brutus.* He 's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

*Menenius.* He 's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

*Both.* Well, sir.

*Menenius.* In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

*Brutus.* He 's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

*Sicinius.* Especially in pride.

*Brutus.* And topping all others in boasting.

*Menenius.* This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city,—I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

*Both.* Why, how are we censured?

*Menenius.* Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

*Both.* Well, well, sir, well.

*Menenius.* Why, 't is no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

*Brutus.* We do it not alone, sir.

*Menenius.* I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride; O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

*Brutus.* What then, sir?

*Menenius.* Why, then you should discover a brace of un-

meriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

*Sicinius.* Menenius, you are known well enough too.

*Menenius.* I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can 't say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

*Brutus.* Come, sir, come, we know you well enough. 61

*Menenius.* You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing; all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

*Brutus.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

*Menenius.* Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God den to your worships, more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.— [*Brutus and Sicinius go aside.*

*Enter* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

*Volumnia.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let 's go.

*Menenius.* Ha! Marcius coming home!

*Volumnia.* Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

*Menenius.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

*Volumnia.* } Nay, 't is true.
*Virgilia.* }

*Volumnia.* Look, here 's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another, and, I think, there 's one at home for you.

*Menenius.* I will make my very house reel to-night.—A letter for me!

*Virgilia.* Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you; I saw 't.

*Menenius.* A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health, in which time I will make a lip at the physician; the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but em-

physic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

*Virgilia.* O, no, no, no!

*Volumnia.* O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for 't.

*Menenius.* So do I too, if it be not too much. Brings a' victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

*Volumnia.* On 's brows, Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

*Menenius.* Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

*Volumnia.* Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

*Menenius.* And 't was time for him too, I 'll warrant him that; an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

*Volumnia.* Good ladies, let 's go.—Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

*Valeria.* In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

*Menenius.* Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*Virgilia.* The gods grant them true!

*Volumnia.* True! pow, waw!

*Menenius.* True! I 'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded?—[*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home; he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

*Volumnia.* I' the shoulder and i' the left arm; there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

*Menenius.* One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there 's nine that I know.

*Volumnia.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

*Menenius.* Now it 's twenty-seven; every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

*Volumnia.* These are the ushers of Marcius; before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears.
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

*A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter* COMINIUS *the general, and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken garland; with* Captains *and* Soldiers, *and a* Herald.

*Herald.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates, where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus.—
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

*All.* Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

*Coriolanus.* No more of this; it does offend my heart:
Pray now, no more.

*Cominius.* Look, sir, your mother!

*Coriolanus.* O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity! [*Kneels.*

*Volumnia.* Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly-nam'd,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!

*Coriolanus.* My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

*Menenius.* Now, the gods crown thee!

*Coriolanus.* And live you yet?—[*To Valeria*] O my sweet lady, pardon.

*Volumnia.* I know not where to turn —O, welcome home!—
And welcome, general,—and ye're welcome all.

*Menenius.* A hundred thousand welcomes! I could weep
And I could laugh, I am light and heavy. Welcome!
A curse begin at very root on 's heart,
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on, yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly

*Cominius* Ever right.

*Coriolanus.* Menenius, ever, ever.

*Herald* Give way there, and go on.

*Coriolanus.* [*To Volumnia and Virgilia*] Your hand,—and yours.
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

*Volumnia* I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy, only
There 's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

*Coriolanus.* Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.

*Cominius.* On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before Brutus and Sicinius come forward.*

*Brutus.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him; your prattling nurse

Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him, the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him, stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him, seld shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station, our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses such a pother
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture

*Sicinius* On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

*Brutus* Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep

*Sicinius.* He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won

*Brutus* In that there's comfort

*Sicinius.* Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget
With the least cause these his new honours, which
That he will give them make I as little question
As he is proud to do 't

*Brutus.* I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market place nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*Sicinius.* 'T is right.
*Brutus.* It was his word. O, he would miss it rather
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him
And the desire of the nobles.
*Sicinius.* I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.
*Brutus.* 'T is most like he will.
*Sicinius.* It shall be to him then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.
*Brutus.* So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to 's power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms, holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
*Sicinius.* This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't, and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Brutus.* What 's the matter?
*Messenger.* You are sent for to the Capitol. 'T is thought
That Marcius shall be consul:
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and
The blind to hear him speak; matrons flung gloves

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
Upon him as he passed, the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts.
I never saw the like.

*Brutus.* Let 's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

*Sicinius.* Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Same. The Capitol.*

*Enter two* Officers, *to lay cushions*

1 *Officer.* Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

2 *Officer.* Three, they say; but 't is thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Officer.* That 's a brave fellow, but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Officer.* Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition, and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see 't. 14

1 *Officer.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love. 21

2 *Officer.* He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his

ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Officer*. No more of him; he 's a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

*A sennet. Enter, with* Lictors *before them*, Cominius *the consul*, Menenius, Coriolanus, Senators, Sicinius, *and* Brutus. *The* Senators *take their places, the* Tribunes *take their places by themselves.* Coriolanus *stands.*

*Menenius*. Having determin'd of the Volsces and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country, therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom
We met here both to thank and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Senator*. Speak, good Cominius;
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state 's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out.—[*To the Tribunes*] Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

*Sicinius.* We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.
*Brutus.* Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.
*Menenius.* That 's off, that 's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?
*Brutus.* Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.
*Menenius.* He loves your people,
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—[*Coriolanus offers to go away.*]
Nay, keep your place.
1 *Senator.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
*Coriolanus.* Your honours' pardon,
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.
*Brutus.* Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.
*Coriolanus.* No, sir, yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not; but your people,
I love them as they weigh.
*Menenius.* Pray now, sit down.
*Coriolanus.* I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. *Exit.*
*Menenius.* Masters of the people,

Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That 's thousand to one good one—when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on 's ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

*Cominius.* I shall lack voice; the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be uttered feebly.—It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver; if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him. He bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers, Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee. In that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home; he stopp'd the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries. Alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,

And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet. Now all 's his;
When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense. Then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'T were a perpetual spoil, and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

*Menenius.* Worthy man!

1 *Senator.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

*Cominius.* Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck o' the world; he covets less
Than misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.

*Menenius.* He 's right noble.
Let him be call'd for.

1 *Senator.* Call Coriolanus.

*Officer.* He doth appear.

*Re-enter* CORIOLANUS

*Menenius.* The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

*Coriolanus.* I do owe them still
My life and services.

*Menenius.* It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

*Coriolanus.* I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,

For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage, please you
That I may pass this doing
*Sicinius* Sir, the people
Must have their voices, neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony
*Menenius* Put them not to 't,
Pray you, go fit you to the custom and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form
*Coriolanus* It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people
*Brutus* Mark you that?
*Coriolanus* To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only!
*Menenius* Do not stand upon 't —
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them,—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour
*Senators* To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish of cornets Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus*
*Brutus* You see how he intends to use the people
*Sicinius* May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.
*Brutus* Come, we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings here, on the market place;
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Same. The Forum.*

*Enter several* Citizens.

1 *Citizen.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Citizen.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Citizen.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members. 12

1 *Citizen.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Citizen.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured; and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass. 21

2 *Citizen.* Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 *Citizen.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 't is strongly wedged up in a block-head, but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, southward.

2 *Citizen.* Why that way?

3 *Citizen.* To lose itself in a fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife. 30

2 *Citizen.* You are never without your tricks; you may, you may.

3 *Citizen.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that 's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

*Enter* CORIOLANUS *in a gown of humility, with* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He 's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues; therefore follow me, and I 'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*All.* Content, content. [*Exeunt citizens.*

*Menenius.* O sir, you are not right; have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't?

*Coriolanus.* What must I say?—
I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace.—Look, sir, my wounds!
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

*Menenius.* O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

*Coriolanus.* Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

*Menenius.* You 'll mar all;
I 'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

*Coriolanus.* Bid them wash their faces
And keep their teeth clean.—[*Re-enter two of the Citizens.*]
So, here comes a brace.—
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Citizen.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.

*Coriolanus.* Mine own desert.

2 *Citizen.* Your own desert!

*Coriolanus.* Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Citizen.* How! not your own desire!

*Coriolanus.* No, sir, 't was never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Citizen.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

*Coriolanus.* Well, then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Citizen.* The price is to ask it kindly.

*Coriolanus.* Kindly, sir, I pray, let me ha 't; I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir, what say you?

2 *Citizen.* You shall ha 't, worthy sir.

*Coriolanus.* A match, sir.—There 's in all two worthy voices begged.—I have your alms, adieu.

1 *Citizen.* But this is something odd.

2 *Citizen.* An 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter.

[*Exeunt the two Citizens.*

*Re-enter two other* Citizens.

*Coriolanus.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Citizen.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

*Coriolanus.* Your enigma?

3 *Citizen.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

*Coriolanus.* You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 't is a condition they account gentle: and since the

wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Citizen.* We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Citizen.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*Coriolanus.* I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

*Both Citizens.* The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

*Coriolanus.* Most sweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this wolvish toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to
What custom wills, in all things should we do
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'erpeer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.—

*Re-enter three* Citizens *more.*

Here come moe voices.—
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices.
Indeed, I would be consul

5 *Citizen.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Citizen.* Therefore let him be consul, the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

*All Citizens.* Amen, amen.—God save thee, noble consul!
[*Exeunt*

*Coriolanus.* Worthy voices!

*Re-enter* MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS.

*Menenius.* You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

*Coriolanus.* Is this done?

*Sicinius.* The custom of request you have discharg'd,
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

*Coriolanus.* Where? at the senate-house?

*Sicinius.* There, Coriolanus.

*Coriolanus.* May I change these garments?

*Sicinius.* You may, sir.

*Coriolanus.* That I'll straight do, and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

*Menenius.* I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

*Brutus.* We stay here for the people.

*Sicinius.* Fare you well.—
[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*
He has it now, and by his looks methinks
'T is warm at 's heart.

*Brutus.* With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds.
Will you dismiss the people?

*Re-enter* Citizens.

*Sicinius.* How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

1 *Citizen.* He has our voices, sir.
*Brutus.* We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.
2 *Citizen.* Amen, sir; to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.
3 *Citizen.* Certainly
He flouted us downright.
1 *Citizen.* No, 't is his kind of speech; he did not mock us.
2 *Citizen.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He us'd us scornfully; he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for 's country.
*Sicinius.* Why, so he did, I am sure.
*Citizens.* No, no; no man saw 'em.
3 *Citizen.* He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,
Here was 'I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices; now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you.'—Was not this mockery?
*Sicinius.* Why either were you ignorant to see 't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?
*Brutus.* Could you not have told him
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy, ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal; and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

*Sicinius.* Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination, from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to,
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught, so putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler
And pass'd him unelected.

*Brutus.* Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves? and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

*Sicinius.* Have you
Ere now denied the asker? and now again
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

3 *Citizen.* He 's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Citizen.* And will deny him,
I 'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Citizen.* I twice five hundred and their friends to piece 'em.

*Brutus.* Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.

*Sicinius* Let them assemble,
And on a safer judgment all revoke
Your ignorant election Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you, besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit he scorn'd you, but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you

*Brutus* Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes, that we labour'd,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him

*Sicinius* Say, you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections, and that your minds,
Preoccupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul Lay the fault on us

*Brutus* Ay, spare us not Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king,
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither
And Censorinus, who was nobly nam'd so,
Twice being by the people chosen censor,
Was his great ancestor

*Sicinius* One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances, but you have found,

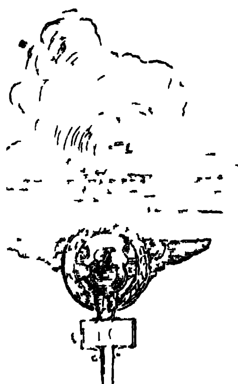
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

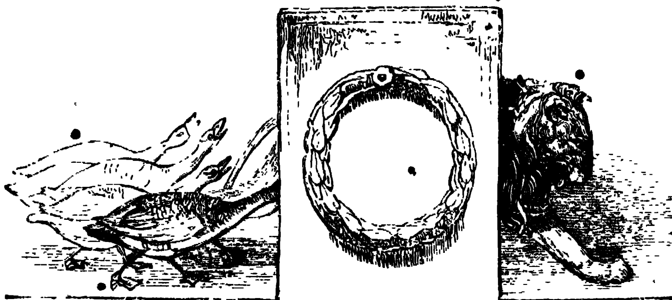
*Brutus.* Say, you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

*Citizens.* We will so, almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

*Brutus.* Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

*Sicinius.* To the Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt*





## ACT III.

### Scene I. *Rome. A Street.*

*Cornets. Enter* Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, Senators, *and* Patricians.

*Coriolanus.* Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
*Lartius.* He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
*Coriolanus.* So then the Volsces stand but as at first,
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.
*Cominius.* They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
*Coriolanus.* Saw you Aufidius?
*Lartius.* On safeguard he came to me, and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town; he is retir'd to Antium.
*Coriolanus.* Spoke he of me?
*Lartius.* He did, my lord.
*Coriolanus.* How? what?
*Lartius.* How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated

Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

*Coriolanus.* At Antium lives he?

*Lartius.* At Antium.

*Coriolanus.* I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

*Enter* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them,
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

*Sicinius.* Pass no further.

*Coriolanus.* Ha! what is that?

*Brutus.* It will be dangerous to go on; no further.

*Coriolanus.* What makes this change?

*Menenius.* The matter?

*Cominius.* Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?

*Brutus.* Cominius, no.

*Coriolanus.* Have I had children's voices?

1 *Senator.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

*Brutus.* The people are incens'd against him.

*Sicinius.* Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

*Coriolanus.* Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

*Menenius.* Be calm, be calm.

*Coriolanus.* It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility.

Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule
Nor ever will be rul'd

*Brutus* Call 't not a plot
The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness

*Coriolanus* Why, this was known before

*Brutus* Not to them all

*Coriolanus* Have you inform'd them sithence?

*Brutus* How! I inform them!

*Cominius* You are like to do such business

*Brutus* Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours

*Coriolanus* Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune

*Sicinius* You show too much of that
For which the people stir If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

*Menenius* Let 's be calm

*Cominius* The people are abus'd —Set on.— This paltering
Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

*Coriolanus.* Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—

*Menenius* Not now, not now.

1 *Senator* Not in this heat, sir, now.

*Coriolanus.* Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons.—

For the mutable, rank scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number,
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

*Menenius* Well, no more.

1 *Senator* No more words, we beseech you

*Coriolanus* How! no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

*Brutus* You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

*Sicinius* 'Twere well
We let the people know 't.

*Menenius* What, what? his choler?

*Coriolanus* Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind!

*Sicinius.* It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

*Coriolanus.* Shall remain!
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall?'

*Cominius.* 'Twas from the canon.

*Coriolanus.* Shall!
good but most unwise patricians! why,

You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but
The horn and noise of the monster's, wants not spirit
To say he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance, if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools, if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators, and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece By Jove himself!
It makes the consuls base, and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

*Cominius.* Well, on to the market-place.

*Coriolanus.* Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 't was us'd
Sometime in Greece,—

*Menenius.* Well, well, no more of that.

*Coriolanus.* Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

*Brutus.* Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

*Coriolanus.* I 'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd

They ne'er did service for 't. Being press'd to the war
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates; this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words: 'We did request
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase
The nature of our seats and make the rabble
Call our cares fears: which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

*Menenius.* Come, enough.

*Brutus.* Enough, with over-measure.

*Coriolanus.* No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness. Purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,
You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't, that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic

That 's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become 't,
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control 't.

*Brutus.* Has said enough.

*Sicinius.* Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

*Coriolanus.* Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what 's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

*Brutus.* Manifest treason!

*Sicinius.* This a consul? no.

*Brutus.* The ædiles, ho!—

*Enter an Ædile.*

Let him be apprehended.

*Sicinius.* Go, call the people,—[*Exit Ædile*] in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

*Coriolanus.* Hence, old goat!

*Senators, etc.* We 'll surety him.

*Cominius.* Aged sir, hands off.

*Coriolanus.* Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

*Sicinius.* Help, ye citizens!

*Enter a rabble of* Citizens, *with the* Ædiles.

*Menenius.* On both sides more respect.
*Sicinius.* Here's he that would take from you all your power.
*Brutus.* Seize him, ædiles!
*Citizens.* Down with him! down with him!
*Senators, etc.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying*
'Tribunes!' 'Patricians!' 'Citizens!' 'What, ho!'
'Sicinius!' 'Brutus!' 'Coriolanus!' 'Citizens!'
'Peace, peace, peace!' 'Stay, hold, peace!'
*Menenius.* What is about to be? I am out of breath;
Confusion's near; I cannot speak.—You, tribunes
To the people!—Coriolanus, patience!—
Speak, good Sicinius.
*Sicinius.* Hear me, people; peace!
*Citizens.* Let's hear our tribune.—Peace! Speak, speak, speak.
*Sicinius.* You are at point to lose your liberties.
Marcius would have all from you, Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
*Menenius.* Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
1 *Senator.* To unbuild the city and to lay all flat.
*Sicinius.* What is the city but the people?
*Citizens.* True,
The people are the city.
*Brutus.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
*Citizens.* You so remain.
*Menenius.* And so are like to do.
*Cominius.* That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

*Sicinius.* This deserves death.
*Brutus.* Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
*Sicinius.* Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
*Brutus.* Ædiles, seize him!
*Citizens.* Yield, Marcius, yield!
*Menenius.* Hear me one word;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
*Ædiles.* Peace, peace!
*Menenius.* [*To Brutus*] Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
*Brutus.* Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
*Coriolanus.* No, I 'll die here.
[*Drawing his sword.*
There 's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
*Menenius.* Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw awhile.
*Brutus.* Lay hands upon him.
*Menenius.* Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!
*Citizens.* Down with him, down with him!
[*The Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.*
*Menenius.* Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!
All will be naught else.

*2 Senator.* Get you gone.
*Coriolanus.* Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.
*Menenius.* Shall it be put to that?
*1 Senator.* The gods forbid!
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
*Menenius.* For 't is a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself. Be gone, beseech you.
*Cominius.* Come, sir, along with us.
*Coriolanus.* I would they were barbarians—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol—
*Menenius.* Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One time will owe another.
*Coriolanus.* On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.
*Menenius.* I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
*Cominius.* But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.
*Menenius.* Pray you, be gone.
I 'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
*Cominius.* Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*
*1 Patrician.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
*Menenius.* His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent,
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here 's goodly work!

*2 Patrician.* I would they were a-bed!

*Menenius.* I would they were in Tiber!—What the vengeance!
Could he not speak 'em fair?

*Re-enter* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the rabble.*

*Sicinius.* Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself?

*Menenius.* You worthy tribunes,—

*Sicinius.* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power
Which he so sets at nought.

*1 Citizen.* He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

*Citizens.* He shall, sure on 't.

*Menenius.* Sir, sir,—

*Sicinius.* Peace!

*Menenius.* Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

*Sicinius.* Sir, how comes 't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?

*Menenius.* Hear me speak.—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—

*Sicinius.* Consul! what consul?

*Menenius.* The consul Coriolanus.

*Brutus.* He consul!
*Citizens.* No, no, no, no, no.
*Menenius.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.
*Sicinius.* Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor. To eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death, therefore it is decreed
He dies to night.
*Menenius.* Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
*Sicinius.* He 's a disease that must be cut away.
*Menenius.* O, he 's a limb that has but a disease,
Mortal, to cut it off, to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country,
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do 't and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.
*Sicinius.* This is clean kam.
*Brutus.* Merely awry. When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
*Menenius.* The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.
*Brutus.* We 'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence.

Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

*Menenius.* One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will too late
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties, as he is belov'd, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

*Brutus.* If it were so,—

*Sicinius.* What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come.

*Menenius.* Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

1 *Senator.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way; the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

*Sicinius.* Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Brutus.* Go not home.

*Sicinius.* Meet on the market-place.—We 'll attend you there;
Where if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed
In our first way.

*Menenius.* I 'll bring him to you.—
[*To the Senators*] Let me desire your company; he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

1 *Senator.* Pray you, let 's to him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in Coriolanus's House.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS *with* Patricians.

*Coriolanus.* Let them pull all about mine ears, present me
Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

*1 Patrician.* You do the nobler.

*Coriolanus.* I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.—

*Enter* VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you.
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am.

*Volumnia.* O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

*Coriolanus.* Let go.

*Volumnia.* You might have been enough the man you are
With striving less to be so; lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

*Coriolanus.* Let them hang.

*Volumnia.* Ay, and burn too.

*Enter* MENENIUS *with the* Senators.

*Menenius.* Come, come, you have been too rough, some-
thing too rough;
You must return and mend it.
1 *Senator.* There 's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.
*Volumnia.* Pray, be counsell'd.
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.
*Menenius.* Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
*Coriolanus.* What must I do?
*Menenius.* Return to the tribunes.
*Coriolanus.* Well, what then? what then?
*Menenius.* Repent what you have spoke.
*Coriolanus.* For them! I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?
*Volumnia.* You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together; grant that, and tell me
In peace what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there.
*Coriolanus.* Tush, tush!
*Menenius.* A good demand.
*Volumnia.* If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not—which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy—how is it less or worse,

That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?

*Coriolanus.* Why force you this?

*Volumnia.* Because that now it lies you on to spea
To the people, not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour. I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

*Menenius.* Noble lady!—
Come, go with us: speak fair, you may salve so
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

*Volumnia.* I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with them—
Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears—waving thy head.
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling,—say to them,

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

*Menenius.* This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

*Volumnia.* Prithee now,
Go, and be rul'd; although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

*Enter* COMINIUS.

*Cominius.* I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 't is fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence; all's in anger.

*Menenius.* Only fair speech.

*Cominius.* I think 't will serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

*Volumnia.* He must, and will.—
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

*Coriolanus.* Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce?
Must I
With my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do 't;
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it
And throw 't against the wind.—To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

*Cominius.* Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

*Volumnia.* I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

*Coriolanus.* Well, I must do 't.
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

*Volumnia.* At thy choice, then.
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.

*Coriolanus.* Pray, be content.
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going;
Commend me to my wife. I 'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.

*Volumnia.* Do your will. [*Exit.*

*Cominius.* Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.
*Coriolanus.* The word is, mildly.—Pray you, let us go.
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.
*Menenius.* Ay, but mildly.
*Coriolanus.* Well, mildly be it then,—mildly! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Same. The Forum.*

*Enter* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

*Brutus.* In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power; if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.—

*Enter an Ædile.*

What, will he come?
*Ædile.* He 's coming.
*Brutus.* How accompanied?
*Ædile.* With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
*Sicinius.* Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd
Set down by the poll?
*Ædile.* I have; 't is ready.
*Sicinius.* Have you collected them by tribes?
*Ædile.* I have.
*Sicinius.* Assemble presently the people hither;
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry 'Fine,' if death, cry 'Death;'

Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

*Ædile.* I shall inform them.

*Brutus.* And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

*Ædile.* Very well.

*Sicinius.* Make them be strong and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

*Brutus.* Go about it.—[*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

*Sicinius.* Well, here he comes.

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, *and* COMINIUS, *with* Senators *and* Patricians.

*Menenius.* Calmly, I do beseech you.

*Coriolanus.* Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

*1 Senator.* Amen, amen.

*Menenius.* A noble wish.

*Re-enter* Ædile, *with* Citizens.

*Sicinius.* Draw near, ye people.

*Ædile.* List to your tribunes. Audience! peace, I say!

*Coriolanus.* First, hear me speak.

*Both Tribunes.* Well, say.—Peace, ho!
*Coriolanus.* Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
*Sicinius.* I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?
*Coriolanus.* I am content.
*Menenius.* Lo, citizens, he says he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider! think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
*Coriolanus.* Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.
*Menenius.* Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier; do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.
*Cominius.* Well, well, no more.
*Coriolanus.* What is the matter
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?
*Sicinius.* Answer to us.
*Coriolanus.* Say, then; 't is true, I ought so.
*Sicinius.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.
*Coriolanus.* How! traitor!
*Menenius.* Nay, temperately; your promise.

*Coriolanus* The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
*Sicinius* Mark you this, people?
*Citizens* To the rock, to the rock with him!
*Sicinius* Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge,
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes and here defying
Those whose great power must try him, even this,
So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.
*Brutus* But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—
*Coriolanus* What do you prate of service?
*Brutus* I talk of that, that know it.
*Coriolanus* You?
*Menenius* Is this the promise that you made your mother?
*Cominius* Know, I pray you,—
*Coriolanus* I'll know no further.
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give.
To have't with saying good morrow.
*Sicinius* For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last

Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.

*Citizens.* It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away.
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

*Cominius.* Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—

*Sicinius.* He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

*Cominius.* Let me speak;
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

*Sicinius.* We know your drift; speak what?

*Brutus.* There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country;
It shall be so.

*Citizens.* It shall be so, it shall be so.

*Coriolanus.* You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length

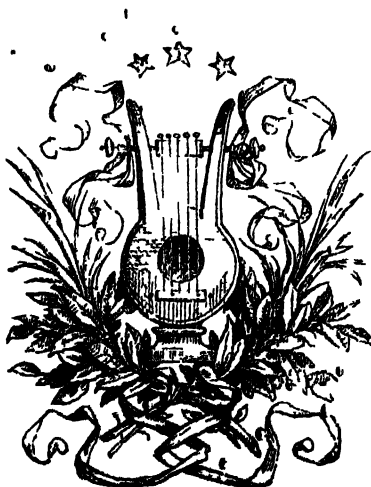
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making but reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back
There is a world elsewhere
[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators and Patricians*

*Ædile* The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

*Citizens* Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! Hoo!
[*They all shout, and throw up their caps*

*Sicinius* Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite,
Give him deserv'd vexation Let a guard
Attend us through the city

*Citizens* Come, come, let's see him out at gates, come —
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come [*Exeunt.*





## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before a Gate of the City.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *with the young Nobility of Rome.*

*Coriolanus.* Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

*Virgilia.* O heavens! O heavens!

*Coriolanus.* Nay, I prithee, woman,

*Volumnia.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
*Coriolanus.* What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife, my mother.
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women
'T is fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 't is to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe 't not lightly—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
*Volumnia.* My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile; determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.
*Coriolanus.* O the gods!
*Cominius.* I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,
And we of thee; so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence o' the needer.

*Coriolanus.* Fare ye well;
Thou hast years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

*Menenius.* That 's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let 's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I 'd with thee every foot.

*Coriolanus.* Give me thy hand.—
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Same. A Street near the Gate.*

*Enter* SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an* Ædile.

*Sicinius.* Bid them all home; he 's gone, and we 'll no further.
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

*Brutus.* Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.

*Sicinius.* Bid them home;
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

*Brutus.* Dismiss them home.—
[*Exit Ædile.*

Here comes his mother.

*Enter* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

*Sicinius.* Let 's not meet her.
*Brutus.* Why?
*Sicinius.* They say she 's mad.
*Brutus.* They have ta'en note of us, keep on your way.
*Volumnia.* O, ye 're well met, the hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!
*Menenius.* Peace, peace; be not so loud.
*Volumnia.* If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—[*To Brutus*] Will you be gone?
*Virgilia.* [*To Sicinius*] You shall stay too, I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.
*Sicinius.* Are you mankind?
*Volumnia.* Ay, fool, is that a shame?—Note but this fool —
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?
*Sicinius.* O blessed heavens!
*Volumnia.* More noble blows than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. I 'll tell thee what;—yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too.—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
*Sicinius.* What then?
*Virgilia.* What then!
He 'd make an end of thy posterity.
*Volumnia.* Bastards and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
*Menenius.* Come, come, peace.
*Sicinius.* I would he had continued to his country

As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
*Brutus.* I would he had.
*Volumnia.* I would he had! 'T was you incens'd the rabble;
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
*Brutus.* Pray, let us go.
*Volumnia.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone;
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see?—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
*Brutus.* Well, well, we 'll leave you.
*Sicinius.* Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
*Volumnia.* Take my prayers with you.
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*
I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.
*Menenius.* You have told them home;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You 'll sup with me?
*Volumnia.* Anger 's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let 's go.
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
*Menenius.* Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*



SCENE III. *A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

*Enter a* Roman *and a* Volsce, *meeting.*

*Roman.* I know you well, sir, and you know me; your name, I think, is Adrian.

*Volsce* It is so, sir; truly, I have forgot you.

*Roman.* I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

*Volsce.* Nicanor? no.

*Roman.* The same, sir.

*Volsce.* You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What 's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there; you have well saved me a day's journey.

*Roman.* There hath been in Rome strange insurrections; the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

*Volsce.* Hath been! is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

*Roman.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again; for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

*Volsce.* Coriolanus banished!

*Roman.* Banished, sir.

*Volsce.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

*Roman.* The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she 's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you, you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home

*Roman* I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

*Volsce.* A most royal one, the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning

*Roman.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company

*Volsce.* You take my part from me, sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

*Roman.* Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV *Antium Before Aufidius's House.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS *in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

*Coriolanus.* A goodly city is this Antium —City,
'T is I that made thy widows, many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.—

*Enter a* Citizen

Save you, sir

*Citizen.* And you.

*Coriolanus.* Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

*Citizen* He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

*Coriolanus.* Which is his house, beseech you?

*Citizen.* This, here before you.

*Coriolanus.* Thank you, sir; farewell.
[*Exit Citizen.*
O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house, whose bed, whose meal and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity; so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me;
My birthplace hate I, and my love 's upon
This enemy town. I 'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I 'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The Same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

*Music within. Enter a* Servingman.

1 *Servingman.* Wine, wine, wine!—What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

*Enter a second* Servingman.

2 *Servingman.* Where 's Cotus? my master calls for him.—Cotus! [*Exit.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS.

*Coriolanus.* A goodly house. The feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the first* Servingman.

1 *Servingman.* What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here 's no place for you; pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

*Coriolanus.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

*Re-enter second* Servingman.

2 *Servingman.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

*Coriolanus.* Away!

2 *Servingman.* Away! get you away.

*Coriolanus.* Now thou 'rt troublesome.

2 *Servingman.* Are you so brave? I 'll have you talked with anon.

*Enter a third* Servingman. *The first meets him.*

3 *Servingman.* What fellow 's this?

1 *Servingman.* A strange one as ever I looked on. I cannot get him out o' the house; prithee, call my master to him. [*Retires.*

3 *Servingman.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

*Coriolanus.* Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Servingman.* What are you?

*Coriolanus.* A gentleman.

3 *Servingman.* A marvellous poor one.

*Coriolanus.* True, so I am.

3 *Servingman.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here 's no place for you. Pray you, avoid; come.

*Coriolanus.* Follow your function, go, and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away from him.*

3 *Servingman.* What, you will not?—Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Servingman.* And I shall. [*Exit.*

3 *Servingman.* Where dwellest thou?

*Coriolanus.* Under the canopy.

3 *Servingman.* Under the canopy!

*Coriolanus.* Ay.

3 *Servingman.* Where 's that?

*Coriolanus.* I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Servingman.* I' the city of kites and crows!—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

*Coriolanus.* No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Servingman.* How, sir! do you meddle with my master?

*Coriolanus.* Ay; 't is an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress.
Thou prat'st and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!
[*Beats him away. Exit third Servingman.*

*Enter* AUFIDIUS *with the second* Servingman.

*Aufidius.* Where is this fellow?

2 *Servingman.* Here, sir. I 'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within. [*Retires.*

*Aufidius.* Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?
Why speak'st not? speak, man; what 's thy name?

*Coriolanus.* [*Unmuffling*] If, Tullus,
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

*Aufidius.* What is thy name?

*Coriolanus.* A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Aufidius.* Say, what 's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle 's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel. What 's thy name?

*Coriolanus.* Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

*Aufidius.* I know thee not; thy name?

*Coriolanus.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may

My surname, Coriolanus The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country are requited
But with that surname, a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me Only that name remains
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest,
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee, but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn so use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee, for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou 'rt tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice,
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

*Aufidius.* O Marcius, Marcius!

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say ''Tis true,' I 'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters. Here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married, never man
Sigh'd truer breath, but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot, and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me,
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all,
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'erbear. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

*Coriolanus.* You bless me, gods!

*Aufidius.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in;
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand; most welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. The two Servingmen come forward.*

1 *Servingman.* Here 's a strange alteration!

2 *Servingman.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Servingman.* What an arm he has! he turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Servingman.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him; he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Servingman.* He had so; looking as it were—would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Servingman.* So did I, I 'll be sworn; he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Servingman.* I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Servingman.* Who, my master?

1 *Servingman.* Nay, it 's no matter for that.

2 *Servingman.* Worth six on him.

1 *Servingman.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Servingman.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Servingman.* Ay, and for an assault too.

*Re-enter third* Servingman.

3 *Servingman.* O slaves, I can tell you news,—news, you rascals!

1 *and* 2 *Servingman.* What, what, what? let 's partake.

3 *Servingman.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 *and* 2 *Servingman.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Servingman.* Why, here 's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Servingman.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Servingman.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Servingman.* Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Servingman.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on 't; before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Servingman.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Servingman.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Servingman.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears; he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled.

2 *Servingman.* And he 's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Servingman.* Do 't! he will do 't, for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he 's in directitude.

1 *Servingman.* Directitude! what 's that?

3 *Servingman.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Servingman.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Servingman.* To morrow,—to-day,—presently; you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 't is, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Servingman.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Servingman.* Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it 's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war 's a destroyer of men.

2 *Servingman.* 'T is so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Servingman.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Servingman.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

1 *and* 2 *Servingman.* In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE VI. *Rome. A Public Place*

*Enter the two Tribunes*, SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

*Sicinius.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well, who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.
*Brutus.* We stood to 't in good time.

*Enter* MENENIUS.

Is this Menenius?
*Sicinius.* 'T is he, 't is he. O, he is grown most kind of
late!—Hail, sir!
*Menenius.* Hail to you both!
*Sicinius.* Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends; the commonwealth doth stand,
And so would do, were he more angry at it.
*Menenius.* All 's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.
*Sicinius.* Where is he, hear you?
*Menenius.* Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

*Enter three or four* Citizens.

*Citizens.* The gods preserve you both!
*Sicinius.* God-den, our neighbours.
*Brutus.* God-den to you all, god-den to you all.
1 *Citizen.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

*Sicinius.* Live, and thrive!
*Brutus.* Farewell, kind neighbours; we wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.
*Citizens.* Now the gods keep you!
*Both Tribunes.* Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
*Sicinius.* This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.
*Brutus.* Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war, but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—
*Sicinius.* And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.
*Menenius.* I think not so.
*Sicinius.* We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
*Brutus.* The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter an Ædile.*

*Ædile.* Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.
*Menenius.* 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
*Sicinius.* Come, what talk you of Marcius?
*Brutus.* Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.

*Menenius.* Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like hath been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

*Sicinius.* Tell not me,
I know this cannot be.

*Brutus.* Not possible.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Messenger.* The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house; some news is come
That turns their countenances.

*Sicinius.* 'Tis this slave;
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising;
Nothing but his report.

*Messenger.* Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

*Sicinius.* What more fearful?

*Messenger.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

*Sicinius.* This is most likely!

*Brutus.* Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

*Sicinius.* The very trick on 't.

*Menenius.* This is unlikely;
He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter a second* Messenger.

2 *Messenger.* You are sent for to the senate;
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories, and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

*Enter* COMINIUS.

*Cominius.* O, you have made good work!
*Menenius.* What news? what news?
*Cominius.* You have holp to ravish your own daughters and
To melt the city leads upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—
*Menenius.* What 's the news? what 's the news?
*Cominius.* Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.
*Menenius.* Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?—
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
*Cominius.* If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
*Menenius.* You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
*Cominius.* He 'll shake your Rome about your ears

*Menenius* As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit
You have made fair work!
*Brutus* But is this true, sir?
*Cominius.* Ay, and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other All the regions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him
*Menenius* We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
*Cominius.* Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame, the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds for his best friends, if they
Should say 'Be good to Rome,' they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies
*Menenius* 'Tis true
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, 'Beseech you, cease' You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
*Cominius* You have brough
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help
*Both Tribunes* Say not we brought it.
*Menenius* How! Was it we? we lov'd him, but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
*Cominius* But I fear
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer; desperation

Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a troop of* Citizens.

*Menenius.* Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he 's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

*Citizens.* Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Citizen.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.

2 *Citizen.* And so did I.

3 *Citizen.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us. That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

*Cominius.* Ye 're goodly things, you voices!

*Menenius.* You have made good work,
You and your cry!—Shall 's to the Capitol?

*Cominius.* O, ay, what else?

[*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*

*Sicinius.* Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Citizen.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let 's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.

2. *Citizen.* So did we all. But, come, let 's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*
*Brutus* I do not like this news
*Sicinius* Nor I.
*Brutus.* Let 's to the Capitol —Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!
*Sicinius.* Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII *A Camp, at a small distance from Rome.*

*Enter* AUFIDIUS *with his* Lieutenant.

*Aufidius* Do they still fly to the Roman?
*Lieutenant* I do not know what witchcraft 's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end,
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.
*Aufidius* I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him, yet his nature
In that 's no changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.
*Lieutenant.* Yet I wish, sir,—
I mean for your particular,—you had not
Join'd in commission with him, but either had borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.
*Aufidius.* I understand thee well, and be thou sure.
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword, yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

*Lieutenant.* Sir, I beseech you, think you he 'll carry Rome?

*Aufidius.* All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too.
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he 'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even. Whether 't was pride.
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. [*Exeunt.*



## ACT V

SCENE I *Rome* *A Public Place*

*Enter* MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and others*

*Menenius* No, I 'll not go, you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general, who lov'd him
In a most dear particular He call'd me father,
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee

The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I 'll keep at home.

*Cominius.* He would not seem to know me.

*Menenius.* Do you hear?

*Cominius.* Yet one time he did call me by my name.
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to, forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

*Menenius.* Why, so; you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome
To make coals cheap,—a noble memory!

*Cominius.* I minded him how royal 't was to pardon
When it was less expected; he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

*Menenius.* Very well;
Could he say less?

*Cominius.* I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends; his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff. He said 't was folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

*Menenius.* For one poor grain or two!
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

*Sicinius.* Nay, pray, be patient; if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,

More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
*Menenius.* No, I 'll not meddle.
*Sicinius.* Pray you, go to him.
*Menenius.* What should I do?
*Brutus.* Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
*Menenius.* Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard, what then?—
'But as a discontented friend, grief shot
With his unkindness?' say 't be so?
*Sicinius.* Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
*Menenius.* I 'll undertake 't;
I think he 'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd.
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I 'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I 'll set upon him.
*Brutus.* You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.
*Menenius.* Good faith, I 'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*
*Cominius.* He 'll never hear him.
*Sicinius.* Not?
*Cominius.* I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye

Red as 't would burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'T was very faintly he said 'Rise;' dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions.
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Entrance of the Volscian Camp before Rome. Two* Sentinels *on guard.*

*Enter* MENENIUS.

1 *Sentinel.* Stay! whence are you?
2 *Sentinel.* Stand, and go back.
*Menenius.* You guard like men; 't is well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.
1 *Sentinel.* From whence?
*Menenius.* From Rome.
1 *Sentinel.* You may not pass, you must return; our general
Will no more hear from thence.
2 *Sentinel.* You 'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire before
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.
*Menenius.* Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is Menenius.
1 *Sentinel.* Be it so, go back; the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

*Menenius.* I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Of whom he 's chief, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *Sentinel.* Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

*Menenius.* Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *Sentinel.* Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

*Menenius.* Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *Sentinel.* You are a Roman, are you?

*Menenius.* I am, as thy general is.

1 *Sentinel.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

*Menenius.* Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

1 *Sentinel.* Come, my captain knows you not.

*Menenius.* I mean, thy general.

1 *Sentinel.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood; back,—that 's the utmost of your having,—back.

*Menenius.* Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

*Enter* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

*Coriolanus.* What 's the matter?

*Menenius.* Now, you companion, I 'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus. Guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what 's to come upon thee.—[*To Coriolanus*] The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here 's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

*Coriolanus.* Away! 74

*Menenius.* How! away!

*Coriolanus.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others; though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather

Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st!

*Aufidius.* You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

1 *Sentinel.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *Sentinel.* 'T is a spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.

1 *Sentinel.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2 *Sentinel.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

*Menenius.* I neither care for the world nor your general; for such things as you, I can scarce think there 's any, ye 're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another; let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 *Sentinel.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Sentinel.* The worthy fellow is our general; he 's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Tent of Coriolanus.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and others.*

*Coriolanus.* We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

*Aufidius.* Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted

A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.
*Coriolanus.* This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father,
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept. To grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to; fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this? [*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 't is made? I will not.—

*Enter, in mourning habits,* VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and* Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate!—
What is that curtsy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows,
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries 'Deny not.'—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin.

*Virgilia.* My lord and husband!
*Coriolanus.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
*Virgilia.* The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
Makes you think so.
*Coriolanus.* Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say
For that 'Forgive our Romans.'—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
*Volumnia.* O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*
*Coriolanus.* What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murthering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
*Volumnia.* Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
*Coriolanus.* The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
That 's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple,—dear Valeria!

*Volumnia.* This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.
*Coriolanus.* The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!
*Volumnia.* Your knee, sirrah.
*Coriolanus.* That 's my brave boy!
*Volumnia.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
*Coriolanus.* I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you 'd ask, remember this before:
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics; tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural; desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.
*Volumnia.* O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us any thing,
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already; yet we will ask,
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.
*Coriolanus.* Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we 'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?
*Volumnia.* Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child to see
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity 's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy, for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory
Whereto we are bound? alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine; if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.
*Virgilia.* Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.
*Young Marcius.* A' shall not tread on me;
I 'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight.
*Coriolanus.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

*Volumnia.* Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us
As poisonous of your honour: No, our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say 'This mercy we have show'd,' the Romans,
'This we receiv'd,' and each in either side
Give the all hail to thee, and cry, 'Be blest
For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war 's uncertain, but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses,
Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods,
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you,
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy,
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There 's no man in the world
More bound to 's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks.—Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request 's unjust,
And spurn me back; but if it be not so,

Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down! an end;
This is the last: so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold 's;
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance.—Yet give us our dispatch;
I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,
And then I 'll speak a little.

*Coriolanus.* [*After holding her by the hand, silent*] O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it!—
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I 'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

*Aufidius.* I was mov'd withal.

*Coriolanus.* I dare be sworn you were;
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you 'll make, advise me. For my part,

I 'll not to Rome, I 'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother!—wife!

*Aufidius.* [*Aside*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee; out of that I 'll work
Myself a former fortune. [*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

*Coriolanus.* [*To Volumnia, Virgilia, etc.*] Ay, by and by:—
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you; all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. A Public Place.*

*Enter* MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

*Menenius.* See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond corner stone?

*Sicinius.* Why, what of that?

*Menenius.* If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in 't; our throats are sentenced and stay upon execution.

*Sicinius.* Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

*Menenius.* There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon; he has wings, he 's more than a creeping thing.

*Sicinius.* He loved his mother dearly.

*Menenius.* So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his

face sours ripe grapes; when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading; he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye, talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

*Sicinius.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*Menenius.* I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you.

*Sicinius.* The gods be good unto us!

*Menenius.* No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Messenger.* Sir, if you 'd save your life, fly to your house.
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune
And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

*Enter a second* Messenger.

*Sicinius.* What 's the news?

2 *Messenger.* Good news, good news; the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone.
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sicinius.* Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

2 *Messenger.* As certain as I know the sun is fire.
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!
[*Trumpets; hautboys; drums beat; all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*

*Menenius.* This is good news.
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Music still, with shouts.*

*Sicinius.* First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.

2 *Messenger.* Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

*Sicinius.* They are near the city?

2 *Messenger.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sicinius.* We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Same. A Street near the Gate.*

*Enter two* Senators *with* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, *etc., passing over the stage, followed by* Patricians *and others.*

1 *Senator.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them;
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'

*All.* Welcome, ladies,
Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Antium. A Public Place.*

*Enter* TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with* Attendants.

*Aufidius.* Go tell the lords o' the city I am here.
Deliver them this paper, having read it,
Bid them repair to the market place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Dispatch —
[*Exeunt Attendants*

*Enter three or four* Conspirators *of* AUFIDIUS's *faction.*

Most welcome!
1 *Conspirator.* How is it with our general?
*Aufidius.* Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.
2 *Conspirator.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
*Aufidius.* Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed as we do find the people.
3 *Conspirator.* The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there 's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.
*Aufidius.* I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free

3 *Conspirator.* Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—
*Aufidius.* That I would have spoke of.
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth,
Presented to my knife his throat; I took him,
Made him joint-servant with me, gave him way
In all his own desires, nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men, serv'd his designments
In mine own person, holp to reap the fame
Which he did end all his, and took some pride
To do myself this wrong; till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.
1 *Conspirator.* So he did, my lord
The army marvell'd at it, and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—
*Aufidius.* There was it,
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; therefore shall he die,
And I 'll renew me in his fall.—But, hark!
[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the People.*
1 *Conspirator.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
2 *Conspirator.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.
3 *Conspirator.* Therefore, at your vantage,

Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.
*Aufidius.* Say no more,
Here come the lords.

*Enter the* Lords *of the city.*

*All the Lords.* You are most welcome home.
*Aufidius.* I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
*Lords.* We have.
1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines; but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.
*Aufidius.* He approaches; you shall hear him.

*Enter* Coriolanus, *marching with drum and colours; the Commoners being with him.*

*Coriolanus.* Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier,
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates

Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

*Aufidius.* Read it not, noble lords,
But tell the traitor, in the high'st degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

*Coriolanus.* Traitor! how now.

*Aufidius.* Ay, traitor, Marcius!

*Coriolanus.* Marcius!

*Aufidius.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius, dost thou think
I 'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say your city, to his wife and mother,
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

*Coriolanus.* Hear'st thou, Mars?

*Aufidius.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

*Coriolanus.* Ha!

*Aufidius.* No more.

*Coriolanus.* Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.
*Coriolanus.* Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it.—Boy!
*Aufidius.* Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
*All Conspirators.* Let him die for 't.
*All the People.* 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do it presently.'
'He killed my son.' 'My daughter.' 'He killed my cousin
Marcus.' 'He killed my father.'
2 *Lord.* Peace, ho! no outrage! peace!
The man is noble and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.
*Coriolanus.* O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!
*Aufidius.* Insolent villain!
*All Conspirators.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
[*The Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus;*
*Aufidius stands on his body.*
*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold!
*Aufidius.* My noble masters, hear me speak.
1 *Lord.* O Tullus,—
2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.
3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.
*Aufidius.* My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot—the great danger

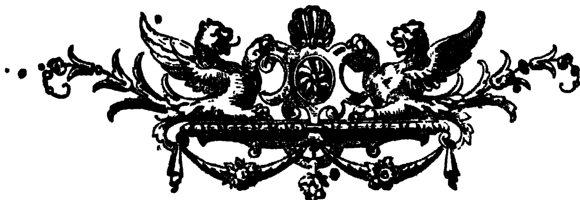
Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him; let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let 's make the best of it.

*Aufidius.* My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up.—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I 'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully.—
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus. A dead march sounded.*





Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars (v. 3. 58).

# NOTES.

# ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

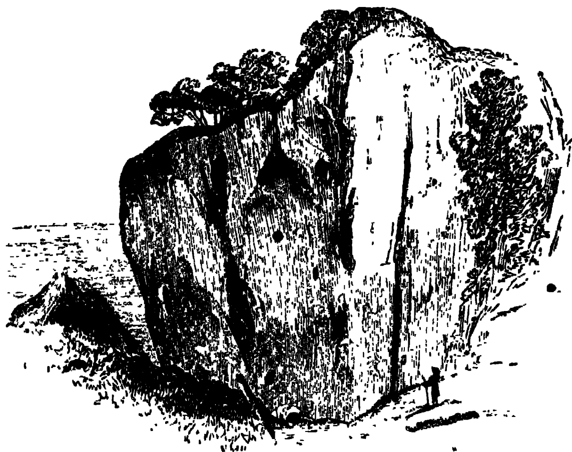
Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson (first edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
~~W., R. Grant White.~~
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Wh., R. Whitelaw's "Rugby" edition of *Coriolanus* (London, 1872).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).
Wr., W. A. Wright's "Clarendon Press" edition of *Coriolanus* (Oxford, 1879).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, *3 Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of the "Acme" reprint of that ed.

# NOTES.



THE TARPEIAN ROCK.

## INTRODUCTION.

THE following are the chief passages in North's *Plutarch* (see p. 10 above), as given by Skeat,[1] which illustrate the play:

ii. 3. 232 fol. "The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the Patricians, out of the which have sprung many noble personages, whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numa's daughter's son, who was King of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had, by conduits. Censorinus also came of that family, that was so surnamed, because the people had chosen him Censor twice. . . . Caius Martius, whose life we intend now to write, being left an orphan by his father, was brought

[1] *Shakespeare's Plutarch*, being a Selection from the Lives in North's Plutarch which illustrate Shakespeare's Plays, edited by Rev. W. W. Skeat, M. A. (London, 1875), p. 1 fol.

up under his mother a widow; who taught us by experience that orphanage bringeth many discommodities[1] to a child, but doth not hinder him to become an honest man, and to excel in virtue above the common sort: as they that are meanly born wrongfully do complain that it is the occasion of their casting away, for that no man in their youth taketh any care of them to see them well brought up, and taught that were meet. This man also is a good proof to confirm some men's opinions: That a rare and excellent wit, untaught, doth bring forth many good and evil things together: as a fat soil that lieth unmanured bringeth forth both herbs and weeds. For this Martius' natural wit and great heart did marvellously stir up his courage to do and attempt notable acts. But on the other side, for lack of education, he was so choleric and impatient, that he would yield to no living creature: which made him churlish, uncivil, and altogether unfit for any man's conversation. Yet men marvelling much at his constancy, that he was never overcome with pleasure nor money, and how he would endure easily all manner of pains and travails:[2] thereupon they well liked and commended his stoutness and temperancy.[3] But for all that they could not be acquainted with him, as one citizen useth to be with another in the city: his behaviour was so unpleasant to them by reason of a certain insolent and stern manner he had, which, because he was too lordly, was disliked. And to say truly, the greatest benefit that learning bringeth unto men is this: that it teacheth men that be rude and rough of nature, by compass[4] and rule of reason, to be civil and courteous, and to like better the mean state than the higher. Now in those days, valiantness was honoured in Rome above all other virtues: which they call *virtus*, by the name of virtue itself, as including in that general name all other special virtues besides. So that *virtus* in the Latin was as much as valiantness. But Martius being more inclined to the wars than any other gentleman of his time, began from his childhood to give himself to handle weapons, and daily did exercise himself therein: and he esteemed outward armour to no purpose, unless one were naturally armed within. Moreover he did so exercise his body to hardness[5] and all kind of activity, that he was very swift in running, strong in wrestling, and mighty in griping,[6] so that no man could ever cast[7] him. Insomuch as those that would try masteries with him for strength and nimbleness, would say when they were overcome: that all was by reason of his natural strength and hardness of ward,[8] that never yielded to any pain or toil he took upon him.

"The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquin surnamed the proud (that had been King of Rome, and
ii. 2. 83 fol. was driven out for his pride, after many attempts made by sundry battles to come in again, wherein he was ever overcome) did come to Rome with all the aid of the Latins, and many other people of Italy: even as it were to set up his whole rest[9] upon a battle by them,

[1] Disadvantages. [2] Labours. [3] Moderation. Cf. *temperance* in iii. 3. 38.
[4] Restraint. [5] Hardship. See *Oth.* p. 166.
[6] Grappling. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 1. 40. [7] Throw. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 3. 46.
[8] Sturdiness of defence. For *ward*, see *W. T.* p. 149.
[9] To rely entirely. See *M. of V.* p. 139.

who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdom again, not so much to pleasure him, as to overthrow the power of the Romans, whose greatness they both feared and envied. In this battle, wherein were many hot and sharp encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the Dictator: and a Roman soldier being thrown to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slew the enemy, with his own hands, that had before overthrown the Roman. Hereupon, after the battle was won, the Dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore first of all he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughs. For whosoever saveth the life of a Roman, it is a manner among them, to honour him with such a garland. . . .

"Now he being grown to great credit and authority in Rome for his valiantness, it fortuned there grew sedition in the city, because
i. 1. the Senate did favour the rich against the people, who did complain of the sore oppression of usurers, of whom they borrowed money. For those that had little, were yet spoiled of that little they had by their creditors, for lack of ability to pay the usury: who offered their goods to be sold to them that would give most. And such as had nothing left, their bodies were laid hold on, and they were made their bondmen, notwithstanding all the wounds and cuts they shewed, which they had received in many battles, fighting for defence of their country and commonwealth: of the which, the last war they made was against the Sabines, wherein they fought upon the promise the rich men had made them, that from thenceforth they would intreat[1] them more gently, and also upon the word of Marcus Valerius chief of the Senate, who, by authority of the council, and in the behalf of the rich, said they should perform that they had promised. But after that they had faithfully served in this last battle of all, where they overcame their enemies, seeing they were never a whit the better, nor more gently intreated, and that the Senate would give no ear to them, but made as though they had forgotten the former promise, and suffered them to be made slaves and bondmen to their creditors, and besides, to be turned out of all that ever they had: they fell then even to flat rebellion and mutiny, and to stir up dangerous tumults within the city. The Romans' enemies hearing of this rebellion, did straight enter the territories of Rome with a marvellous great power, spoiling and burning all as they came. Whereupon the Senate immediately made open proclamation by sound of trumpet, that all those that were of lawful age to carry weapon, should come and enter their names into the muster-master's book, to go to the wars: but no man obeyed their commandment. Whereupon their chief magistrates and many of the Senate began to be of divers opinions among themselves. For some thought it was reason, they should somewhat yield to the poor people's request, and that they should a little qualify the severity of the law. Others held hard against that opinion, and that was Martius for one. For he alleged, that the creditors' losing their money they had lent was not the worst thing that was herein: but that the lenity that was favoured was

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[1] Treat. See *Rich. III.* p. 231, note on *Entreat.*

a beginning of disobedience, and that the proud attempt of the communalty was to abolish law, and to bring all to confusion. Therefore he said, if the Senate were wise, they should betimes prevent[1] and quench this ill-favoured and worse meant beginning. The Senate met many days in consultation about it: but in the end they concluded nothing. The poor common people, seeing no redress, gathered themselves one day together; and one encouraging another, they all forsook the city, and encamped themselves upon a hill, called at that day the Holy Hill, along the river of Tiber, offering no creature any hurt or violence, or making any shew of actual rebellion, saving that they cried as they went up and down, that the rich men had driven them out of the city, and that throughout all Italy they might find air, water, and ground to bury them in. Moreover, they said, to dwell at Rome was nothing else but to be slain, or hurt with continual wars and fighting, for defence of the rich men's goods.

"The Senate, being afraid of their departure, did send unto them certain of the pleasantest old men, and the most acceptable to the people among them. Of those Menenius Agrippa was he, who was sent for chief man of the message from the Senate. He, after many good persuasions and gentle requests made to the people, on the behalf of the Senate, knit up his oration in the end with a notable tale, in this manner: That 'on a time all the members of man's body did rebel against the belly, complaining of it, that it only remained in the midst of the body without doing any thing, neither did bear any labour to the maintenance of the rest: whereas all other parts and members did labour painfully, and were very careful, to satisfy the appetites and desires of the body. And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their folly, and said: It is true, I first receive all meats that nourish man's body: but afterwards I send it again to the nourishment of other parts of the same. Even so (quoth he) O you, my masters, and citizens of Rome, the reason is alike between the Senate and you. For matters being well digested, and their counsels thoroughly examined, touching the benefit of the commonwealth, the Senators are cause of the common commodity[2] that cometh unto every one of you.' These persuasions pacified the people conditionally, that the Senate would grant there should be yearly chosen five Magistrates, which they now call Tribuni plebis, whose office should be to defend the poor people from violence and oppression. So Junius Brutus and Sicinius Vellutus were the first tribunes of the people that were chosen, who had only been the causers and procurers of this sedition. Hereupon the city being grown again to good quiet and unity, the people immediately went to the wars, shewing that they had a good will to do better than ever they did, and to be very willing to obey the Magistrates in that they would command concerning the wars.

"Martius also, though it liked him nothing[3] to see the greatness of the people thus increased, considering it was to the prejudice and imbasing[4]

[1] Anticipate. See *Ham.* p. 205.
[2] General advantage. See *2 Hen. IV.* p. 157.
[3] Did not at all please him. See *Ham.* pp. 178 (on *Nothing*), 202 (on *Likes*).
[4] Humiliation.

of the Nobility, and also saw that other noble Patricians were troubled
as well as himself: he did persuade the Patricians to shew themselves
no less forward and willing to fight for their country than the common
people were: and to let them know by their deeds and acts, that they
did not so much pass[1] the people in power and riches, as they did ex-
i. 2 fol. ceed them in true nobility and valiantness. In the country of
the Volsces, against whom the Romans made war at that time,
there was a principal city and of most fame, that was called Corioles, be-
fore the which the Consul Cominius did lay siege. Wherefore all the other
Volsces, fearing lest that city should be taken by assault, they came from
all parts of the country to save it, intending to give the Romans battle
before the city, and to give an onset on them in two several places. The
Consul Cominius, understanding this, divided his army also into two
parts; and taking the one part with himself, he marched towards them
that were drawing to the city out of the country: and the other part of
his army he left in the camp with Titus Latius[2] (one of the valiantest men
the Romans had at that time) to resist those that would make any sally
out of the city upon them. So the Coriolans, making small account of
them that lay in camp before the city, made a sally out upon them, in the
which at the first the Coriolans had the better, and drave the Romans
back again into the trenches of their camp. But Martius being there at
that time, running out of the camp with a few men with him, he slew the
first enemies he met withal, and made the rest of them stay upon the sud-
den, crying out to the Romans that had turned their backs, and calling
them again to fight with a loud voice. For he was even such
i. 4. 57. another as Cato would have a soldier and a captain to be, not
only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeard
with the sound of his voice, and the grimness of his countenance. Then
there flocked about him immediately a great number of Romans: where-
at the enemies were so afeard that they gave back presently.[3] But Mar-
tius, not staying so, did chase and follow them to their own gates, that
fled for life. And there perceiving that the Romans retired back, for
the great number of darts and arrows which flew about their ears from
the walls of the city, and that there was not one man amongst them that
durst venture himself to follow the flying enemies into their city, for that
it was full of men of war very well armed and appointed, he did encour-
age his fellows with words and deeds, crying out to them, 'that
i. 4. 44. fortune had opened the gates of the city, more for the followers
than the fliers.' But all this notwithstanding, few had the hearts to fol-
low him. Howbeit Martius, being in the throng amongst the enemies,
thrust himself into the gates of the city, and entered the same among
them that fled, without that any one of them durst at the first turn their
face upon him, or offer to stay him. But he, looking about him, and see-
ing he was entered the city with very few men to help him, and per-
ceiving he was environed by his enemies that gathered round about to
set upon him, did things, as it is written, wonderful and incredible, as
well for the force of his hand, as also for the agility of his body; and

[1] Surpass; as in *R. and J.* i. 1. 242: "who pass'd that passing fair," etc.
[2] Lartius.
[3] At once. See *Ham.* p. 204.

with a wonderful courage and valiantness he made a lane through the midst of them, and overthrew also those he laid at:[1] that some he made run to the furthest part of the city, and other for fear he made yield themselves, and to let fall their weapons before him. By this means Martius, that was gotten out, had some leisure to bring the Romans with more safety into the city. The city being taken in this sort, the most part of the soldiers began incontinently to spoil, to carry away, and to look up the booty they had won. But Martius was marvellous angry
i. 5. 4. with them, and cried out on them, that it was no time now to look after spoil, and to run straggling here and there to enrich themselves, whilst the other Consul and their fellow-citizens peradventure were fighting with their enemies: and how that, leaving the spoil, they should seek to wind themselves out of danger and peril. Howbeit, cry and say to them what he could, very few of them would hearken to him. Wherefore taking those that willingly offered themselves to follow him, he went out of the city, and took his way toward that part where he understood the rest of the army was, exhorting and intreating them by the way that followed him, not to be fainthearted; and oft holding up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to be gracious and favourable unto him, that he might come in time to the battle, and in a good hour to hazard his life in defence of his countrymen. Now the Romans when they were put in battle ray,[2] and ready to take their targets on their arms, and to gird them upon their arming-coats, had a custom to make their wills at that very instant, without any manner of writing, naming him only whom they would make their heir in the presence of three or four witnesses. Martius came just to that reckoning, whilst the soldiers were doing after that sort, and that the enemies were approached so near, as one stood in view of the other. When they saw him at his first coming all bloody and in a sweat, and but with a few men following him, some thereupon began to be afeard. But soon after, when they saw him run with a lively cheer to the Consul, and to take him by the hand, declaring how he had taken the city of Corioles, and that they saw the Consul Cominius also kiss and imbrace him, then there was not a man but took heart again to him, and began to be of good courage; some hearing him report, from point to point, the happy success of this exploit, and other also conjecturing it by seeing their gestures afar off. Then they all began to call upon the Consul to march forward, and to delay no longer,
i. 6. 51. but to give charge upon the enemy. Martius asked him how the order of their enemy's battle was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The Consul made him answer, that he thought the bands which were in the vaward[3] of their battle were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which, for valiant courage, would give no place to any of the host of their enemies. Then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The Con-

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[1] Attacked

[2] Array. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* v. 11. 34:
"And all the damzels of that towne in ray
Come dauncing forth," etc.

[3] Vanguard. Cf. i. 6. 53 below.

sul granted him, greatly praising his courage. Then Martius, when both armies came almost to join, advanced himself a good space before his company, and went so fiercely to give charge on the vaward that came right against him, that they could stand no longer in his hands: he made such a lane through them, and opened a passage into the battle[1] of the enemies. But the two wings of either side turned one to the other, to compass him in between them: which the Consul Cominius perceiving, he sent thither straight of the best soldiers he had about him. So the battle was marvellous bloody about Martius, and in a very short space many were slain in the place. But in the end the Romans were so strong, that they distressed the enemies, and brake their array: and scattering them, made them fly. Then they prayed Martius that he would retire to the camp, because they saw he was able to do no more, he was already so wearied with the great pain he had taken,[2] and so faint with the great wounds he had upon him. But Martius answered them, that it was not for conquerors to yield, nor to be fainthearted: and thereupon began afresh to chase those that fled, until such time as the army of the enemies was utterly overthrown, and numbers of them slain and taken prisoners.

"The next morning betimes, Martius went to the Consul, and the other Romans with him. There the Consul Cominius going up to
i. 9. 1 fol. his chair of state, in the presence of the whole army, gave thanks to the gods for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victory: then he spake to Martius, whose valiantness he commended beyond the moon, both for that he himself saw him do with his eyes, as also for that Martius had reported unto him. So in the end he willed Martius, that he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all their goods they had won (whereof there was great store) ten of every sort which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honourable offer he had made him, he gave him, in testimony that he had won that day the price of prowess above all other, a goodly horse with a caparison, and all furniture[3] to him: which the whole army beholding, did marvellously praise and commend. But Martius, stepping forth, told the Consul he most thankfully accepted the gift of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his service had deserved his General's commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward than a honourable recompence, he would have none of it, but was contented to have his equal part with the other soldiers. 'Only, this grace (said he) I crave and beseech you
i. 9. 82. to grant me. Among the Volsces there is an old friend and host of mine, an honest wealthy man, and now a prisoner; who, living before in great wealth in his own country, liveth now a poor prisoner, in the hands of his enemies: and yet notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure if I could save him from this one danger, to keep him from being sold as a slave.' The soldiers hearing Martius' words, made a marvellous great shout among them, and there

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1 Battalion. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 189, or *Rich. III.* p. 189.
2 Effort he had made. See *M. of V.* p. 140, note on *Take pain.*
3 Equipments.

were more that wondered at his great contentation[1] and abstinence, when they saw so little covetousness in him, than they were that highly praised and extolled his valiantness. For even they themselves that did somewhat malice[2] and envy his glory, to see him thus honoured and passingly[3] praised, did think him so much the more worthy of an honourable recompence for his valiant service, as the more carelessly he refused the great offer made unto him for his profit; and they esteemed more the virtue that was in him, that made him refuse such rewards, than that which made them to be offered to him, as unto a worthy person. For it is far more commendable, to use riches well, than to be valiant: and yet it is better not to desire them than to use them well.'

"After this shout and noise of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the Consul Cominius began to speak in this sort: 'we cannot compel Martius to take these gifts we offer him if he will not receive
i. 9. 63. them, but we will give him such a reward for the noble service he hath done, as he cannot refuse. Therefore, we do order and decree, that henceforth he be called Coriolanus, unless his valiant acts have won him that name before our nomination.' And so ever since, he still bare the third name of Coriolanus. . . .

"Now when this war was ended, the flatterers of the people began to
i. 1.[4] stir up sedition again, without any new occasion, or just matter offered of complaint. For they did ground this second insurrection against the Nobility and Patricians upon the people's misery and misfortune, that could not but fall out,[5] by reason of the former discord and sedition between them and the Nobility. Because the most part of the arable land, within the territory of Rome, was become heathy and barren for lack of ploughing, for that they had no time nor mean to cause corn to be brought them out of other countries to sow, by reason of their wars; which made the extreme dearth they had among them. Now those busy prattlers that sought the people's good-will by such flattering words, perceiving great scarcity of corn to be within the city: and though there had been plenty enough, yet the common people had no money to buy it: they spread abroad false tales and rumours against the Nobility, that they, in revenge of the people, had practised[6] and procured the extreme dearth among them. Furthermore, in the midst of this stir, there came ambassadors to Rome from the city of Velitres, that offered up their city to the Romans, and prayed them they would send new inhabitants to replenish the same: because the plague had been so extreme among them, and had killed such a number of them, as there was not left alive the tenth person of the people that had been there before.

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[1] Moderation.

[2] Begrudge. S. does not use the verb, but we find it in B. J., Daniel, Spenser, and other writers of the time.

[3] Surpassingly, exceedingly.

[4] As Wright remarks, the description of the condition of the Roman people at the opening of the play seems to have been taken in part from Plutarch's account of this later insurrection as well as from that referred to in the passage on p. 171 above.

[5] That *fall out* here means *take place* is clear from Amyot, who has—"qui estoyent necessairement ensuyuis de leurs diuisions," etc.

[6] Plotted. See *A. Y. L.* p. 140.

So the wise men of Rome began to think, that the necessity of the Velitrians fell out in a most happy hour; and how, by this occasion, it was very meet, in so great a scarcity of victuals, to disburden Rome of a great number of citizens: and by this means as well to take away this new sedition, and utterly to rid it out of the city, as also to clear the same of many mutinous and seditious persons, being the superfluous ill humours that grievously fed this disease. Hereupon the Consuls pricked out[1] all those by a bill, whom they intended to send to Velitres, to go dwell there as in form of a colony: and they levied out all the rest that remained in the city of Rome, a great number to go against the Volsces, hoping, by mean of foreign war, to pacify their sedition at home. Moreover they imagined, when the poor with the rich, and the mean sort with the Nobility, should by this device be abroad in the wars, and in one camp, and in one service, and in one like danger: that then they would be more quiet and loving together. But Sicinius and Brutus, two seditious Tribunes, spake against either of these devices, and cried out upon the noble men, that under the gentle name of a Colony, they would cloak and colour the most cruel and unnatural fact[2] as might be: because they sent their poor citizens into a sore infected city and pestilent air, full of dead bodies unburied, and there also to dwell under the tuition of a strange god, that had so cruelly persecuted his people. 'This were (said they) even as much, as if the Senate should headlong cast down the people into a most bottomless pit; and are not yet contented to have famished some of the poor citizens heretofore to death, and to put other of them even to the mercy of the plague: but afresh they have procured a voluntary war, to the end they would leave behind no kind of misery and ill, wherewith the poor silly people should not be plagued, and only because they are weary to serve the rich.' The common people, being set on a broil and bravery[4] with these words, would not appear when the Consuls called their names by a bill, to prest[5] them for the wars, neither would they be sent out to this new colony: insomuch as the Senate knew not well what to say or to do in the matter.

"Martius then, who was now grown to great credit, and a stout man besides, and of great reputation with the noblest men of Rome, rose up, and openly spake against these flattering Tribunes. And for the replenishing of the city of Velitres, he did compel those that were chosen, to go thither and to depart the city, upon great penalties to him that should disobey: but to the wars the people by no means would be brought or constrained. So Martius, taking his friends and followers with him, and such as he could by fair words intreat to go with him, did run certain forays into the dominion of the Antiates, where he met with great plenty of corn, and had a marvellous great spoil, as well of cattle as of men he had taken prisoners, whom he brought away with him, and reserved noth-

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[1] Marked down all those in a list. The French text is — "Parquoy les Consulz feirent une rolle de ceux qu'ilz entendoient enuoyer à Velitres, pour y habiter en forme de Colonie, et feirent aussi tout ensemble une leuee des autres, qui demeuroient à Rome, etc. [2] Deed. See *W. T.* p. 175.

[3] Tutelary power, guardianship. See *Much Ado*, p. 124.

[4] Insolence. See *Ham.* p. 270. [5] Press.

ing for himself. Afterwards, having brought back again all his men that went out with him, safe and sound to Rome, and every man rich and loaden with spoil; then the home-tarriers and house-doves that kept[1] Rome still, began to repent them that it was not their hap to go with him, and so envied both them that had sped so well in this journey; and also, of malice to Martius, they spited[2] to see his credit and estimation increase still more and more, because they accounted him to be a great
ii. 2. hinderer of the people. Shortly after this, Martius stood for the
Consulship: and the common people favoured his suit, thinking it would be a shame to them to deny and refuse the chiefest noble man of blood, and most worthy person of Rome, and specially him that had done so great service and good to the commonwealth. For the custom of Rome was at that time, that such as did sue for any office, should for certain days before be in the market-place, only with a poor gown on their backs, and without any coat underneath, to pray the citizens to remember them at the day of election: which was thus devised, either to move the people the more, by requesting them in such mean apparel, or else because they might shew them their wounds they had gotten in the wars in the service of the commonwealth, as manifest marks and testimonies of their valiantness. . . . Now Martius, following this custom, shewed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet[3] to fight. So that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself, to refuse so valiant a man: and one of them said to another, 'we must needs choose him Consul, there is no remedy.' But when the day of election was come,
iii. 1-3. and that Martius came to the market-place with great pomp,
accompanied with all the Senate and the whole Nobility of the city about him, who sought to make him Consul with the greatest instance[4] and intreaty they could, or ever attempted for any man or matter: then the love and goodwill of the common people turned straight to an hate and envy toward him, fearing to put this office of sovereign authority into his hands, being a man somewhat partial towards the Nobility, and of great credit and authority amongst the Patricians, and as one they might doubt[5] would take away altogether the liberty from the people. Whereupon, for these considerations, they refused Martius in the end, and made two other that were suitors, Consuls. The Senate, being marvellously offended with the people, did account the shame of this refusal rather to redound to themselves than to Martius: but Martius took it in far worse part than the Senate, and was out of all patience. For he was a man too full of passion and choler, and too much given over to self-will and opinion,[6] as one of a high mind and great courage, that lacked the gravity and affability that is gotten with judgment of learning and reason, which only is to be looked for in a governor of State: and that remembered not how wilfulness is the thing of the world, which

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1 Remained in.
2 Were envious.
3 Advance. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 331: "Set on your foot," etc.
4 Urgency.
5 Fear, suspect. Cf. iii. 1. 152 below.
6 Self-opinion, self-conceit. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 175.

a governor of a commonwealth, for pleasing, should shun, being that which Plato called 'solitariness;' as in the end, all men that are wilfully given to a self-opinion and obstinate mind, and who will never yield to other's reason but to their own, remain without company, and forsaken of all men. For a man that will live in the world must needs have patience, which lusty bloods make but a mock at. So Martius, being a stout man of nature, that never yielded in any respect, as one thinking that to overcome always and to have the upper hand in all matters, was a token of magnanimity and of no base and faint courage, which spitteth out anger from the most weak and passioned part of the heart, much like the matter of an impostume:[1] went home to his house, full freighted with spite and malice against the people, being accompanied with all the lustiest young gentlemen, whose minds were nobly bent, as those that came of noble race, and commonly used for to follow and honour him. But then specially they flocked about him, and kept him company to his much harm, for they did but kindle and inflame his choler more and more, being sorry with him for the injury the people offered him; because he was their captain and leader to the wars, that taught them all martial discipline, and stirred up in them a noble emulation of honour and valiantness, and yet, without envy, praising them that deserved best.

"In the mean season there came great plenty of corn to Rome, that had been bought, part in Italy, and part was sent out of Sicily, as given by Gelon the tyrant of Syracusa: so that many stood in great hope, that the dearth of victuals being holpen, the civil dissension would also cease. The Senate sat in council upon it immediately; the common people stood also about the palace where the council was kept, gaping what resolution[2] would fall out: persuading themselves that the corn they had bought should be sold good cheap,[3] and that which was given should be divided by the poll, without paying any penny; and the rather, because certain of the Senators amongst them did so wish and persuade the same. But Martius, standing upon his feet, did somewhat sharply take up those who went about to gratify the people therein: and called them people-pleasers, and traitors to the Nobility. 'Moreover,' he said, 'they nourished against themselves the naughty[4] seed and cockle[5] of insolence and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad amongst the people, which they should have cut off, if they had been wise, in their growth: and not (to their own destruction) have suffered the people to establish a magistrate for themselves, of so great power and authority as that man had to whom they had granted it. Who was also to be feared, because he obtained what he would, and did nothing but what he listed, neither passed for[6] any obedience to the Consuls, but lived in all liberty; acknowledging no superior to command him, saving the only heads and authors of their faction, whom he called his magistrates. Therefore,' said he, 'they that gave counsel and persuaded, that the corn should be given out to the common people *gratis*, as they used to do in the cities

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1 Abscess. See *Ham.* p 245.
2 Decision.
3 Cheaply. See 1 *Hen IV.* p. 183.
4 Evil. See *M of V.* p 152.
5 See on iii. 1. 70 below.
6 Professed.

of Greece, where the people had more absolute power, did but only nourish their disobedience, which would break out in the end, to the utter ruin and overthrow of the whole state. For they will not think it is done in recompence of their service past, sithence[1] they know well enough they have so oft refused to go to the wars when they were commanded: neither for their mutinies when they went with us, whereby they have rebelled and forsaken their country: neither for their accusations which their flatterers have preferred unto them, and they have received, and made good against the Senate: but they will rather judge, we give and grant them this as abasing ourselves, and standing in fear of them, and glad to flatter them every way. By this means their disobedience will still grow worse and worse: and they will never leave to practise new sedition and uproars. Therefore it were a great folly for us, methinks, to do it: yea, shall I say more? we should, if we were wise, take from them their Tribuneship, which most manifestly is the embasing of the Consulship, and the cause of the division of the city. The state whereof, as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becometh dismembered in two factions, which maintains always civil dissension and discord between us, and will never suffer us again to be united into one body.' Martius dilating the matter with many such like reasons, won all the young men, and almost all the rich men to his opinion: insomuch as they rang it out,[2] that he was the only man, and alone in the city, who stood out against the people, and never flattered them. There were only a few old men that spake against him, fearing lest some mischief might fall out upon it, as indeed there followed no great good afterward. For the Tribunes of the people, being present at this consultation of the Senate, when they saw that the opinion of Martius was confirmed with the more voices, they left the Senate, and went down to the people, crying out for help, and that they would assemble to save their Tribunes. Hereupon the people ran on head[3] in tumult together, before whom the words that Martius spake in the Senate were openly reported: which the people so stomached,[4] that even in that fury they were ready to fly upon the whole Senate. But the Tribunes laid all the fault and burthen wholly upon Martius, and sent their sergeants forthwith to arrest him, presently to appear in person before the people, to answer the words he had spoken in the Senate. Martius stoutly withstood these officers that came to arrest him. Then the Tribunes in their own persons, accompanied with the Ædiles, went to fetch him by force, and so laid violent hands upon him. Howbeit the noble Patricians gathering together about him, made the Tribunes give back, and laid sore upon the Ædiles: so for that time the night parted them, and the tumult appeased. The next morning betimes, the Consuls seeing the people in an uproar, running to the marketplace out of all parts of the city, they were afraid lest all the city would together by the ears: wherefore assembling the Senate in all haste, they declared how it stood them upon,[5] to appease the fury of the people

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[1] Since. Cf iii. 1. 47 below. [2] Cried aloud. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 41.
[3] Ahead. See Gr. 24. [4] Resented. Cf *A. and C.* iv 2. 9 and iii. 4 12.
[5] Concerned them. See *Ham.* p. 269; and cf. iii. 2. 52 below.

with some gentle words or grateful decrees in their favour: and moreover, like wise men they should consider, it was now no time to stand at defence and in contention, nor yet to fight for honour against the commonalty, they being fallen to so great an extremity, and offering such imminent danger. Wherefore they were to consider temperately of things, and to deliver some present and gentle pacification. The most part of the Senators that were present at this council, thought this opinion best, and gave their consents unto it. Whereupon the Consuls rising out of council, went to speak unto the people as gently as they could, and they did pacify their fury and anger, purging the Senate of all the unjust accusations laid upon them, and used great modesty[1] in persuading them, and also in reproving the faults they had committed. And as for the rest, that touched the sale of corn, they promised there should be no disliking[2] offered them in the price. So the most part of the people being pacified, and appearing so plainly by the great silence that was among them, as yielding to the Consuls and liking well of[3] their words: the Tribunes then of the people rose out of their seats, and said: 'Forasmuch as the Senate yielded unto reason, the people also for their part, as became them, did likewise give place unto them: but notwithstanding, they would that Martius should come in person to answer to the articles they had devised. First, whether he had not solicited and procured the Senate to change the present state of the commonweal, and to take the sovereign authority out of the people's hands? Next, when he was sent for by authority of their officers, why he did contemptuously resist and disobey? Lastly, seeing he had driven and beaten the Ædiles into the market-place before all the world: if, in doing this, he had not done as much as in him lay, to raise civil wars, and to set one citizen against another?' And this was spoken to one of these two ends, either that Martius, against his nature, should be constrained to humble himself and to abase his haughty and fierce mind: or else, if he continued still in his stoutness, he should incur the people's displeasure and ill-will so far, that he should never possibly win them again. Which they hoped would rather fall out so, than otherwise: as indeed they guessed unhappily, considering Martius' nature and disposition.

"So Martius came and presented himself to answer their accusations against him, and the people held their peace, and gave attentive ear, to hear what he would say. But where they thought to have heard very humble and lowly words come from him, he began not only to use his wonted boldness of speaking (which of itself was very rough and unpleasant, and did more aggravate his accusation, than purge his innocency) but also gave himself in his words to thunder, and look therewithal so grimly, as though he made no reckoning of the matter. This stirred coals among the people, who were in wonderful fury at it, and their hate and malice grew so toward him, that they could hold no longer, bear, nor endure his bravery[4] and careless boldness. Whereupon Sicinius, the cruellest and stoutest of the Tribunes, after he had whis-

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1 Moderation. See *T. of S.* p. 127. 2 Displeasure.
3 Being pleased with. See *Much Ado*, p. 171, note on *Like of me.*
4 Audacity. See p. 177 above.

pered a little with his companions, did openly pronounce, in the face of all the people, Martius as condemned by the Tribunes to die. Then presently he commanded the Ædiles to apprehend him, and carry him straight to the rock Tarpeian, and to cast him headlong down the same. When the Ædiles came to lay hands upon Martius to do that they were commanded, divers of the people themselves thought it too cruel and violent a deed. The noblemen, being much troubled to see so much force and rigour used, began to cry aloud, 'help Martius:' so those that laid hands on him being repulsed, they compassed him in round among themselves, and some of them, holding up their hands to the people, besought them not to handle him thus cruelly. But neither their words nor crying out could aught prevail, the tumult and hurlyburly was so great, until such time as the Tribunes' own friends and kinsmen, weighing with themselves the impossibleness to convey Martius to execution without great slaughter and murder of the nobility, did persuade and advise not to proceed in so violent and extraordinary a sort, as to put such a man to death without lawful process in law, but that they should refer the sentence of his death to the free voice of the people. Then Sicinius, bethinking himself a little, did ask the Patricians, for what cause they took Martius out of the officers' hands that went to do execution? The Patricians asked him again, why they would of themselves so cruelly and wickedly put to death so noble and valiant a Roman as Martius was, and that without law and justice? 'Well then,' said Sicinius, 'if that be the matter, let there be no quarrel or dissension against the people: for they do grant your demand, that his cause shall be heard according to the law. Therefore,' said he to Martius, 'we do will[1] and charge you to appear before the people, the third day of our next sitting and assembly here, to make your purgation for such articles as shall be objected against you, that by free voice the people may give sentence upon you as shall please them.' The noblemen were glad then of the adjournment, and were much pleased they had gotten Martius out of this danger. In the mean space, before the third day of their next session came about, the same being kept every ninth day continually at Rome, whereupon[2] they call it now in Latin *Nundinæ:* there fell out war against the Antiates, which gave some hope to the nobility that this adjournment would come to little effect, thinking that this war would hold them so long, as that the fury of the people against him would be well suaged,[3] or utterly forgotten, by reason of the trouble of the wars. But contrary to expectation, the peace was concluded presently with the Antiates, and the people returned again to Rome. Then the Patricians assembled oftentimes together, to consult how they might stand to[4] Martius, and keep the Tribunes from occasion to cause the people to mutine[5] again, and rise against the Nobility. And there Appius Claudius (one that was taken ever as an heavy enemy to the people) did avow and protest, that they would utterly abase the authority of the Senate, and destroy the commonweal, if they would suffer the common people to have au-

[1] Require. [2] Wherefore. [3] Assuaged. [4] Stand by, support. [5] Mutiny. See *Ham.* p. 237.

thority by voices to give judgment against the Nobility. On the other side again, the most ancient Senators, and such as were given to favour the common people, said: 'that when the people should see they had authority of life and death in their hands, they would not be so cruel and fierce, but gentle and civil. More also, that it was not for contempt of Nobility or the Senate that they sought to have the authority of justice in their hands, as a pre-eminence and prerogative of honour: but because they feared, that themselves should be contemned and hated of the Nobility. So as[1] they were persuaded, that so soon as they gave them authority to judge by voices, they would leave all envy and malice to condemn any.' Martius, seeing the Senate in great doubt how to resolve, partly for the love and goodwill the nobility did bear him, and partly for the fear they stood in of the people: asked aloud of the Tribunes, 'what matter they would burden him with?' The Tribunes answered him, 'that they would shew how he did aspire to be King, and would prove that all his actions tended to usurp tyrannical power over Rome.' Martius with that, rising upon his feet, said: 'that thereupon[2] he did willingly offer himself to the people, to be tried upon that accusation: and that if it were proved by[3] him, he had so much as once thought of any such matter, that he would then refuse no kind of punishment they would offer him: conditionally (quoth he) that you charge me with nothing else beside, and that ye do not also abuse the Senate.' They promised they would not. Under these conditions the judgment was agreed upon, and the people assembled.

"And first of all the Tribunes would in any case (whatsoever became[4] of it) that the people should proceed to give their voices by Tribes, and not by hundreds: for by this means the multitude of the poor needy people (and all such rabble as had nothing to lose, and had less regard of honesty before their eyes) came to be of greater force (because their voices were numbered by the poll) than the noble honest citizens, whose persons and purse did dutifully serve the commonwealth in their wars. And then, when the Tribunes saw they could not prove he went about[5] to make himself King, they began to broach afresh the former words that Martius had spoken in the Senate, in hindering the distribution of the corn at mean[6] price unto the common people, and persuading also to take the office of Tribuneship from them. And for the third, they charged him anew, that he had not made the common distribution of the spoil he had gotten in the invading the territories of the Antiates: but had of his own authority divided it among them who were with him in that journey. But this matter was most strange of all to Martius, looking least to have been burdened with that as with any matter of offence. Whereupon being burdened on the sudden, and having no ready excuse to make even at that instant: he began to fall a praising of the soldiers that had served with him in that journey. But those that were not with him, being the greater number, cried out so loud, and made such a noise,

1 So that. 2 On that count.
3 About, concerning. Gr. 145. 4 Came.
5 Endeavoured. See *M. N. D* p. 177, or *Ham.* p. 230. 6 Low.

that he could not be heard. To conclude, when they came to tell[1] the voices of the Tribes, there were three voices odd which condemned him to be banished for ever. After declaration of the sentence, the people made such joy, as they never rejoiced more for any battle they had won upon their enemies, they were so brave and lively, and went home so jocundly from the assembly, for triumph of this sentence. The Senate again, in contrary manner, were as sad and heavy, repenting
iv. 1, 2, and 4 themselves beyond measure that they had not rather determined to have done and suffered anything whatsoever, before the common people should so arrogantly and outrageously have abused their authority. There needed no difference of garments, I warrant you, nor outward shows, to know a Plebeian from a Patrician, for they were easily discerned by their looks. For he that was on the people's side looked cheerfully on the matter: but he that was sad and hung down his head, he was sure of the noblemen's side. Saving Martius alone, who neither in his countenance nor in his gait did ever shew himself abashed, or once let fall his great courage: but he only of all other gentlemen that were angry at his fortune, did outwardly shew no manner of passion, nor care at all of himself. Not that he did patiently bear and temper his evil hap in respect of any reason he had, or by his quiet condition: but because he was so carried away with the vehemency of anger and desire of revenge, that he had no sense nor feeling of the hard state he was in: which the common people judge not to be sorrow, although indeed it be the very same. For when sorrow (as you would say) is set on fire, then it is converted into spite and malice, and driveth away for that time all faintness of heart and natural fear. And this is the cause why the choleric man is so altered and mad in his actions, as a man set on fire with a burning ague: for when a man's heart is troubled within, his pulse will beat marvellous strongly. Now that Martius was even in that taking[2] it appeared true soon after by his doings. For when he was come home to his house again, and had taken his leave of his mother and wife, finding them weeping and shrieking out for sorrow, and had also comforted and persuaded them to be content with his chance: he went immediately to the gate of the city, accompanied with a great number of Patricians, that brought him thither, from whence he went on his way with three or four of his friends only, taking nothing with him, nor requesting anything of any man. So he remained a few days in the country at his houses, turmoiled with sundry sorts and kinds of thoughts, such as the fire of his choler did stir up.

"In the end, seeing he could resolve no way to take a profitable or honourable course, but only was pricked forward still to be revenged of the Romans: he thought to raise up some great wars against them, by their nearest neighbours. Whereupon he thought it his best way, first to stir up the Volsces against them, knowing they were yet able enough in strength and riches to encounter them, notwithstanding their former losses they had received not long before, and that their power was not so much impaired, as their malice and desire was increased to be revenged

[1] Count. See *Ham.* p. 186.

[2] Fit of anger. Cf. *R. of L.* 453.

of the Romans. Now in the city of Antium there was one called Tullus Aufidius, who for his riches, as also for his nobility and valiantness, was honoured among the Volsces as a king. Martius knew very well that Tullus did more malice[1] and envy him than he did all the Romans besides: because that many times, in battles where they met, they were ever at the encounter one against another, like lusty courageous youths striving in all emulation of honour, and had encountered many times together. Insomuch as, besides the common quarrel between them, there was bred a marvellous private hate one against another. Yet notwithstanding, considering that Tullus Aufidius was a man of great mind, and that he above all other of the Volsces most desired revenge of the Romans, for the injuries they had done unto them: he did an act that confirmed the words of an ancient poet to be true, who said:[2]

> It is a thing full hard, man's anger to withstand,
> If it be stiffly bent to take an enterprise in hand.
> For then most men will have the thing that they desire,
> Although it cost their lives therefore, such force hath wicked ire.

And so did he. For he disguised himself in such array and attire, as he thought no man could ever have known him for the person he was, seeing him in that apparel he had upon his back: and as Homer said of Ulysses:[3]

> So did he enter into the enemies' town.

It was even twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius' house, and when he came thither, he got him up straight to the chimney-hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For ill-favouredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence: whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled himself, and after he had paused awhile, making no answer, he said unto him: "If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and, seeing me, dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity bewray[4] myself to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volsces generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for[5] my surname of Coriolanus that I bear. For I never had other benefit nor recompence of the true and painful[6] service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but this

[1] Hate. See p. 176 above.
[2] The original Greek runs thus: θυμῷ μάχεσθαι χαλεπόν· ὃ γὰρ ἂν θέλῃ, ψυχῆς ὠνεῖται. Clough says it is from Heraclitus, and quoted in two other places by Plutarch, and also by Aristotle.
[3] This passage is from Helen's description of Ulysses (*Odys.* iv. 246), where she says:

> ἀνδρῶν δυσμενέων κατέδυ πόλιν εὐρυάγυιαν;

[4] Reveal. Cf. v. 3. 95 below. [5] Because of. [6] Toilsome. Cf. iv. 5. 69 below.

only surname: a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor, to take thy chimney-hearth, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby: for if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to have put myself in hazard: but pricked forward[1] with desire to be revenged of them that thus have banished me; which now I do begin, in putting my person into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wrecked[2] of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it as my service may be a benefit to the Volsces: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you than I did when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art weary to prove fortune any more, then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee, to save the life of him, who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help nor pleasure thee.' Tullus, hearing what he said, was a marvellous glad man, and taking him by the hand, he said unto him: 'Stand up, O Martius, and be of good cheer, for in proffering thyself unto us thou doest us great honour: and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all the Volsces' hands.' So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourablest manner he could, talking with him of no other matter at that present: but within few days after they fell to consultation together, in what sort they should begin their wars.

"Now, on the other side, the city of Rome was in marvellous uproar
iv. 6. and discord, the nobility against the commonalty, and chiefly for Martius' condemnation and banishment. . . .

"Now Tullus and Martius had secret conference with the greatest personages of the city of Antium, declaring unto them that now they had good time offered them to make war with the Romans, while they were in dissension one with another. They answered them, they were ashamed to break the league, considering that they were sworn to keep peace for two years. Howbeit, shortly after, the Romans gave them great occasion to make war with them. For on a holy day, common plays being kept in Rome, upon some suspicion or false report, they made proclamation by sound of trumpet, that all the Volsces should avoid[3] out of Rome before sunset. Some think this was a craft and deceit of Martius, who sent one to Rome to the Consuls to accuse the Volsces falsely, advertising them how they had made a conspiracy to set upon them while they were busy in seeing these games, and also to set their city on fire. This open proclamation made all the Volsces more offended with the Romans than ever they were before: and Tullus, aggravating the matter, did so inflame the Volsces against them, that in the end they sent their ambassadors to

[1] Spurred on. [2] Wreaked. Cf. iv. 5. 86 below. [3] Depart. Cf. iv. 5. 31 below.

Rome, to summon them to deliver their lands and towns again, which they had taken from them in times past, or to look for present[1] wars. The Romans, hearing this, were marvellously nettled: and made no other answer but this: 'If the Volsces be the first that begin war, the Romans will be the last that will end it.' Incontinently upon return of the Volsces' ambassadors and delivery of the Romans' answer, Tullus caused an assembly general to be made of the Volsces, and concluded to make war upon the Romans. This done, Tullus did counsel them to take Martius into their service, and not to mistrust him for the remembrance of anything past, but boldly to trust him in any matter to come; for he would do them more service in fighting for them than ever he did them displeasure in fighting against them. So Martius was called forth, who spake so excellently in the presence of them all, that he was thought no less eloquent in tongue than warlike in show: and declared himself both expert in wars, and wise with valiantness. Thus he was joined in commission with Tullus as general of the Volsces, having absolute authority between them to follow and pursue the wars. . . . After their whole army (which was marvellous great, and very forward to service) was assembled in one camp, they agreed to leave part of it for garrison in the country about, and the other part should go on and make the war upon the Romans. So Martius bade Tullus choose, and take which of the two charges he liked best. Tullus made him answer, he knew by experience that Martius was no less valiant than himself, and how he ever had better fortune and good hap in all battles than himself had. Therefore he thought it best for him to have the leading of those that would make the wars abroad, and himself would keep[2] home, to provide for the safety of the cities of his country, and to furnish the camp also of all necessary provision abroad.

"So Martius, being stronger than before, went first of all unto the city of Cercees,[3] inhabited by the Romans, who willingly yielded themselves, and therefore had no hurt. From thence he entered the country of the Latins, imagining the Romans would fight with him there to defend the Latins, who were their confederates, and had many times sent unto the Romans for their aid. But on the one side, the people of Rome were very ill willing to go: and on the other side, the Consuls being upon going out of their office, would not hazard themselves for so small a time: so that the ambassadors of the Latins returned home again, and did no good. Then Martius did besiege their cities, and having taken by force the town of the Tolerinians, Vicanians, Pedanians, and the Bolanians, who made resistance, he sacked all their goods and took them prisoners. Such as did yield themselves willingly unto him, he was as careful as possible might be to defend them from hurt: and because they should receive no damage by his will, he removed his camp as far from their confines as he could. Afterwards, he took the city of Boles[4] by assault, being but an hundred furlong from Rome, where he had a marvellous great spoil, and put every man to the sword that was able to carry weapon. The

[1] Immediate; as in iii. 1. 212 below.
[2] Stay at. Cf. "keep house" in *Cymb.* iii. 3. 1; and see p. 178 above.
[3] Circeii.
[4] Bola or Bolla.

other Volsces that were appointed to remain in garrison for defence of
iv. 7. their country, hearing this good news, would tarry no longer at home, but armed themselves and ran to Martius' camp, saying they did acknowledge no other captain but him. Hereupon his fame ran through all Italy, and every one praised him for a valiant captain, for that, by change of one man for another, such and so strange events fell out in the state. In this while, all went still to wrack at Rome. For, to come into the field to fight with the enemy, they could not
v. 1 and 2. abide to hear of it, they were one so much against another, and full of seditious words, the nobility against the people, and the people against the nobility. Until they had intelligence at the length, that the enemies had laid siege to the city of Lavinium, in the which were all the temples and images of their gods their protectors, and from whence came first their ancient original, for that Æneas at his first arrival into Italy did build that city. Then fell there out a marvellous sudden change of mind among the people, and far more strange and contrary in the nobility. For the people thought it good to repeal the condemnation and exile of Martius. The Senate, assembled upon it, would in no case yield to that: who either did it of a selfwill to be contrary to the people's desire: or because Martius should not return thorough[1] the grace and favour of the people. Or else, because they were throughly angry and offended with him, that he would set upon the whole, being offended but by a few, and in his doings would shew himself an open enemy besides unto his country: notwithstanding the most part of them took the wrong they had done him in marvellous ill part, and as if the injury had been done unto themselves. Report being made of the Senate's resolution, the people found themselves in a straight:[2] for they could authorise and confirm nothing by their voices, unless it had been first propounded and ordained by the Senate. But Martius, hearing this stir about him, was in a greater rage with them than ever before: inasmuch as he raised his siege incontinently before the city of Lavinium, and going towards Rome, lodged his camp within forty furlong of the city, at the ditches called Cluiliæ. His incamping so near Rome did put all the whole city in a wonderful fear: howbeit for the present time it appeased the sedition and dissension betwixt the nobility and the people. For there was no consul, senator, nor magistrate, that durst once contrary[3] the opinion of the people for the calling home again of Martius.

"When they saw the women in a marvellous fear, running up and down the city: the temples of the gods full of old people, weeping bitterly in their prayers to the gods: and finally, not a man either wise or hardy to provide for their safety: then they were all of opinion, that the people had reason to call home Martius again, to reconcile themselves to him, and that the Senate, on the contrary part, were in marvellous great fault to be angry and in choler with him, when it stood them upon[4] rather to have gone out and intreated him. So they all agreed together

[1] Through; as in v. 3 115 below.
[2] Strait.
[3] Oppose. See *R. and J.* p. 161.
[4] Behooved them. See p. 180 above.

to send ambassadors unto him, to let him understand how his countrymen did call him home again, and restored him to all his goods, and besought him to deliver them from this war. The ambassadors that were sent were Martius' familiar friends and acquaintance, who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him, as of their familiar friend and kinsman. Howbeit they found nothing less: for at their coming they were brought through the camp to the place where he was set in his chair of state, with a marvellous and an unspeakable majesty, having the chiefest men of the Volsces about him: so he commanded them to declare openly the cause of their coming. Which they delivered in the most humble and lowly words they possibly could devise, and with all modest countenance and behaviour agreeable to the same. When they had done their message, for[1] the injury they had done him, he answered them very hotly and in great choler. . . .

"Now the Roman ladies and gentlewomen did visit all the temples and gods of the same, to make their prayers unto them: but
v. 3–5. the greatest ladies (and more part of them) were continually about the altar of Jupiter Capitolin, among which troup by name, was Valeria, Publicola's own sister; the self-same Publicola, who did such notable service to the Romans, both in peace and wars, and was dead also certain years before, as we have declared in his life. His sister Valeria was greatly honoured and reverenced among all the Romans: and did so modestly and wisely behave herself, that she did not shame nor dishonour the house she came of. So she suddenly fell into such a fancy, as we have rehearsed before, and had (by some god, as I think) taken hold of a noble device. Whereupon she rose and the other ladies with her, and they all together went straight to the house of Volumnia,[2] Martius' mother: and coming in to her, found her, and Martius' wife her daughter-in-law, set together, and having her husband Martius' young children in her lap. Now all the train of these ladies sitting in a ring round about her, Valeria first began to speak in this sort unto her: 'We ladies are come to visit you ladies (my lady Volumnia and Virgilia) by no direction from the Senate, nor commandment of other magistrate, but through the inspiration (as I take it) of some god above: who, having taken compassion and pity of our prayers, hath moved us to come unto you, to intreat you in a matter, as well beneficial for us as also for the whole citizens in general, but to yourselves in special (if it please you to credit me), and shall redound to your more fame and glory, than the daughters of the Sabines obtained in former age, when they procured loving peace, instead of hateful war, between their fathers and their husbands. Come on, good ladies, and let us go altogether unto Martius, to intreat him to take pity upon us, and also to report the truth unto him, how much you are bound unto the citizens: who notwithstanding they have sustained great hurt and losses by him, yet they have not hitherto sought revenge upon your persons by any discourteous usage, neither ever conceived any such thought or intent against you, but to deliver you safe into his

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[1] With regard to. Gr. 149.

[2] The mother of Coriolanus was Veturia, and that of his wife Volumnia. Plutarch misnames them Volumnia and Virgilia respectively, and Shakespeare follows him.

hands, though thereby they look for no better grace or clemency from him.' When Valeria had spoken this unto them, all the other ladies together, with one voice, confirmed that she had said. Then Volumnia in this sort did answer her: 'My good ladies, we are partakers with you of the common misery and calamity of our country, and yet our grief exceedeth yours the more, by reason of our particular misfortune, to feel the loss of my son Martius' former valiancy and glory, and to see his person environed now with our enemies in arms, rather to see him forthcoming and safe kept than of any love to defend his person. But yet the greatest grief of our heaped mishaps is to see our poor country brought to such extremity, that all the hope of the safety and preservation thereof is now unfortunately cast upon us simple women: because we know not what account he will make of us, since he hath cast from him all care of his natural country and commonweal, which heretofore he hath holden more dear and precious than either his mother, wife, or children. Notwithstanding, if ye think we can do good, we will willingly do what you will have us; bring us to him, I pray you. For if we cannot prevail, we may yet die at his feet, as humble suitors for the safety of our country.' Her answer ended, she took her daughter-in-law and Martius' children with her, and being accompanied with all the other Roman ladies, they went in troup together unto the Volsces' camp: whom when they saw, they of themselves did both pity and reverence her, and there was not a man among them that once durst say a word unto her. Now was Martius set then in his chair of state, with all the honours of a general, and when he had spied the women coming afar off, he marvelled what the matter meant: but afterwards knowing his wife, which came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his obstinate and inflexible rancour. But overcome in the end with natural affection, and being altogether altered[1] to see them, his heart would not serve him to tarry their coming to his chair, but coming down in haste he went to meet them, and first he kissed his mother and embraced her a pretty while, then his wife and little children. And nature so wrought with him that the tears fell from his eyes, and he could not keep himself from making much of them, but yielded to the affection of his blood, as if he had been violently carried with the fury of a most swift running stream. After he had thus lovingly received them, and perceiving that his mother Volumnia would begin to speak to him, he called the chiefest of the council of the Volsces to hear what she would say. Then she spake in this sort: 'If we held our peace, my son, and determined not to speak, the state of our poor bodies, and present sight of our raiment, would easily bewray[2] to thee what life we have led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad; but think now with thyself, how much more unfortunate[3] than all the women living, we are come hither, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to all other to behold, spiteful fortune had made most fearful to us: making myself to see my son, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native country: so

[1] Changed, overcome. Cf. v. 4. 9 below. [2] Reveal. See p. 185 above.
[3] "Unfortunately" in ed. 1603. See on v. 3. 97 below.

as that which is the only comfort to all other in their adversity and misery, to pray unto the gods and to call to them for aid, is the only thing which plungeth us into most deep perplexity. For we cannot, alas! together pray both for victory to our country and for safety of thy life also: but a world of grievous curses, yea, more than any mortal enemy can heap upon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choice is offered thy wife and children, to forego one of the two: either to lose the person of thyself, or the nurse of their native country. For myself, my son, I am determined not to tarry till fortune, in my lifetime, do make an end of this war. For if I cannot persuade thee, rather to do good unto both parties than to overthrow and destroy the one, preferring love and nature before the malice and calamity of wars, thou shalt see, my son, and trust unto it, thou shalt no sooner march forward to assault thy country, but thy foot shall tread upon thy mother's womb, that brought thee first into this world. And I may not defer[1] to see the day, either that my son be led prisoner in triumph by his natural countrymen, or that he himself do triumph of them, and of his natural country. For if it were so, that my request tended to save thy country, in destroying the Volsces, I must confess, thou wouldest hardly and doubtfully resolve on that. For as, to destroy thy natural country, it is altogether unmeet and unlawful, so were it not just, and less honourable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my only demand consisteth, to make a gaol-delivery of all evils, which delivereth equal benefit and safety both to the one and the other, but most honourable for the Volsces. For it shall appear, that, having victory in their hands, they have of special favour granted us singular graces, peace, and amity, albeit themselves have no less part of both than we. Of which good, if so it came to pass, thyself is the only author, and so hast thou the only honour. But if it fail and fall out contrary, thyself alone deservedly shall carry the shameful reproach and burthen of either party. So, though the end of war be uncertain, yet this notwithstanding is most certain, that, if it be thy chance to conquer, this benefit shalt thou reap of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy country. And if fortune overthrow thee, then the world will say, that, through desire to revenge thy private injuries, thou hast for ever undone thy good friends, who did most lovingly and courteously receive thee.' Martius gave good ear unto his mother's words, without interrupting her speech at all, and after she had said what she would, he held his peace a pretty while, and answered not a word. Hereupon she began again to speak unto him, and said: 'My son, why dost thou not answer me? Dost thou think it good altogether to give place unto thy choler and desire of revenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty[2] for thee to grant thy mother's request, in so weighty a cause? Dost thou take it honourable for a noble man to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not in like case think it an honest noble man's part, to be thankful for the goodness that parents do shew to their children, ac-

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[1] Tarry, wait. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 33.
[2] An honour. So *honest* just below = honourable.

knowledging the duty and reverence they ought to bear unto them? No man living is more bound to shew himself thankful in all parts and respects than thyself: who so unnaturally[1] shewest all ingratitude. Moreover (my son) thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grievous payments upon them, in revenge of the injuries offered thee; besides, thou hast not hitherto shewed thy poor mother any courtesy. And therefore it is not only honest, but due unto me, that without compulsion I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?' And with these words, herself, his wife, and children fell down upon their knees before him. Martius, seeing that, could refrain no longer, but went straight and lift[2] her up, crying out, 'Oh mother, what have you done to me?' And holding her hard by the right hand, 'Oh mother,' said he, 'you have won a happy victory for your country, but mortal and unhappy for your son: for I see myself vanquished by you alone.' These words being spoken openly, he spake a little apart with his mother and wife, and then let them return again to Rome, for so they did request him; and so remaining in camp that night, the next morning he dislodged,[3] and marched homeward into the Volsces' country again, who were not all of one mind, nor all alike contented. For some misliked[4] him and that he had done: other, being well pleased that peace should be made, said that neither the one nor the other deserved blame nor reproach. Other, though they misliked that was done, did not think him an ill man for that he did, but said he was not to be blamed, though he yielded to such a forcible extremity. Howbeit no man contraried[5] his departure, but all obeyed his commandment, more for respect of his worthiness and valiancy than for fear of his authority.

"Now the citizens of Rome plainly shewed in what fear and danger their city stood of this war, when they were delivered. For so soon as the watch upon the walls of the city perceived the Volsces' camp to remove, there was not a temple in the city but was presently set open, and full of men wearing garlands of flowers upon their heads, sacrificing to the gods, as they were wont to do upon the news of some great obtained victory. And this common joy was yet more manifestly shewed by the honourable courtesies the whole Senate and people did bestow on their ladies. For they were all thoroughly persuaded, and did certainly believe, that the ladies only were cause of the saving of the city and delivering themselves from the instant danger of the war. Whereupon the Senate ordained that the magistrates, to gratify and honour these ladies, should grant them all that they would require. And they only requested that they would build a temple of Fortune for the women, unto the building whereof they offered themselves to defray the whole charge of the sacrifices and other ceremonies belonging to the service of the gods. Nevertheless the Senate, commending their goodwill and forwardness,

[1] So ed. 1603; "universally" in ed. 1612.
[2] Lifted. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI* i. 1. 16; and see also *Ge.* vii. 17, xiv. 22, *Ps.* xciii. 3, etc.
[3] Removed his camp. Cf. v. 4. 41.
[4] Were displeased with. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 1, *A. and C.* iii. 13. 147, etc.
[5] Opposed. See p. 188 above.

ordained that the temple and image should be made at the common charge of the city. . . .

"Now when Martius was returned again into the city of Antium from his voyage, Tullus, that hated and could no longer abide him for the fear he had of his authority, sought diverse means to make him away;
v. 6. thinking, if he let slip that present time, he should never recover the like and fit occasion again. Wherefore Tullus, having procured many other of his confederacy, required[1] Martius might be deposed from his estate, to render up account to the Volsces of his charge and government. Martius, fearing to become a private man again under Tullus being general (whose authority was greater otherwise than any other among all the Volsces), answered: he was willing to give up his charge, and would resign it into the hands of the lords of the Volsces, if they did all command him, as by all their commandment he received it. And moreover, that he would not refuse even at that present to give up an account unto the people, if they would tarry the hearing of it. The people hereupon called a common council, in which assembly there were certain orators appointed that stirred up the common people against him: and when they had told their tales, Martius rose up to make them answer. Now, notwithstanding the mutinous people made a marvellous great noise, yet when they saw him, for the reverence they bare unto his valiantness, they quieted themselves, and gave him audience to allege with leisure what he could for his purgation.[2] Moreover, the honestest[3] men of the Antiates, and who most rejoiced in peace, shewed by their countenance that they would hear him willingly and judge also according to their conscience. Whereupon Tullus, fearing that, if he did let him speak, he would prove his innocency to the people, because amongst other things he had an eloquent tongue; besides that the first good service he had done to the people of the Volsces did win him more favour than these last accusations could purchase him displeasure: and furthermore, the offence they laid to his charge was a testimony of the goodwill they ought[4] him; for they would never have thought he had done them wrong for that they took not the city of Rome, if they had not been very near taking of it by means of his approach and conduction. For these causes Tullus thought he might no longer delay his pretence and enterprise, neither to tarry for the mutining and rising of the common people against him: wherefore those that were of the conspiracy began to cry out that he was not to be heard, and that they would not suffer a traitor to usurp tyrannical power over the tribe of the Volsces, who would not yield up his state and authority. And in saying these words, they all fell upon him, and killed him in the market-place, none of the people once offering to rescue him. . . .

"Howbeit it is a clear case, that this murder was not generally consented unto of the most part of the Volsces: for men came out of all parts to honour his body, and did honourably bury him; setting out his tomb with great store of armour and spoils, as the tomb of a worthy person and great captain." . . .

[1] Demanded that. Cf. ii. 2. 152.
[2] Defence. See *A. Y. L.* p. 147.
[3] Most honourable. See p. 191 above.
[4] Owed. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 184.

As Wright notes, the jealousy of Aufidius, which Shakespeare makes use of with such admirable dramatic effect, appears only incidentally in Plutarch, in whose narrative the Volscian leader fills a much less prominent part. When Coriolanus encamped within a few miles of Rome he gave the ambassadors who came to treat of peace an interval of thirty days to consider his terms, and in the meanwhile withdrew from the Roman territories. "This," says Plutarch, 'was the first matter wherewith the Volsces (that most envied Martius's glory and authority) did charge Martius with. Among those, Tullus was chief: who though he had received no private injury or displeasure of Martius, yet the common fault and imperfection of man's nature wrought in him, and it grieved him to see his own reputation blemished through Martius' great fame and honour, and so himself to be less esteemed of the Volsces than he was before. This fell out the more because every man honoured Martius, and thought he only could do all, and that all other governors and captains must be content with such credit and authority as v. 6. 40 he would please to countenance them with. From hence they derived all their first accusations and secret murmurings against Martius.'

## ACT I

SCENE I. In the folio the play is divided into acts but not into scenes, though the heading of act i, as usual in that edition, is "*Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.*" There is no list of Dramatis Personæ (cf. *Oth.* p. 153).

6. *Chief enemy.* Abbott (Gr. 84) quotes North's *Plutarch*: "having now shown himself open enemy to Alcibiades;" and Wr. quotes *K. John*, ii. 1. 243: "no further enemy to you."

11. *On't.* Of it, as in 218 below. For other examples, see Gr. 182.

14. *Good.* "Here used in the mercantile sense" (Farmer). There is a play upon the word, as in *M. of V.* i. 3. 12 fol.

15. *Yield us but.* Only yield us.

16. *Guess.* Suppose, think, imagine, much like the Yankee use of the word. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 29:

"Not all together; better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways."

Schmidt also adds *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 47, but there the word may have its ordinary sense (= conjecture, suspect).

17. *Too dear.* "They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth" (Johnson).

*Object.* Sight, spectacle, as in *T. and C.* ii. 2. 41: "And reason flies the object of all harm," etc.

18. *Particularize.* "Point out in detail and more emphatically" (Wr.). S. uses the word nowhere else.

20. *Pikes.* There seems to be a play on the word, which meant a pitchfork as well as a spear. Hanmer, apparently not aware of this, sub-

stituted "pitchforks." Wr. quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Iavelier : m. A corne-pike, or pitchforke, wherewith sheaues of corne be loaden, and vnloaded." Cf. Tusser, *Fiue hundred pointes of good Husbandrie* (Eng. Dialect Society), p. 37:

> "A rake for to hale vp the fitchis that lie,
> a pike for to pike them vp handsom to drie."

"As lean as a rake" is still a familiar proverb. Johnson thought that *rake* was the Icelandic "*rækel*, a cur-dog," and that the proverb means "as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed;" but, as Steevens says, the reference is doubtless "to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers." He cites Chaucer, *C. T.* 287: "And leene was his hors as is a rake." Wr. adds from Cotgrave: "Maigres comme pies. As leane as Rakes (we say)." Cf. Heywood, *Epigrammes*, 1577: "And yet art thou skin and bone, leane as a rake."

24. *Against him*, etc. In the folio this speech has the prefix "*All*;" but Malone is clearly right in transferring it to the first Citizen.

*A very dog.* That is, unfeeling, cruel; like Lear's "dog-hearted daughters" (*Lear*, iv. 3. 47). On canine comparisons not so appropriate, see 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 156.

28. *To give him good report.* To give him credit. Wr. compares *W. T.* v. 2. 162: "I humbly beseech you, sir, . . . to give me your good report to the prince my master;" that is, to speak well of me to him.

31. *Nay, but speak*, etc. The folio gives this speech also to "*All*;" corrected by Malone. Wr. retains "*All*" in 24 above, but not here.

34. *To please his mother.* Cf. North's *Plutarch*: "But touching Martius, the only thing that made him to love honour was the joy he saw his mother did take of him. For he thought nothing made him so happy and honourable, as that his mother might hear every body praise and commend him, that she might always see him return with a crown upon his head, and that she might still embrace him with tears running down her cheeks for joy."

35. *And to be partly proud.* "And partly to be proud" (Hanmer's reading). For the transposition, see Gr. 420. Capell puts the *partly* before *to please*; and St. conjectures "to be portly."

36. *Virtue.* Valour; "the chiefest virtue" (ii. 2. 80 below) in Roman estimation. Cf. North, p. 170 above. See also *Lear*, p. 254.

40. *Repetition.* "Utterance, recital, mention" (Schmidt); as in *R. of L.* 1285, *Rich. III.* i. 3. 165, *Macb.* ii. 3. 90, etc. Cf. v. 3. 144 below.

42. *The Capitol.* Wr. remarks that "in all probability S. had in his mind the topography of London and not of Rome, and the Tower was to him the Capitol."

49, 50. *What work 's . . . pray you.* Arranged as by Theo. The folio has three lines, ending with *hand, matter*, and *you.* Pope gives the passage as prose.

*Bats* = staves, or heavy sticks; as in *L. C.* 64: "his grained bat." In *Lear*, iv. 6. 247, the folios have "ballow" (see our ed. p. 248), the quartos "bat."

51. *Our business*, etc. "This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches

in this scene are given in the old copy to the *second* Citizen; but the dialogue at the opening of the play shows that they ought to be attributed to the *first* Citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus" (Malone). The change was first made by Capell. K. follows the folio, and says: "The *first* citizen is a hater of public *men*,—the *second* of public *measures*; the first would kill Coriolanus,—the second would repeal the laws relating to corn and usury. He says not one word against Coriolanus."

54. *Strong.* For the play upon the odorous allusion, cf. *A. W.* v. 2. 5: "I am now, sir, muddied in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure."

56, 57. *Why, masters, . . . yourselves?* As prose in the folio; corrected by Theo.

60. *For.* As for. Gr. 149. The folios read "of you for" or "of you, for."

64. *Cracking.* S. often uses *crack*=break, both literally and figuratively. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 26: "I had rather crack my sinews;" *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 235: "cracking the strong warrant of an oath;" *Lear*, i 2. 118: "the bond cracked 'twixt son and father;" *Cymb.* v. 5. 207: "her bond of chastity quite crack'd," etc. See also v. 3. 9 below.

66. *Your impediment.* "The obstacles opposed by you" (Schmidt). Malone quotes *Oth.* v. 2. 263:

"I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop."

68. *Your knees to them.* Cf. v. 3. 57 below: "Your knees to me?" See also v. 3. 169.

70. *Thither where more attends you.* "To excesses which fresh sufferings must expiate" (Wh.).

71. *Helms.* "By metonymy for those at the helm, the steersmen or pilots" (Wr.).

77. *Piercing.* Schmidt is in doubt whether this is="mortifying, revolting to the feelings, or=sweeping; entering and affecting all the interests of the people." It may be simply=sharp, severe.

85. *Stale 't a little more.* Make it a little staler; referring to *you have heard it* just before. The folios have "scale 't;" corrected by Theo. Steevens defended "scale" as a provincialism = "disperse;" explaining the passage thus: "Though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it yet wider, and diffuse it among the rest." Other desperate attempts have been made to sustain the old reading. For *stale*=make stale, cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 201, *J. C.* i. 2. 73, iv. 1. 38 (see our ed. p. 130), and *A. and C.* ii. 2. 240. Wr. quotes Massinger, *Unnatural Combat*, iv. 2:

"I'll not stale the jest
By my relation."

86. *Well, I'll hear it*, etc. The speech is arranged as four lines of verse in the folios; as prose first by Capell.

87. *Fob off.* Put off with a trick. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 37, where we have "fubbed off," and see our ed. p. 160. See also *Oth.* p. 202. *Dis-*

*grace*=ill treatment, humiliation" (Schmidt). Clarke remarks that it is=the Italian *disgrazia*, misfortune, unhappiness.

*Deliver*. Speak, tell your story. For the intransitive use, cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 34: "and thus deliver;" and see our ed. p. 190. It is oftener transitive, as in iv. 6. 65 below. Cf. *Ham.* p. 186.

89. *There was a time*, etc. Cf. the extract from North, p. 172 above. Camden's version of the fable (see p. 11 above) is as follows, the italics being Malone's:

"All the members of the body conspired against the stomacke, as against the *swallowing gulfe* of all their labors; for whereas *the eies beheld, the eares heard, the handes labored, the feete traveled, the tongue spake, and all partes performed their functions*, onely the stomacke lay ydle and consumed all. Hereuppon they ioyntly agreed al to forbeare their labors, and to pine away their lasie and publike enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them all, that they called a common Counsel; The eyes waxed dimme, the feete could not support the body, the armes waxed lasie, the tongue faltered, and could not lay open the matter; Therefore they all with one accord desired the advise of the *Heart*. There *Reason* layd open before them, etc."

91. *Gulf*. Whirlpool; the only meaning in S. except in *Macb.* iv. 1. 123, where it seems to be=gullet. Schmidt gives it that sense here. Cf. *R. of L.* 557: "A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth;" *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 82:

"thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted"

(cf. *Id.* ii. 4. 10); *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 128: "the swallowing gulf," etc.

93. *Cupboarding*. In the folios we have the "phonetic" spelling "cubbording." S. uses the verb only here, and the noun only in *R. and J.* i. 5. 8, where the folios have "cubbord" or (in the 4th) "cubbert."

*Viand*. Food (like the Fr. *la viande*); the only instance of the singular in S. Richardson quotes Sir Thomas More, *Workes*: "reteyning of the olde plentie in deintie viande and siluer vessell."

94. *Where*. Whereas; as in i. 10. 13 below. See *Lear*, p. 179, or 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 187. Gr. 134.

96. *Participate*. "Acting in common" (Schmidt); or=*participating* or *participant*. Cf. *reverberate*=reverberant, in *T. N.* i. 5. 291. For the form (cf. *incorporate* in 123 below), see Gr. 342; and for the active sense, cf. Gr. 294, 374 (also 3). K. takes *participate* to be the verb, in the same construction as *see and hear*, etc.

97. *Affection*. Inclination, desire; as in 170 below. See also ii. 3. 225. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 93: "it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess," etc.

101. *Which ne'er came*, etc. "With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt" (Johnson). As Wr. remarks, "the laughter of merriment came from the lungs." Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 30: "My lungs began to crow like chanticleer," etc. See also *Temp.* ii. 1. 174.

102. *I may make the belly smile*. As in Plutarch (see p. 172 above) he makes it "laugh."

103. *Tauntingly*. The reading of the 4th folio; the 1st has "taint-

ingly," the others "tantingly." "Taintingly" has been defended as = disparagingly (cf. "tainting" in *Oth.* ii. 1. 275).

105. *His receipt.* What he received. Cf. *R. of L.* 703: "Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt."

106. *For that.* Because that; as in i. 9. 47 and iii. 3. 93 below. Gr. 287 (cf. 151).

108. *Kingly-crowned.* Crowned like a king. The hyphen is not in the folios, but was inserted by Warb.—perhaps unnecessarily.

109. *Soldier.* A trisyllable; as in v. 6. 71 below. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 1. 28, *Ham.* i. 5. 141, *Lear,* iv. 5. 3, etc. Gr. 479.

111. *Muniments.* Defences, or defenders; used by S. nowhere else.

113. *Fore me.* Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 31: "fore me, I speak in respect." Wr. suggests that the oath was probably substituted for the more common *Fore God!* (see *Much Ado,* ii. 3. 192, iv. 3. 32, *A. W.* ii. 3. 51, etc.) to avoid the penalties imposed by the statute of James I. against the use of the name of God on the stage (cf. *Oth.* p. 11); but if so, the alteration was not uniformly made. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 31 and 51, for instance.

119. *You 'll.* The folio has "you'st," which Wr. retains, as "apparently a provincialism which S. intentionally puts into the mouth of Menenius when addressing the citizens;" but in the preceding line the folio has *you 'll,* and "you'st" here may be a mere slip of the compositor—an absent-minded substitution of his familiar provincial form for the more correct one in the "copy."

120. *Ye 're.* The folio has "Y' are," for which Capell substituted "You 're."

121. *Your.* For the colloquial use, see *A. Y. L.* p. 180 (note on *Your chestnut*), or *M. N. D.* p. 156 (on *Your lion*). Gr. 221.

123. *Incorporate.* Forming one body; as in *C. of E.* ii. 2. 124, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 208, *Hen. V.* v. 2. 394, etc. For the form, see on 96 above.

126. *Shop.* Workshop; the ordinary meaning of the word in New England. Cf. iv. 6. 8 below; and see also *C. of E.* iii. 1. 3, iv. 1. 82, iv. 3. 7, *J. C.* i. 1. 31, etc. Wr. remarks that "the same homely figure is found in Davies of Hereford's *Microcosmos* (1603), p. 27 (ed. Grosart), where he describes the breast,

> 'Which is the Shoppe of all the Instruments
> Wherewith the vitall Vertue operates.'"

129. *The seat o' the brain.* Malone (followed by Clarke) takes this to be in apposition with *heart,* and refers to "the *counsellor* heart" in 109 above, and to Camden's version of the story (see on 89 above), "they desired the *advise* of the Heart," where "*Reason* layd open before them;" but we are disposed to agree with Wr. that it means "the *kingly-crowned head,* where reason has its throne, while the attendant passions keep their court in the heart."

130. *Cranks.* Winding passages; the only instance of the noun in S. For the verb, see 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 173. Halliwell quotes Holland, *Ammianus Marcellinus:* "With departing speedily by the lake Sunonensis, and the winding cranks of the river Gallus, he deluded the enemie hard at hand at his heeles." For *offices,* cf. *Rich. II.* p. 159.

131. *Nerves.* Sinews; as elsewhere in S. See *Ham.* p. 195. Wr. quotes Cotgrave: "Nerf: m. A Synnow."
133. *And though*, etc. The folio reads:

> "And though that all at once
> (You my good Friends, this sayes the Belly) marke me."

The arrangement in the text is due to Rowe, and is generally adopted. Wr. prefers to make the whole of 134 the parenthetical interruption.

138. *Flour.* The folios have "flowre" or "flowr;" and Capell, followed by some modern editors, has "flower;" but *flour* is the natural antithesis to *bran.* It is curious, by the way, that this is the only instance of the word in S. In iii. 1. 322 below he has the same figure in "*meal* and bran;" as also in *Cymb.* iv. 2. 27: "Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace."

143. *Digest.* The folios have "disgest," as in *J. C.* i. 2. 305 and ("disgested") in *A. and C.* ii. 2. 179; and the later folios have "disgestion" in *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 62 ("digestion" in 1st folio). Both forms were in use. See Nares, s. v. *Disgest;* and cf. Wb.

144. *The common.* For the singular, cf. iii. 1. 29 below. Elsewhere S. uses the plural in this sense; as in ii. 1. 255, iii. 3. 14, and v. 6. 4 below.

148. *Assembly.* A quadrisyllable; as in *Much Ado*, v. 4. 34. See our ed. p. 171, or Gr. 477.

152. *Rascal.* With a play on the original sense of the word = a lean or worthless deer. See *A. Y. L.* p. 179. *Worst in blood* = in the worst condition. For the hunting term *in blood* (= in health or good condition), cf. iv. 5. 212 below. See also *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 4: "The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood;" and 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 48: "If we be English deer, be then in blood," etc.

156. *Must have bale.* "Must get the worst of it" (Wr.). For *bale* = injury, calamity, cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 16: "For light she hated as the deadly bale;" *Id.* ii. 2. 45: "That we may pitty such unhappie bale," etc. We find the plural in *Id.* vi. 10. 3: "T' entrap unwary fooles in their eternall bales." *Baleful* is still in use; but Malone states that *bale* "was antiquated in Shakespeare's time, being marked as obsolete by Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 1616."

157. *Dissentious.* Seditious. See *Rich. III.* p. 188.

159. *Scabs.* For the play upon the word, which was used as a term of extreme contempt, cf. *Much Ado*, p. 146, and 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 179.

160. *Thee.* Changed by D. to "ye;" but, as Clarke notes, Coriolanus "first replies in particular to the demagogue leader who is daring enough to tell him the bold, reproachful truth, and then gives a general retort to the assembled mob."

165. *No surer.* No more to be depended on, no more likely to stand the test. Wr. compares *M. W.* i. 3. 90: "Rogues, hence, avaunt! Vanish like hailstones, go!" Professor Hales (*Academy*, Aug. 10, 1878) suggests that S. may have had in mind the great frost of January 1607–8, when the Thames was frozen over and fires were lighted on it.

167. *Your virtue*, etc. "Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his

own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished" (Johnson). For the ellipsis of the relative in 169, see Gr. 244.

170. *Affections.* See on 97 above.

180. *Which.* Who; as often. Gr. 265.

181. *What 's their seeking?* The question is addressed to Menenius. "The answer is, Their seeking, or *suit* (to use the language of the time), is *for* corn" (Malone).

184. *Fire.* A dissyllable. Gr. 480.

186. *Who thrives.* "Omitted by Hanmer as superfluous both in sense and verse" (Wr.).

*Side*=take sides with, join. S. uses the verb only here and in iv. 2. 2 below, where it is intransitive.

188. *Feebling.* The verb occurs again in *K. John*, v. 2. 146: "Shall that victorious hand be feebled here?"

189. *Below their cobbled shoes.* "So as to trample them under foot" (Wr.).

190. *Ruth.* Pity. See *Rich. II.* p. 199.

191. *Quarry.* A heap of slaughtered game. Cf. *Macb.* p. 244. Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616 (as quoted by Malone), says the word "signifieth the reward given to hounds after they have hunted, or the venison which is taken in hunting."

192. *Quarter'd.* Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 268: "Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;" and 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 11: "Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire."

193. *Pick.* Pitch. Tollet remarks that in Staffordshire "they say, *picke* me such a thing, that is, *pitch* or throw anything that the demander wants." Wr. says that the word is given in Dickinson's *Cumberland Glossary* and in Atkinson's *Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect.*

194. *Almost.* The Coll. MS. has "all most," which Sr. and W. adopt.

195. *Abundantly they lack discretion.* Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 202: "a plentiful lack of wit."

198. *An-hungry.* Perhaps, as Schmidt suggests, used in imitation of the rustic language of the plebeians. Elsewhere we find *a-hungry* in the mouth of Slender (*M. W.* i. 1. 280) and Sir Andrew Aguecheek (*T. N.* ii. 3. 136). Cf. *Matt.* iv. 2.

*Proverbs.* Wr. quotes Trench, *Proverbs*: "In a fastidious age, indeed, and one of false refinement, they may go nearly or quite out of use among the so-called upper classes. No gentleman, says Lord Chesterfield, or 'no man of fashion,' as I think is his exact phrase, 'ever uses a proverb.' And with how fine a touch of nature Shakespeare makes Coriolanus, the man who, with all his greatness, is entirely devoid of all sympathy for the people, to utter his scorn of them in scorn of their proverbs, and of their frequent employment of these."

204. *To break the heart of generosity.* "To give the final blow to the *nobles. Generosity* is *high birth*" (Johnson). Steevens compares *generous* in *M. for M.* iv. 6. 13: "The generous and gravest citizens." See also *Oth.* p. 188. V. thinks that the word may have its ordinary sense of "bounty, liberality."

206 *As* As if, the *if*, according to Abbott (Gr 107), being "implied in the subjunctive"

*The horns o' the moon* Wr quotes *A and C* iv 12 45 "Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon," and Heywood, *Silver Age* "hang'd upon the high horns of the moon"

207 *Shouting* The folios have "Shooting," corrected by Pope Rowe 2d ed) has "Suiting"

*Emulation* envy or envious contention as in *T and C* i 3 134

"... an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation"

See also *J C* p 153

210 *'Sdeath!* Contracted from God's death! a favourite oath of Queen Elizabeth, as 'Swounds or 'zounds from 'God's wounds,' to avoid the penalties of Acts of Parliament against profanity (Wr) Cf also *'Sblood* (*Ham* p 208, or 1 *Hen IV* p 144, but even these oaths are often omitted in the folio See *Oth* p 11)

211 *Unroof'd* The folios have 'vnroo st,' corrected by Theo

213 *Win upon* Gain upon, get the better of W conjectures "open" for *upon*

215 *Fragments* For the contemptuous personal use, cf *T and C* v 1 9 "From whence, fragment?"

218 *Vent* Find a vent for, get rid of Cf iii 1 258 below

220 *Told* Probably here = 'foretold, said would happen' (Clarke), as Coriolanus has but just heard from the messenger that the Volsces are actually in arms

222 *Put you to 't* Put you to the test, try your hand Cf *W T* i 2 16

"We are tougher brother
Than you can put us to 't"

225 *You have fought together* The folios make this a question, and Wr returns that pointing *Only he* only him See Gr 206

228 *Only my wars with him* My wars only with him See *Much Ado*, p 130, note on *Only his gift is* Gr 420

232 *Constant* "Immovable in my resolution" (Steevens) Cf v 2 89 below "You keep a constant temper" For *Lartius* the folios misprint "Lucius," corrected by Rowe

234 *Stiff* Wr explains this as "obstinate," but it probably refers to his crippled condition The reply seems to favour this explanation

*Stand'st out?* Do you not take part? Are you to be "counted out"?

238 *Lead you on* It is doubtful whether this is addressed to Cominius, as the Camb editors take it, or to the senators, as generally understood, but we incline to the latter view The Camb ed prints the passage thus

"*Tit* [*To Com*] Lead you on
[*To Mar*] Follow Cominius, we must follow you
Right worthy you priority"

This gives the precedence to Cominius, as general in chief, and allots the

next place to Marcius, but *Lead you on* seems rather to be a reply to the senator, who has just spoken. He then bids Cominius follow the senators, and says *we* (that is, Marcius and I) *must follow you*, for you are right worthy of the precedence.

240 *Noble Marcius!* Theo. changed *Marcius* to "Lartius;" but we think, with Clarke, that "it is Cominius's sentence of courtesy to Coriolanus (intended probably to be accompanied by an inclination of the head) in passing to go before him, according to the appointed *priority*. It, as it were, acknowledges the speaker's sense of Coriolanus's right of precedence, even while he takes it himself in deference to the Senate's decree." For the form of the address, cf. *Hen. VIII* ii. 3. 80: "My honour'd lord!"—a farewell, probably accompanied by a curtsy.

243 *Mutiners.* In *Temp.* iii. 2. 40, we find "mutineers," like this, the only instance of the word in S. See *Ham.* p. 241, note on *Enginer*, and cf. Gr. 443.

244. *Puts well forth.* "Displays itself well; the blossoms of your valour promise goodly fruit" (Wr.)

249. *Gird.* Gibe, jeer; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 7: "Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me." For the noun, see *T. of S.* p. 169. For the original meaning of the word (=strike, hit), cf. Wb.

250 *Bemock.* For the "intensive" and other uses of the prefix *be*, see Gr. 438.

*The modest moon.* The chaste Diana. Cf. v. 3. 65 below, where Valeria is called "the moon of Rome." See also *M. of V.* v. 1. 109: "the moon sleeps with Endymion," etc.

251 *The present wars*, etc. We take this to be the expression of a wish, as Hanmer makes it. Some explain it as an assertion: "the present wars eat up his gentler qualities" (Steevens), or "the wars absorb him wholly" (Clarke). Schmidt makes *devour* = destroy.

252 *Such a nature*, etc. This speech is given as prose in the folios, as verse first by Pope.

256 *The which.* See Gr. 270. Wr. compares *Gen.* i. 29.

257 *Whom.* For *who* "personifying irrational antecedents," see Gr. 264. Cf. iii. 2. 119 below.

261. *Giddy censure.* Inconsiderate judgment or opinion. For *censure*, see *Ham.* p. 190, or *Macb.* p. 251.

262 *Cry out of.* Wr. quotes *Hen. V.* ii. 3. 29: "They say he cried out of sack." For *of*=concerning, see Gr. 174.

263. *Had borne the business.* Cf. i. 6. 82 below.

264. *Opinion.* Public opinion, as in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 42: "Opinion, that did help me to the crown," etc. See our ed. p. 179.

*Sticks on*—is fixed on; perhaps "like an ornament" (Wr.). Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 18:

> "There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
> For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
> For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
> In the grey vault of heaven."

265. *Demerits.* Merits; as in *Oth.* i. 2. 22:

> "My demerits
> May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
> As this that I have reach'd."

See our ed. p. 159.

266. *Are to.* Will be assigned to, or awarded to.

271. *More than his singularity*, etc. "We will learn what he is to do besides *going himself*; what are his powers and what is his appointment" (Johnson). But, as Steevens suggests, *singularity* "implies a sarcasm on Coriolanus, and the speaker means to say, after what fashion, *beside that in which his own singularity of disposition invests him*, he goes to the field."

SCENE II.—2. *Enter'd in.* Have penetrated into, have got at the secret of. For *in*=into, see Gr. 159.

4. *What ever have been thought on*, etc. The reading of the 1st folio; the later folios change *have* to "hath." *What* seems to be plural, referring to the preceding *counsels.* For *on*=of, cf. i. 1. 11 above.

6. *Circumvention.* The means for circumventing us (through knowledge of our designs).

9. *Power.* Force, army; both the singular and the plural being used in this sense, like *force* and *forces.* Cf. 32 and iv. 5. 121 below. See also *J. C.* p. 168, note on *Are levying powers.* For *press'd*=impressed, levied, see *Rich. II.* p. 190.

13. *Of.* For *of* with the agent, see Gr. 170. Cf. ii. 1. 21, ii. 2. 3, and ii. 3. 16 below.

15. *Preparation.* Force ready for action; as in *Oth.* i. 3. 14 (cf. 221): "The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes," etc.

18. *Made doubt.* Cf. v. 4. 46 below. See also *T. G. of V.* v. 2. 20, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 101, etc.

19. *To answer us.* To meet us in combat. Cf. i. 4. 52 below. See also the play upon the word in *J. C.* v. 1. 6:

> "their battles are at hand;
> They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
> Answering before we do demand of them."

24. *Take in.* Take, subdue; as in iii. 2. 59 below. See also *W. T.* p. 203. Wr. quotes Chapman, *Iliad*, ii. 119:

> "for now, nor ever, shall
> Our utmost take in broad-way'd Troy;"

and Massinger, *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, v. 1:

> "An army of whole families, who yet alive,
> And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able
> To take in Dunkirk."

*Ere almost.* Almost before. For the transposition, cf. i. 1. 228 above. Gr. 420.

27. *Corioli.* The 1st folio has "Corioles" (cf. North, p. 173 above); the later folios have "Coriolus."

28. *For the remove.* For the raising of the siege. Schmidt compares the use of the verb in *V. and A.* 423: "Remove your siege from my un-

yielding heart," and *R. and J.* v. 3. 237: "to remove that siege of grief from her." Warb. gave "'fore they remove," and Johnson conjectured "for their remove."

32. *Parcels.* Parts; as in iv. 5. 217 below. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 159: "I'll break the smallest parcel of this vow," etc. Sometimes it is = party; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 160: "A holy parcel of the fairest dames." See also *M. of V.* i. 2. 119 and *A. W.* ii. 3. 58.

Scene III.—*Enter*, etc. The stage direction in the folio reads: "*Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius. They set them downe on two lowe stooles and sowe.*"

4. *Embracements.* Used by S. oftener than *embraces*. See *W. T.* p. 209, or *Rich. III.* p. 198.

6. *Pluck'd.* A favourite word with S. Cf. ii. 2. 30, ii. 3. 186, iii. 3. 96, iv. 3. 21, etc., below. See also *Lear*, p. 238, or *Rich. III.* p. 199.

10. *To hang by the wall.* Wr. quotes *Cymb.* iii. 4. 54: "I am richer than to hang by the walls;" and *M. for M.* i. 2. 171:

> "all the enrolled penalties
> Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
> So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round
> And none of them been worn."

13. *Bound with oak.* "The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other" (Johnson). Coriolanus had won this crown at the battle of Lake Regillus. See North, p. 171 above.

15. *Man-child.* Cf. *Macb.* i. 7. 72: "Bring forth men-children only." See also *Rev.* xii. 5.

22. *Had rather.* Good English, like *had as lief* (see *A. Y. L.* p. 139), etc. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 132.

26. *Beseech you.* Cf. ii. 3. 96, iii. 1. 149, and iv. 4. 10 below. Gr. 401.

*To retire myself.* For the reflexive use, cf. *Rich. II.* p. 203 (Gr. 296), and for the transitive use, *Id.* p. 181 (Gr. 291).

28. *Hither.* Even here.

30. *From a bear.* A "construction according to sense," as if *fleeing* had been used for *shunning* (Wr.).

37. *His bloody brow!* Cf. p. 28 above.

42. *At Grecian sword, contemning.* The 1st folio reads: "At Grecian sword. *Contenning*, tell *Valeria*;" as if the italicized *Contenning* were the name of the gentlewoman addressed. The 2d folio has "At Grecian swordes *Contending*: tell *Valeria*" (adopted by W.); and the later eds. followed this substantially until Capell printed "swords'" for "swords." Coll. in his first ed. changed "swords'" to "sword's," but offered the conjecture "At Grecian swords, contemning," which appears in the Coll. MS., and is adopted by Coll. in his 2d ed., also by Sr. and (with *sword* for "swords") by the Camb. editors. It is, on the whole the best emendation that has been proposed. "Contending" merely serves to fill out the line, while *contemning* adds to the meaning as well. Lettsom conjectures very plausibly "As Grecian swords contemning."

44. *Bless my lord from.* That is, preserve him from. Cf. *Rich. III.*

iii. 3. 5: "God bless the prince from all the pack of you!" where the quartos have "keep" for *bless*. See also *W. T.* p. 198.

50. *Manifest housekeepers.* Evidently stayers at home. S. uses *housekeeper* elsewhere only in *Mach.* iii. 1. 97, where it means a watch-dog (see our ed. p. 209), and in the Clown's talk in *T. N.* iv. 2. 10, where its exact meaning is rather doubtful; but cf. *keep house* in *Cymb.* iii. 3. 1: "A goodly day not to keep house" (that is, for not staying in the house), etc.

51. *Spot.* Figure, pattern; referring to the embroidery she is *sewing* upon. Schmidt compares *Oth.* iii. 3. 435, where "spotted with strawberries" is = embroidered with that pattern.

57. *O' my troth.* Equivalent to *o' my word* just before. Cf. *troth* = truth, in iv. 5. 188 below; and see *M. N. D.* p. 151.

58. *Has.* For the ellipsis, cf. ii. 2. 14, iii. 1. 161, 162 below. The folios print "ha's" or h'as." See Gr. 400, and cf. 402.

*Confirmed* = determined, resolute. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 4. 17, where *confirm'd countenance* = steady face. See our ed. p. 170.

61. *Catched.* Elsewhere S. has *caught* for the past tense, as just above; but he uses *catched* for the participle in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 69, *A. W.* i. 3. 176, and *R. and J.* iv. 5. 48. See *A. W.* p. 144.

63. *Mammocked.* Tore it in pieces; used by S. nowhere else. Wr. cites Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Morcelet: m. A bit, small mammocke, or morsell;" and again: "Miettes: f. Crummes, scraps, small fragments, or mammockes of bread, etc." Moor, in his *Suffolk Words and Phrases*, gives "Mammuck. To cut and hack victuals wastefully."

64. *On 's.* Of his; as in ii. 1. 174 and ii. 2. 77 below. Cf. Gr. 182.

65. *La.* The use of this expletive was one of the little colloquialisms of the time. We find it in addresses; as "la you" in *T. N.* iii. 4. 111, and "la you now" in *W. T.* ii. 3. 50; but oftener, as here, to emphasize a statement. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 86: "I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart;" *Id.* i. 1. 322: "Truly, I will not go first; truly, la!" *Id.* i. 4. 90: "This is all, indeed, la!" *Id.* ii. 2. 103: "Surely, I think you have charms, la! yes, in truth," etc. See also 87 below.

66. *Crack.* Boy; slightly contemptuous, and used by Virgilia to qualify the compliments of her visitor (Wr.). The word occurs again in 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 34. See our ed. p. 176.

67. *Stitchery.* Stitching, needlework; used by S. only here.

68. *Huswife.* The usual spelling in the early eds., indicating the pronunciation. The folio has "housewife" only in *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 33, *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 24, and *Oth.* i. 3. 273; and "housewifery" (which is found in the quarto of *Oth.* ii. 1. 113) not at all.

73. *Wars.* The plural for the singular; as often. Cf. i. 1. 230, 251 above, and 98, etc., below. See also on iv. 5. 226 below.

80. *Penelope.* The poet's one allusion to the wife of Ulysses.

82. *Sensible.* Sensitive. Cf. *Temp.* p. 125, or *M. N. D.* p. 184.

97. *Nothing.* Nowise, not at all; as very often. Gr. 55.

103. *Disease.* Dis-ease, trouble; the only instance of the verb in S., unless we read, as we probably should, "Will cheer me ever, or disease me now," in *Macb.* v. 3. 21. See our ed. p. 249.

*Our better mirth.* "Our mirth, which would be greater without her

company" (Schmidt). For this "proleptic" use of the adjective, cf. *Macb.* pp. 162 (note on *The insane root*), 174 (on i. 6. 3), and 218 (on iii. 4. 76).

105 *Solemness.* Soberness; the only instance of the word in S. *Solemnity* he uses in the sense of ceremony (especially of nuptials) or festivity, the only exception being 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 59, where it is stateliness, dignity.

107 *At a word.* In a word, in short. See *Much Ado*, p. 130.

Scene IV.—7 *Summon the town.* That is, to surrender.

8 *This mile and half.* "The two last words, which disturb the measure, should be omitted, as we are told [in i. 6. 16] that 'tis not a mile' between the two armies" (Steevens).

9 *'Larum.* Commonly printed *'larum*, but not in the early eds., here or elsewhere. See 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 173.

11 *Smoking swords.* Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 94: "Thy murtherous falchion smoking in his blood."

12 *Fielded.* In the field, fighting; the only instance of the word in S. Cf. *agued* in 38 below and *[illegible]* in v. 2. 78. Gr. 294.

"Marcius refers to the division of the Roman army under Cominius mentioned in i. 3. 95" (Wr.).

14 *That fears you less than he.* Johnson would change *less* to "more," or *that* to "but," and Malone remarks that S. almost always "entangles himself" in using *less* and *more*. For such peculiar "double negatives," see *Lear*, p. 210 (note on *I have less know how*, etc.), or *A. Y. L.* p. 156 (on *No more do yours*). Cf. Schmidt, p. 1420. Clarke, however, doubts whether the present is an instance of this kind, and explains the passage thus: "'No, he is not within the walls, nor is there a man that fears you less than he, who fears you less than next to nothing.' No man can fear less than one who fears less than a little, and this is one of those simple verities which S. often gives under the form of an apparent antithesis."

17 *Pound us up.* Shut us up as in a pound. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 110: "Nay, in that you are astray, 'twere best pound you." We find *impound* in *Hen. V.* i. 2. 160.

23 *Forth.* Forth from, out of, as in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 164, *R. and J.* i. 1. 126, *A. and C.* iv. 10. 7, etc. Gr. 156.

25 *More proof.* Of better *proof*, or resisting power; a technical term with regard to armour. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 73: "Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers" (see our ed. p. 162); *V. and A.* 626:

> "His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
> Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter," etc.

30 *The south.* The south wind in S. is always associated with fog, rain, and unwholesome vapours. It is "the dew-dropping south" (*R. and J.* i. 4. 103), "the spongy south" (*Cymb.* iv. 2. 349), the "foggy south, puffing with wind and rain" (*A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 50), "the south borne with black vapour" (2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 392), etc. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 1. 21: "the rotten diseases of the south;" and *Cymb.* ii. 3. 136: "The south fog rot

him!" See also ii. 3. 26–30 below. This is all much against the reading "sweet south" for *sweet sound* in *T. N.* i. 1. 5 (see our ed. p. 118).

31. *You herd of—Boils*, etc. In the 1st folio this reads:

> "You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
> Plaister you o're," etc.

Johnson was the first to correct the pointing, and make the passage intelligible. As Malone notes, Coriolanus is equally impetuous and abrupt in i. 1. 210 above. Hanmer reads: "You shames of Rome, you herds, you! boils," etc. Coll. adopts the reading of the Coll. MS.: "Unheard of boils," etc.

*Boil* is spelt "byle" or "bile" in all the early eds. here, as in *Lear*, ii. 4. 226 (see our ed. p. 213), indicating the pronunciation still current among the illiterate.

38. *Agued fear*. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 190: "This ague-fit of fear." See also *M. of V.* i. 1. 23. For *agued*, cf. 12 above.

39. *The fires of heaven*. The stars, "the stelled fires" of *Lear*, iii. 7. 61.

42. *Followed*. The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "followes." Wr. omits the word, believing it to have crept into the text from the stage-direction just below. Coll. has the imperative "Follow!"

43. *Ope*. "Never joined to a noun attributively" (Schmidt). Cf. iii. 1. 138 below.

44. *'Tis for the followers*, etc. This is from North. See p. 173 above.

47. *To the pot*. A vulgar metaphor still current. St. quotes from Peele's *Edward I.*: "For goes this wretch, this traitor, to the pot;" and Webster's *White Devil*: "They go to the pot for 't." The Coll. MS. has "port" for *pot*.

52. *Answer*. See on i. 2. 19 above.

53. *Sensibly*. Though endowed with feeling. Theo. adopted Thirlby's conjecture of "sensible, outdoes;" and Johnson accepted the "sensible." No change is called for. Wr. compares, among other passages, *Sonn.* 11. 3:

> "And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest
> Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest."

Wh. says: "The endurance of the man is more wonderful than that of the sword, because he can feel and the sword cannot, and yet he endures the longer." Steevens quotes Sidney's *Arcadia*: "Their very armour by piecemeal fell away from them: and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were less sensible of smart than the senseless armour."

54–56. The 1st folio reads thus:

> "Thou art left *Martius*,
> A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art
> Weare not so rich a Iewell."

*Lost* for "left" is Collier's emendation, adopted by Sr., D., W., and others. The compositor probably mistook the long *s* in the MS. for *f*. "Left" makes sense indeed, but, as W. remarks, it does not suit the context. On the passage, Malone compares *Oth.* v. 2. 145.

57 *Calves*. The 1st folio has "*Calues*," the later folios "Calves," corrected by Theo. Cf. North, p. 173 above.

*To* = according to, as in ii. 1. 235 and ii. 3. 151 below. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 6. 12: "Even to my wish."

60 *As if the world*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 3. 66:

"Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake."

See our ed. p. 199.

62 *Remain*. For the noun, cf. *Cymb.* iii. 1. 87: "All the remain is 'welcome!'"

SCENE V.—3 *Murrain*. For the use of the word in imprecations, cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 88 and *T. and C.* ii. 1. 20.

4 *Enter . . . with a trumpet*. That is, a trumpeter. See *Hen.* p. 176.

*These movers*. "These active, stirring fellows, contemptuously used of the loiterers for plunder" (Wr.). The word is used without the touch of contempt in *V. and A.* 368: "O fairest mover on this mortal round!" Wh. thinks it means "these clamourers for their rights, these disturbers of the state."

*Their hours*. That is, their time. Cf. North, p. 174 above. Malone says: "Mr. Pope arbitrarily changed the word *hours* to *honours*, and Dr. Johnson, too hastily I think, approves of the alteration;" to which Johnson retorts: "A modern editor who had made such an improvement would have spent half a page in ostentation of his sagacity."

5 *Drachme*. The 1st and 2d folios have "drachme," the others "drachm," like some modern eds. in spite of the metre. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 448: "Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring;" and see our ed. p. 210.

6 *Of a doit*. Worth only a doit, the smallest of coins, a common metaphor for a trifle. Cf. iv. 4. 17 and v. 4. 57 below.

7 *Bury*. "Instead of taking them as their lawful perquisite" (Malone). As Wr. notes, S. transfers both English dress and English customs to Rome.

12 *Make good*. Hold, keep possession of. "In this sense the words are never separated by the object" (Schmidt). Cf. *Cymb.* v. 3. 23: "Made good the passage," etc.

18 *Physical*. Like *physic*, wholesome, salutary. Cf. the only other instance of the word in S., *J. C.* ii. 1. 261:

"Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning?"

24 *Than those*, etc. That is, than *she* is the friend of those, etc.

26 *Go sound*, etc. As Wr. remarks, "the comma after *Go*, which has been inserted in most modern editions [his own Camb. ed. included], has no right to be there." The *sound* is really the infinitive, like many verbs after *go*. This is more evident when the *go* is not imperative; as in *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 159: "I must go send some better messenger;" *Id.* [illegible] 19.

"Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow," etc. See also *A. Y. L.* p. 137, note on *Go buy*.

SCENE VI.—*Enter . . . as it were in retire.* The reading of the folio. For the noun *retire*=retreat, cf. 3 just below. See also *K. John*, pp. 145, 146, 178.

2. *Stands.* That is, when we "made the stand," as it is expressed in *Cymb.* v. 3. 1.

4. *Whiles.* Used interchangeably with *while* and *whilst*. Gr. 137.

6. *Ye.* The folios have "The;" corrected by Hanmer. Wr. retains "The," comparing ii. 3. 50 and iv. 1. 37 (not parallel cases, being mere exclamations) with *Lear*, i. 1. 271, *J. C.* v. 3. 99, etc.; but here the direct address seems in better keeping with the context. The misprint is, moreover, an easy one, on account of the old fashion of writing "ye" for *the*.

16. *Briefly.* Lately; the only example of this sense in S. It is =quickly in *Macb.* ii. 3. 139, *A. and C.* iv. 4. 10, *Cymb.* v. 5. 106, etc.

17. *Confound.* Waste, spend. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 152.

22. *As.* As if. See on i. 1. 206 above.

27. *From every meaner man.* Hanmer reads "man's;" but cf. *A. W.* iii. 1. 6:

> "Holy seems the quarrel
> Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
> On the opposer;"

and see our ed. p. 157. Wr. compares *Esther*, iii. 8.

29. *Clip.* Embrace; as in iv. 5. 111 below. See *W. T.* p. 210, or *Oth.* p. 192. For *ye*, see Gr. 236.

32. *To bedward.* Toward bed, for bed. Wr. remarks that the A. V. furnishes many instances of this splitting up of *toward*; as in *Ps.* xlv. 5, 1 *Sam.* xix. 4, *Exod.* xxxvii. 9, *Eph.* iii. 2, 2 *Cor.* iii. 4, etc. Schmidt compares 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 30: "Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward." Malone cites Peacham, *Complete Gentleman*, 1627: "Leaping, upon a full stomach, or to bedward, is very dangerous."

35. *Exile.* S. accents both the noun and the verb on either syllable. Cf. iii. 3. 8 and v. 3. 96 below. See also *A. Y. L.* p. 149, or Gr. 490.

36. *Him.* For the antithesis to *other*, cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 80: "Desire his jewels and this other's house."

*Pitying.* "That is, remitting his ransom" (Johnson).

38. *Leash.* The cord by which a greyhound was led or held. To *let slip* was to loose the hound. See 1 *Hen. IV.* pp. 155, 163, and *Hen. V.* p. 163.

42. *Inform the truth.* Cf. *A. W.* iv. 1. 91:

> "Haply thou mayst inform
> Something to save thy life;"

and see our ed. p. 166.

*But for our gentlemen.* But had it not been for our gentlemen. As Wr. remarks, "he was going to say, 'But for the gentlemen, the cowardice of the common file had lost the day.'" Some one has suggested

pointing it thus: "He did inform the truth but for our gentlemen." Some take *for* as = as for (see on i. 1. 60 above) and *gentlemen* as ironically — *the common file*.

44 *Budge*. Run away. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 20: "well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience."

46 *Think*. The Coll. MS. has "think't." Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 306: "I do not think't." Rowe prints 'think—'

51 *Battle*. Army. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. prol. 9: "Each battle sees the other's umber'd face," and see our ed. p. 171. Cf. p. 175 above.

53 *Vaward*. Vanguard. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 130: "The leading of the vaward." See our ed. p. 178. Cf. p. 174 above.

*Antiates*. The folios misprint "Antients" or "Ancients," corrected by Pope. Cf. North, p. 174 above.

55 *The very heart of hope*. W. compares *A. and C.* iv. 12. 29: "the very heart of loss," *T. of A.* i. 1. 286: "The very heart of kindness," and *1 Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 50: "The very bottom and the soul of hope." Malone cites *Lust's Dominion*: "thrust quite through the heart of hope."

57–59 *By the blood . . . Antiates*. Pope's arrangement of the lines, and perhaps no great improvement on that of the folio with its four irregular and limping verses.

58 *Endure*. Remain, continue; as in *R. of L.* 1659:

'but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

60 *Not delay*. For the transposition of *not*, see Gr. 305. On *the present*, cf. iii. 3. 42 below.

61 *Advanced*. Raised, uplifted, as often. Cf. ii. 1. 150 below. See also *Temp.* i. 2. 408, iv. 1. 177, *T. N.* ii. 5. 36, *Hen. V.* v. 2. 382, *Rich. III.* i. 2. 40, etc.

62 *Prove*. Put it to the proof, make the trial; or *him* may be the direct object, as Schmidt makes it. Cf. iv. 5. 95 and v. 1. 60 below.

68 *This painting*. For the metaphor, cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 253: "painted with the crimson drops of blood," *Hen. V.* iii. 5. 49: "With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur," etc.

69 *Fear*, etc. Fear less for his person than he fears an ill report. *Fear* is used in a double sense. For the first (= fear *for*) cf. i. 7. 5 below, and see *Ham.* p. 188, or *Rich. III.* p. 183. Gr. 200.

70 For *lesser* (cf. i. 4. 15 above) the 1st and 2d folios have "Lessen," and Rowe reads 'less for.'"

73 *So many so minded*. As many as are so minded. Pope reads "or many if so minded."

74 *Disposition*. Metrically five syllables. Gr. 479.

76 *O, me alone!* The folios read, "Oh me alone, make you a sword of me." The line has been variously explained and emended. Wr. interprets it thus: "Coriolanus is taken by surprise at the eagerness with which the soldiers rush forward in answer to his appeal. Instead of waving their swords in the air as he had directed, they make a sword of him. Instead of volunteers coming forward singly the whole mass would

follow Coriolanus only; none would stay behind. When he saw this he exclaimed, 'Oh, me alone!' and then when they raised him aloft, 'make you a sword of me?' brandish me as if I were a sword?" Clarke makes the whole imperative: "Marcius has said 'Let him *alone*, or so many so minded, wave thus;' and, seeing them *all* wave their swords in reply and then take himself up in their arms, which leaves him solely waving his sword, he rapturously exclaims: 'Oh, take me alone for weapon among you all! make yourselves a sword of me!'" Capell points, "O me, alone!" and says: "The first part of this line should be utter'd in a tone of surprise, expressive of the speaker's taking shame upon him for having thought that but one man might offer." Heath would read "Let me alone!" Sr. "Come along!" or "O, come along!" Coll. "Of me alone?" Leo, "O, me aloft!" and Schmidt "O me! all one;" with the following clause imperative. Of these conjectures that of Coll. seems most probable, especially if we put it "O' me alone!" but possibly we might get the same meaning out of the original reading: "What, me alone! do you make me your sword?" Any interpretation of the first clause which makes it independent of the second seems to us inadmissible.

82. *Bear the business.* Cf. i. 1. 263 above.

83. *As cause will be obeyed.* As occasion shall require. Wr. compares ii. 3. 188 below.

84. *Four.* The word has been suspected, but perhaps without sufficient reason. "Coriolanus means only to say that he would appoint four persons to select for his particular command or *party* those who were best inclined; and in order to save time, he proposes to have this choice made while the army is marching forward" (Mason). Sr. conjectures "some," Capell "I," Lettsom "we," and Crosby "And forth I 'll."

87. *With us.* That is, with the generals.

SCENE VII.—1. *Ports.* Gates; as in v. 6. 6 below. See also 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 192.

3. *Centuries.* Companies of a hundred; as in *Lear*, iv. 4. 6: "A century send forth." See our ed. p. 240.

5. *Fear not.* Fear not for, be not anxious about. See on i. 6. 69 above.

SCENE VIII.—3. *Afric.* Africa; as in *Temp.* ii. 1. 69 and *Cymb.* i. 1. 167. It is used adjectively in *T. and C.* i. 3. 370. *Africa* occurs only in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 104. Wr. quotes Heywood, *Silver Age:*

> "Fly into Affricke, from the mountaines there
> Chuse me two venemous serpents."

4. *Thy fame and envy.* Perhaps = "thy detested or odious fame," as Steevens explains it (for *envy* = hatred, see *Rich. II.* p. 172); or the meaning may be "thy fame and hatred of me" (Clarke). The Coll. MS. has "thy fame I envy." St. conjectures "thy fame I hate and envy." Cf. North, p. 185 above: "Tullus did more malice and envy him," etc.

5. *Budger.* Cf. the verb in i. 6. 44 above.

8. *Corioli walls.* Cf. ii. 1. 152 below: "Corioli gates;" and iii. 3. 104: "Rome gates." See also *J. C.* p. 128, note on *Tiber banks.* Gr. 22.

11. *Wrench up*, etc. Wr. compares the figure in *Macb.* i. 7. 60: "But screw your courage to the sticking-place." See also *T. N.* v. 1. 125:

> "And that I partly know the instrument
> That screws me from my true place in your favour."

12. *The whip of your bragg'd progeny.* That is, the whip with which your boasted ancestors scourged their enemies. For *progeny* = race, cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 38: "issued from a progeny of kings" (Schmidt).

14. *Officious*, etc. "Aufidius reproaches the Volsces for meddling between him and Coriolanus, and by their cowardice putting him to the shame of being beaten with the advantage of numbers on his side. *Condemned* probably takes the place of a stronger word" (Wr.).

15. For *seconds*, cf. i. 4. 43 above.

SCENE IX.—1. *If I should tell thee*, etc. See extract from North, p. 175 above.

2. *Thou 't.* The reading of the first three folios, and = "thou 'lt," which the 4th folio substitutes. Capell and W. read "Thou 'dst;" but elsewhere we find *should* followed by *will.* D. quotes *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 134:

> "that if the king
> Should without issue die, he'll carry it so
> To make the sceptre his;"

and *C. of E.* i. 2. 85:

> "If I should pay your worship those again,
> Perchance you will not bear them patiently."

Wr. adds *John*, viii. 55.

4. *Shall attend and shrug.* "Shall listen and shrug their shoulders incredulously" (Wr.).

6. *Quak'd.* Made to quake, or quaking. Steevens quotes Heywood, *Silver Age*, 1613:

> "We'll quake them at that bar
> Where all souls stand for sentence."

7. *Plebeians.* Accented on the first syllable, as in v. 4. 36 below, and probably also in iii. 1. 101; but, as Wr. notes, we find the modern accentuation in *Hen. V.* v. chor. 27 and *T. A.* i. 1. 231.

10. *Yet cam'st thou*, etc. "Cominius appears to mean that the previous reputation of Marcius was so little increased by his present achievement that he was like one who took but a morsel of a feast, having fully dined before" (Wr.). Wh. paraphrases it thus: "Yet what I have seen here and praise was but a morsel compared with thy full feast yonder, the capture of Corioli."

12. *Here is the steed*, etc. Delius remarks that this comparison was suggested by the mention in Plutarch (see p. 175 above) of "a goodly horse with a caparison and all furniture with him," given by Cominius to Coriolanus.

13, 14. *My mother . . . blood.* Arranged as in Pope; one line in the folios. Lines 15–17 are arranged as by Hanmer; in the folios they end with *grieves me*, *can*, and *country*.

*A charter to extol her blood.* "A privilege to praise her own son" (Johnson).

17. *Country.* A trisyllable; as in *T. N.* i. 2. 21 and 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 206. Gr. 477.

19. *Hath overta'en my act.* Malone says: "That is, has done as much as I have done, insomuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that I have never been able to effect all that I wished." The meaning seems rather to be: he that has done his best has come up with me, for that is all I have done.

22. *Traducement.* Defamation, calumny; used by S. nowhere else. Wr. quotes Bacon, *Adv. of Learning:* "Thus have I gone over these three diseases of learning: besides the which there are some other rather peccant humours than formed diseases, which nevertheless are not so secret and intrinsic but that they fall under a popular observation and traducement, and therefore are not to be passed over."

24. *To the spire and top of praises.* Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 38:

> "Admir'd Miranda!
> Indeed the top of admiration!"

*K. John*, iv. 3. 45:

> "This is the very top,
> The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
> Of murther's arms;"

2 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 49: "From top of honour," etc.

26. *Not to reward*, etc. Steevens quotes *Macb.* i. 3. 102:

> "Only to herald thee into his sight,
> Not pay thee."

29. *Should they not.* "That is, not be remembered" (Johnson).

30. *Well might they fester*, etc. "Well might they (in protest against such ingratitude) fester themselves past healing—refuse to be probed but with the probe of death" (Wh.). For *tent*=probe, cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 626: "I 'll tent him to the quick;" and see our ed. p. 215.

31. *Of all the horses.* Cf. the extract from North, p. 175 above.

32. *Good and good store.* Good ones and a good many of them.

39. *Stand upon my common part.* That is, to take my chance in *the common distribution.*

40. *That have beheld the doing.* "He is too proud to be rewarded, too proud to be praised; too proud also to praise others, at least plebeians" (Wh.).

41–46. *May these . . . the wars!* This perplexing passage stands thus in the folio:

> "*Mar.* May these same Instruments, which you prophane,
> Neuer sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall
> I'th'field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
> Made all of false-fac'd soothing:
> When Steele growes soft as the Parasites Silke,
> Let him be made an Ouerture for th' Warres:"

Of the various emendations and explanations that have been given, we adopt Knight's as on the whole the most satisfactory—or the least

unsatisfactory. The usual reading follows the folio, with the substitution of exclamation points for the colons. After quoting this, K. remarks:

"The commentators have long notes of explanation; and they leave the matter more involved than they found it. The stage-direction of the original, which precedes this speech, is, '*A long flourish*.' The drums and trumpets have sounded in honour of Coriolanus; but, displeased as he may be, it is somewhat unreasonable of him to desire that these instruments may 'never sound more.' We render his desire, by the slightest change of punctuation, somewhat more rational:

'May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers!'

The difficulty increases with the received reading; for, according to this, when drums and trumpets prove flatterers, courts and cities are to be made of false-faced soothing. Courts and cities are precisely what a soldier would describe as invariably so made. But Coriolanus *contrasts* courts and cities with the field; he separates them:

'Let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing;'

and he adds, as we believe—

'*Where* steel grows soft
As the parasite's silk.'

The difficulties with the received reading are immeasurable. *When* steel grows soft as the parasite's silk, the commentators say that *him* (the steel), used for *it*, is to be made an *overture* for the wars; but what overture means here they do not attempt to explain. The slight change we have made gives a perfectly clear meaning. The whole speech has now a leading idea:

'Let *them* be made an overture for the wars.'

Let *them*, the instruments which you profane, be the *prelude* to our wars.

"Thus the whole sum is: 'Let trumpets and drums cease to sound when they become flatterers in the field. Let falsehood and flatterers have the rule in courts and cities, where even steel becomes soft as the parasite's silk. But let martial music be the prelude only to war.'"

It is a strong confirmation of this reading and interpretation that so keen a critic as W. had independently adopted it. Clarke also has the same, except that he retains the "when" in 45, and we are not sure that any change is necessary there. The meaning may be, as Clarke gives it: "Let courts and cities be made all of false-fac'd adulation, when thus martial steel grows soft as the parasite's silken attire!"—that is, let it be taken as a matter of course, let us not wonder at it. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 82:

"O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire!"

It has been objected to *overture* that it was not used in the time of S.

in the sense of a musical prelude; and Wr. thinks that its use = proposal, offer (as in *T. N.* i. 5. 225: "I bring no overture of war;" which Malone quotes in defence of the old reading here), is "entirely different." On the contrary, the sound of the trumpet as the signal for beginning the battle is virtually an *offer* of battle. Of course, it is not at all necessary to suppose that *overture* is used in any technical sense; and to prevent misunderstanding, it would be better to avoid the use of *prelude* in paraphrasing the passage, and to give it as W. does: "Let drums and trumpets be used to *usher in* war," etc. That is really all that it means, and the expression seems to us thoroughly Shakespearian.

W. remarks: "The only objection to the reading of the text (and it is a great one) is its rhythm, which is, in my judgment, both un-Shakespearian and unsuited to the mood of Coriolanus. There must be a pause after *Never sound more;* and it would be in Shakespeare's manner of versification, and especially appropriate to Coriolanus, that the exclamation should come there to a full period. The prolongation of the first sentence of the speech, by an accessory clause, into the middle of the next line, enfeebles both the protest and the verse; and the next sentence is measurably open to the same objection. But the rhythm of the whole speech, with any arrangement, is far from being unexceptionable."

It would be a waste of space to add the various desperate attempts at emendation; like Warburton's "camps as cities," and "let *hymns* be made," etc. Tyrwhitt's "*coverture* for the wars" (also in the Coll. MS.) deserves to be noted as having been adopted by the Cambridge editors and others; and Schmidt's rearrangement of the lines is curious for its combined audacity and ingenuity:

"When drums and trumpets shall
I' th' field prove flatterers, let 'em be made
An overture for th' wars no more, I say!
When steel grows soft as th' parasite's silk, let courts
And cities be made all of false-fac'd soothing!"

Wh. points and explains the passage thus:

"May these same instruments which you profane
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing: when steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk—Let them be made
An overture for the wars no more, I say!"

That is, "Let your drums and trumpets, profaned to vulgar uses of flattery, never sound more! If even *they* must learn to flatter—if the soldier in his coat of steel must ape the parasite in his silk—let truth vanish out of the earth, and courts and cities go their own way undisturbed: let your drums and trumpets, I say, henceforth be silent." There are some very good points in this interpretation.

In his *Lexicon*, Schmidt suggests "overseer" for *overture*, referring to the "him" (that is, the *parasite*) of the folio.

For *soothing* = flattery, cf. ii. 2. 69 below. See also *K. John*, p. 154 (note on *Soothest up*), and 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 185 (note on *Soothers*).

47. *For that.* Because. Cf. i. 1. 106 above, and iii. 3. 93 below.

48. *Debile.* Weak; as in *A. W.* ii. 3. 39: "debile minister." Cotgrave gives it as a translation of the Fr. *debile.*

49. *Here 's many,* etc. Cf. ii. 1. 128 below, and see Gr. 335.

50, 51. Arranged as by K.; one line in the folios, which (except the 4th) have "shoot" for *shout.* See on i. 1. 207 above.

55. *Give you.* Represent you; as in *A. and C.* i. 4. 40:

"and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd."

*Give out* is often used in this sense. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 180.

57. *His proper harm.* His own harm. See *W. T.* p. 172, note on *My proper.*

60. *This war's garland.* "The *corona triumphalis* of laurel; confounded elsewhere with 'the oaken garland,' the *corona civica*" (Wh.).

62. *With all his trim belonging.* That is, "with a caparison, and all furniture belonging to him" (see p. 175 above). For *trim,* cf. *Sonn.* 98. 2: "dress'd in all his trim," etc.

65. *Caius Marcius.* The folios have "Marcus (or "Martius") Caius;" corrected by Rowe.

66. *Addition.* Title. See *Macb.* p. 164, or *Lear,* p. 171.

68. *Go wash.* See on i. 5. 26 above.

72. *To undercrest,* etc. That is, to wear it for a crest as fairly as I can; "a phrase from heraldry, signifying that he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him" (Warb.).

77. *The best.* "The *chief* men of Corioli" (Johnson).

*Articulate.* Make *articles* of peace, enter into negotiations. The verb is transitive in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 72. See our ed. p. 197.

79. *Now.* But now, just now.

82. *Sometime lay.* Once lodged. For *sometime,* cf. iv. 1. 23 and v. 1. 2 below; and for *lay,* iv. 4. 8 below. See also 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 185, note on *Lie.*

On this passage, cf. extract from North, p. 175 above.

89. *Free as is the wind.* Malone quotes *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 47:

"I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please;"

and Wr. adds *Temp.* i. 2. 498:

"Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds."

SCENE X. 1-4. *For I cannot,* etc. "I cannot, as a Volscian and one of the vanquished, show myself in my real character" (Wr.).

6. *Good condition.* There is a play upon the two senses of the phrase: the one in which the soldier has used it (=good terms), and that of "good quality or character" (Wr.). For *condition* in the latter sense, cf. ii. 3. 91 and v. 4. 10 below. See also *K. John,* p. 158.

7. *The part that is at mercy.* The side that is beaten, or *at the mercy* of the other. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 4. 116: "at mercy of my sword." See also *Lear,* p. 194, note on *In mercy.*

11. *Beard to beard.* Steevens quotes *Macb.* v. 5. 6: "We might have met them dareful, beard to beard."

12. *Mine emulation*, etc. Coleridge remarks upon this speech: "I have such deep faith in Shakespeare's heart-lore, that I take it for granted that this is in nature, and not a mere anomaly; although I cannot in myself discover any germ of possible feeling which could wax and unfold itself into such a sentiment as this. However, I presume that in this speech is meant to be contained a prevention of shock at the after-change in Aufidius's character."

V. comments on this as follows: "Such a criticism from Coleridge is worthy the reader's consideration, but I cannot myself perceive its justice. The varying feelings of Aufidius are such as may be often observed to arise in the contentions of able and ambitious men for honour or power, and are just such as would, under these circumstances, be natural in a mind like that of Aufidius—ambitious, proud, and bold, with many noble and generous qualities, yet not above the influence of selfish and vindictive emotions and desires. The mortification of defeat embitters his rivalry to hatred. When afterwards his banished rival appeals to his nobler nature, that hatred dies away, and his generous feeling revives. Bitter jealousy and hatred again grow up, as his glories are eclipsed by his former adversary; yet this dark passion, too, finally yields to a generous sorrow at his rival's death. I think that I have observed very similar alternations of such mixed motives and sentiments, in eminent men, in the collisions of political life."

13. *Where.* Whereas (Malone). See on i. 1. 94 above.

14. *In an equal force.* On equal terms, in a fair fight.

15. *Potch.* Poke, thrust; used by S. only here. Tollet quotes Carew's *Survey of Cornwall:* "They use also to poche them with an instrument somewhat like a salmon-speare." W. reads "poach."

16. *Or wrath or craft*, etc. "By which my craft, if not my wrath, may get the upper hand" (Wh.).

18. *With only suffering stain by him.* Only because it is eclipsed by his. Cf. *V. and A.* 9: "Stain to all nymphs" (that is, as Schmidt explains, "by eclipsing them"). Wr. quotes Lyly, *Euphues:* "Yet his daughter . . . stayned ye beautie of them al."

*For him*, etc. "To mischief him, my valour should *deviate from* its own native generosity" (Johnson).

22. *Embarquements.* Embargoes, restraints; not found elsewhere in this sense. Hanmer reads "Embankments," and Warb. "Embarrments." According to Cotgrave, one meaning of the Fr. *embarquement* is "an imbarguing;" and Cole, in his *Latin Dict.* (cited by Malone), has "to *imbargue*, or lay an *imbargo* upon."

25. *At home, upon my brother's guard.* "In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him" (Johnson).

26. *The hospitable canon.* The sacred law of hospitality.

28. *How 't is held.* "That is, the strength of the Roman garrison" (Wh.).

30. *Attended.* Waited for. Cf. i. 1. 70, 238 above; and see *Oth.* p. 188.

31. *The city mills.* The folio has "mils," for which Tyrwhitt would

read "a mile." He asks, "Where could S. have heard of these *mills* at Antium?" But, as Malone remarks, the poet often introduces these minute local descriptions; as in *R. and J.* i. 1. 128:

> "underneath the grove of sycamore
> That westward rooteth from the city's side."

Wr. adds: "It is worth while observing, as an indication that in such cases of local colouring Shakespeare had probably London in his mind, that in the year 1588 the Mayor and Corporation of the City petitioned the Queen that they might build four corn mills on the river Thames near the Bridge, and the Masters of the Trinity House certified that the erection of these mills 'on the south side of the Thames upon the Starlings above the bridge' would breed no annoyance. The 'city mills' therefore in Shakespeare's time were close to the Globe Theatre."

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—1. *Augurer.* Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 200: "the persuasion of his augurers." See also *Id.* ii. 2. 37, *A. and C.* iv. 12. 4 ("auguries" in the early eds.) and v. 2. 337. *Augur* occurs only in *Sonn.* 107. 6 and *Phœnix and Turtle*, 7.

7. *Pray you, who does the wolf love?* "Implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people" (Johnson). For *who*=whom, cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 123: "Who I myself struck down," etc. Gr. 274.

15. *In.* For the duplication of the preposition, cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 90: "Of what kind should this cock come of;" and see our ed. p. 165. Gr. 407.

21. *Censured.* Estimated, regarded. See on i. 1. 261 above. See also *Much Ado*, p. 139. For *of*, see on i. 2. 13 above.

27. *A very little thief of occasion.* That is, any trifling occasion.

29. *Dispositions . . . pleasures.* As Wr. remarks, "the plural was more commonly used in Shakespeare's time than now to describe a feeling or attribute which is common to a number of individuals." Cf. iii. 1. 7 and iv. 5. 135 below. See also *Rich. II.* p. 206, note on *Sights.*

35. *Single.* With a play upon the word in its sense of simple or silly; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 207: "your chin double, your wit single." See our ed. p. 172.

36. *O that you could turn your eyes*, etc. "With allusion to the fable which says that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own" (Johnson).

40. *Unmeriting.* That is, *as* undeserving. For the ellipsis, cf. iv. 1. 53 and iv. 5. 20 below. Gr. 276.

44. *Humorous.* Full of humours or whims. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 278: "The duke is humourous;" and see our ed. p. 146, or 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 189.

45. *Allaying.* Cooling, qualifying; as in v. 3. 85 below. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 195:

"Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit."

Steevens points out that Lovelace imitated the passage in his *Verses to Althea from Prison:*

"When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames."

Wr. quotes Baret, *Alvearie:* "Alaied: tempered with water. Dilutus. . . . He alaieth wine with water. Lympha temperat merum;" also Huloet's *Abcedarium*, 1552: "Alaye wyne. Diluo."

46. *Something imperfect*, etc. That is, somewhat faulty as a magistrate in forming an opinion of a case before hearing the other side. Wr. remarks: "It has been objected to this reading that Menenius would not speak of himself in such depreciatory terms, and justify the tribunes' attack. But it is his humour to say of himself the worst that popular opinion says of him, and so to disarm his opponents; that he is quick in temper and hasty of tongue, that his bark is worse than his bite, that he never stops to think whether his outspokenness will give offence. There appears to be no necessity for change, and certainly none for reading with Collier 'the thirst complaint,' or with Leo 'savouring the feast (or fish) of Lent.'"

47. *Motion.* Motive, incitement; as in *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 153: "from sincere motions."

*Converses more with.* Is more conversant with. For the figure which follows, Malone compares *L. L. L.* v. 1. 94. The meaning of course is, as Johnson gives it, "rather a late lier down than an early riser."

51. *Wealsmen.* Statesmen; used by S. nowhere else. For *weal*= the commonwealth, see ii. 3. 175 below, and cf. iii. 1. 176.

53. *I can't say.* The folios have "can" for *can't;* corrected by Theo.

54. *When I find the ass*, etc. That is, when I find your talk so asinine.

57. *Deadly.* Adjectives in *-ly* are often used adverbially. Cf. Gr. 1.

*Tell you you have.* The second *you* was supplied by Pope.

58. *Microcosm.* The "little world of man," regarded as the epitome of the universe or *macrocosm.* Cf. *Lear*, p. 215, note on *His little world of man.*

59. *Bisson conspectuities.* Purblind perceptions. For *bisson* (which Theo. substituted for the "beesome" of the folio), cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 529: "With bisson rheum;" and see our ed. p. 212. See also on iii. 1. 131 below. Wr. remarks: "Skinner (*Etymologicon Linguæ Anglicanæ*) gives as a Lincolnshire word 'Beesen, Bison, vel Beezen, cæcus,' and Ray records 'Bizen'd, blind' among his *North Country Provincialisms.* 'Beesen' is still familiar in Lincolnshire (see Brogden's *Provincial Words, etc., used in Lincolnshire*), and 'Bizzen blind, purblind,' is in Miss Baker's *Northamptonshire Glossary.*" *Conspectuities* seems to be a word of Menenius's own coining.

63. *For poor knaves' caps and legs.* "That is, for their obeisance shown by bowing to you. *To make a leg* [see 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 169, note on *My leg*]

was the phrase in our author's time for a bow, and it is still used in ludicrous language" (Malone). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 168: "The more and less came in with cap and knee." See also *A. W.* ii. 2. 10 and *T. of A.* iii. 6. 107.

64. *Hearing a cause.* Warb. remarks: "It appears from this whole speech that S. mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office." But, as Wr. notes, he merely followed North (see extract on p. 172 above) in regarding the tribunes as magistrates.

65. *A fosset-seller.* A seller of faucets, which is the common word in this country for what the English call "taps." Wr. quotes Palsgrave: "Faucet to drawe wine—*faucet z*, m.; *broche a estouper le uin*;" and Cotgrave: "Guille: f. The quill, or faucet of a wine vessell." The French forms given in Cotgrave are *Faulset* and *Fausset.*

*Rejourn.* Adjourn; used by S. only here. Burton, in his *Anat. of Melan.*, has it in the sense of refer: "To the scriptures themselves I rejourne all such atheistical spirits."

69. *Mummers.* Maskers, or performers in a masquerade. Cotgrave (quoted by Wr.) has "Mommeur: m. A Mummer; one that goes a mumming."

*Set up the bloody flag.* That is, declare war. A red flag was the signal for battle. Cf. *J. C.* v. 1. 14: "Their bloody sign of battle is hung out." See also *Hen. V.* i. 2. 101. "The famous Dr. Sacheverell, in his sermon at Oxford in 1702, on *Proverbs*, viii. 15, denounced as apostates and traitors to the Church of England those of her members who were favourable to the dissenters, 'Against Whom every Man, that Wishes Its Welfare, ought to Hang out the Bloody Flag, and Banner of Defiance.'" (Wr.).

70. *Bleeding.* "That is, without having, as it were, dressed and cured it" (Schmidt). The Coll. MS. has "pleading."

73. *Perfecter.* The only instance of the comparative in S. The superlative occurs in *Sonn.* 51. 10, *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 317, and *Mach.* i. 5. 2. *Giber* (= scoffer) he uses only here.

80. A *botcher* was a mender of old clothes. See *T. N.* p. 128.

83. *Since Deucalion.* That is, "since the great flood" (*J. C.* i. 2. 152). The Greek Noah is mentioned again in *W. T.* iv. 4. 442.

84. *God-den.* Good even. Cf. iv. 6. 21, 22 below; and see *R. and J.* p. 148, or *Hen. V.* p. 164.

96. *Take my cap.* Warb. proposed to read "cup" for *cap*. Of course, as Johnson notes, he throws up his cap in thanks to Jupiter. Wr. sees a reference to Jupiter as "the god of the sky."

*Hoo!* as "an exclamation of triumphant joy" (Schmidt) occurs again in iii. 3. 137 below, and also in *A. and C.* ii. 7. 141.

107. *Galen.* "An anachronism of near 650 years," as Grey says; but, as Clarke remarks, "that Galen was known to his audiences as one of the most celebrated medical authorities of antique times was quite sufficient for Shakespeare's purpose." But the scholarly Bacon could never have tolerated such an introduction of Galen "out of due time;" and to our mind these frequent and free-and-easy anachronisms are of themselves a sufficient refutation of the theory that "Bacon wrote Shakespeare."

*Empiricutic.* A word coined by Menenius (cf. 59 above), unless it be a printer's corruption. The spelling of the folios is "Emperickqutique" or "Empericktique." Most of the modern eds. give "empericutic." Pope has "emperic," and the Coll. MS. "empiric physic," which is a very plausible emendation.

*To.* Compared to. Gr. 187.

115. *On 's brows.* That is, he *brings victory* on his brows. For *on 's*, cf. 174 below, and *on 't* in i. 1. 11 above.

116. *The oaken garland.* Cf. i. 3. 13 above and ii. 2. 94 below. See on i. 9. 60 above.

122. *Fidiused.* A word jocosely formed from *Aufidius.*

123. *Possessed of.* Informed of. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 186, or *T. N.* p. 139.

130. *True purchasing.* Honest earning. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 43:

"O, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!"

132. *Pow, waw!* The folio reading = pooh, pooh!

139. *His place.* That is, the consulship.

141. *One i' the neck,* etc. Warb. says: "Seven,—one,—and two, and these make but nine? Surely we may safely assist Menenius in his arithmetic;" and so he reads, "one too i' the thigh." But Upton interprets the passage better: "Seven wounds? let me see; one in the neck, two in the thigh—nay, I'm sure there are more, there are nine that I know of."

149, 150. *Death, that . . . men die.* We cannot but agree with W. that this couplet is a mere playhouse "tag," added "to please the actor of Volumnia with a round, mouth-filling speech."

*Spirit* (= *sprite*) is monosyllabic; as often. Gr. 463. *Nervy* (= sinewy) is found nowhere else in S. For *advanc'd* (= lifted), see on i. 6. 61 above; and for *declines* (= falls), cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 189:

"When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd."

151. *A sennet.* A particular set of notes on a trumpet. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 176.

152. *Corioli gates.* See on i. 8. 8 above.

153. *Caius Marcius.* The folios have "Martius Caius," as in i. 9. 65 above. In i. 9. 59 they read "Caius Martius."

154. In the folios the line reads: "These in honour followes *Martius Caius Coriolanus.*"

162. *Deed-achieving honour.* "The honour which springs from the achievement of deeds" (Wr.). Wh. less happily explains it "Honour that, by inciting men to, may be said itself to achieve great deeds." The expression is thoroughly Shakespearian, in its poetical condensation, as forcible as it is "illogical." The sense is unmistakable, and any paraphrase weakens if it does not obscure it.

164. *My gracious silence!* And this is like unto it. How impertinent is Steevens's paraphrase: "thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me than the clamorous applause of the rest!" But of his

illustrative quotations this from Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599, is apt:

> "Ah, beauty, syren, fair enchanting good!
> Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes!
> Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood
> More than the words or wisdom of the wise!"

But Shakespeare puts all that, and more, into his three words. Warb. praises them, but evidently without understanding them: "The epithet to *silence* shows it not to proceed from reserve or sullenness, but to be the effect of a virtuous mind possessing itself in peace. The expression is extremely sublime, and the sense of it conveys the finest praise that can be given to a good woman." For *gracious*, as expressing all that is lovely and lovable, cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 81: "There was not such a gracious creature born" (see also 96 just below), etc.

Clarke remarks on this passage: "This name for his wife, who, while the others are receiving him with loud rejoicings, meets and welcomes him with speechless happiness looking out from her swimming eyes, is conceived in the very fulness of poetical and Shakespearian perfection. It comprises the gracefulness of beauty which distinguishes her, and the gracious effect which her muteness of love-joy has upon him who shrinks from noisy applause and even from merely expressed approbation; and it wonderfully concentrates into one felicitous word the silent softness that characterizes Virgilia throughout. She is precisely the woman—formed by nature gentle in manner, and rendered by circumstances sparing in speech—to inspire the fondest affection in such a man as Coriolanus; and we accordingly find him a passionately attached husband. The few words he addresses to her in the course of the play are among the most intense utterances of spousal enamouredness that even Shakespeare has written. The dramatic portrait of Virgilia we have always considered to be one of the very finest of the poet's sketch productions. It is put in with the most masterly touches; it paints her by very few strokes, very few colours; but they are so true, so exquisitely artistic, that they present her to the life. She is supremely gentle, and, like most women whose gentleness is their chief characteristic, singularly immovable, not to say obstinate, when once resolved; she is habitually silent, as the wife of such a man as Coriolanus and the daughter-in-law of such a woman as Volumnia would assuredly become, being naturally of a gentle disposition; and this combination of gentleness and silence is wonderfully drawn by Shakespeare throughout the character-portrait, and as wonderfully condensed here into one expressive name."

170–180. *I know not . . . jolly.* Arranged as by Pope; fifteen irregular lines in the folios.

174. *At very root.* For the omission of the article, see Gr. 90. Cf. iv. 1. 47 below: "at gate," etc. *On's*=of his. Cf. 115 above.

181. *Menenius, ever, ever.* "Always the same Menenius, blunt as ever" (Wh.). Cf. *J. C.* v. 1. 63: "Old Cassius still!"

187. *Change of honours.* "Variety of honours; as *change of raiment*, among the writers of that time, signified variety of raiment" (Warb.). Schmidt similarly explains it as "new honours." Clarke thinks it means

"exchange of titles," referring to his new surname of Coriolanus by which he is to be known in place of Caius Marcius For *change* cf. change, cf *Much Ado*, iv 1 185, *Hen V* ii 3 30, *J C.* iv 3 51, etc Theo has "charge" for *change*

188 *Inherited* Obtained, enjoyed Cf *R and J* 1 2 30

> 'even such delight
> Among fresh female buds shall you this night
> Inherit at my house' etc

189 *The buildings of my fancy* Cf *Lear*, iv 2 85 "all the building in my fancy"

193 *Sway* Cf *Lear*, 1 2 53 "aged tyranny, who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered," etc

195 *Home* See on 1 1 121 above

196 *Rapture* Probably = fit, a sense not inconsistent with the primary one of a violent seizure Wh explains it as "passion" "Rupture" is the conjecture of some anonymous critic — 'probably Sairey Gamp or some other good woman who 'monthlies' (W) That a child will 'cry itself into fits' is still a common phrase among nurses, as Steevens notes and that *rapture* was sometimes = fit, he shows by quoting *The Hospital for London's Follies*, 1602 "Your darling will weep itself into a rapture, if you take not good heed" On the other hand, it must be admitted that excessive crying may cause rupture in infants, and Dr Ingleby in his *Shakespeare Hermeneutics* (p 149) cites *Phioravanti's Secrets*, 1582 "To helpe yong Children of the Rupture The Rupture is caused two waies, the one through weaknesse of the place, and the other through much criyng"

197 *Chats him* Chats or gossips about him or "talks Coriolanus" (Wh) This, as Schmidt points out is not unlike the use of *pelt* in ii 2 99 below, *Caml* 1 1 24, *Hen VIII* iv 2 32, etc "Claps" (but as Wr asks, how could the nurse clap her hands and hold the baby at the same time?), "shouts," "chats of," and "cheers" (Coll MS) have been suggested as emendations

*Mallkin*=kitchen wench, as in *Per* iv 3 34 It was also spelt *maulkin* as it came to be pronounced Wb follows Johnson in deriving it from *Mall* (cf *Temp* ii 2 50 and *T N* 1 3 135) or *Mary* but it was also— perhaps originally—a diminutive of *Matilda* Wr cites the *Promptorium Parvulorum* "Malkyne or Mawt, propyr name *Matildis*"

198 *Lockram* A cheap, coarse linen Steevens quotes B and F, *Spanish Curate*, iv 5

> I give per annum two hundred ells of lockram
> That there be no straight dealings in their linnens,

and Glapthorne, *Wit in a Constable*, iv 1

> 'Thou thoughtst because I did wear Lockram shirts
> Ide no wit'

Wr states that by an act of Parliament, 21 Henry 8, c 14, linen-drapers were forbidden to import "lynnen clothe called Dowlas and Lockeram of the Comodities wrought and made in Brytayne in the partes beyond the See." This was repealed by 28 Henry 8, c. 4, which allows the im-

portation of "Doulas or Lokerams." For the derivation of the word (from Locrenan, in Brittany), see Wb.

*Reechy*. Dirty (literally, smoky). Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 143: "the reechy painting;" and see our ed. p. 147, or *Ham.* p. 240. By the way, what a graphic picture of the "Biddy" decking herself out in her cheap finery to see a procession go by, does the poet give us in these few words! The whole description is of the same vivid character, and sweeps us along with the motley crowd in spite of ourselves. Cf. *J. C.* i. 1. 42 fol.

199. *Bulks*. "The projecting parts of shops on which goods were exposed for sale; generally used by butchers and fishmongers. Florio (*Ital. Dict.*) gives 'Banco . . . a bulke or butchers stall;' and 'Balcone, any window, namely a bay-window. Also a bulke or stall of a shop'" (Wr.). Cf. *Oth.* v. 1. 1: "Here, stand behind this bulk." Halliwell defines it as "the front of a butcher's shop where the meat is laid."

200. *Ridges hors'd*, etc. "Ridges of house-roofs on which men of all sorts of aspects sit astride" (Clarke).

202. *Seld-shown*. For *seld*=seldom, cf. *P. P.* 175: "And as goods lost are seld or never found;" and *T. and C.* iv. 5. 150: "As seld I have the chance." For the compound, Steevens compares Day, *Humour out of Breath*, 1607: "O seld-seen metamorphosis!" and the old play of *Hieronimo*: "Why, is not this a strange and seld-seen thing?" Spenser has *selcouth* (=seldom known) in *F. Q.* iv. 8. 14: "But wondred much at his so selcouth case."

For *flamens* (Roman priests), cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 155: "hoar the flamen," etc.

204. *A vulgar station*. A standing-place among the rabble.

205. *The war of white and damask*. Warb. thought it necessary to change *war* to "ware;" whereupon Johnson asks: "Has the commentator never heard of roses *contending* with lilies for the empire of a lady's cheek?" Steevens quotes *R. of L.* 71:

> "Their silent war of lilies and of roses
> Which Tarquin viewed in her fair face's field;"

*T. of S.* iv. 5. 30: "Such war of white and red within her cheeks;" Chaucer, *C. T.* 1040 (Tyrwhitt): "For with the rose colour strof hire hewe;" Wooton, *Damætas' Madrigal*, etc.: "Amidst her cheekes the rose and lilly strive;" and Massinger, *Duke of Florence*:

> "the lillies
> Contending with the roses in her cheek."

Farmer cites Cleaveland's quaint variation:

> "her checks,
> Where roses mix: no civil war
> Between her York and Lancaster."

To these we may add *V. and A.* 345, and Gascoigne, *Praise of the Fair Bridges*:

> "Upon whose lively cheeke,
> To prove my judgment true,
> The rose and lillie seeme to strive
> For equall change of hewe."

No doubt many other instances of the well-worn figure might be found in the old poets.

206. *Nicely-gawded.* Schmidt considers this as "probably = scrupulously treated as a precious thing, carefully guarded and preserved." Wr. makes it simply = "daintily adorned." The former is perhaps more in keeping with the context.

207. *Pother.* Spelt "poother" in the folios. Cf. *Lear*, p. 217, note on *Pudder*.

208. *As if that.* Johnson takes *that* to be the demonstrative ("as if that god who leads him, whatsoever god he be"); but it is probably the "conjunctional affix" (Gr. 287); as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 221: "You speak as if that I had slain my cousins;" *T. and C.* v. 5. 41: "As if that luck, in very spite of cunning," etc. See also i. 1. 112 above, and iii. 2. 52, iv. 2. 13, iv. 4. 5, and v. 3. 98 below.

Malone compares *A. and C.* iv. 8. 24:

"he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroyed in such a shape."

212. *Go sleep.* See on i. 5. 26 and i. 9. 68 above.

213. *He cannot*, etc. "He cannot begin to carry his honours, and conclude his journey, *from* the spot *where he should begin, and* to the spot where he should *end*" (Malone). Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 2. 65:

"How we may steal from hence, and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse."

217. *Upon their ancient malice.* On account of their old grudge against him. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 9: "If he appeal the duke on ancient malice."

218. *Which.* Referring of course to *cause*.

220. *As he is.* As *that* he is. Capell thought that we should read "As that."

223. *Napless.* Threadbare. The folios have "Naples;" corrected by Rowe. See on ii. 2. 133 below.

225. *'T is right.* 'T is true, 't is so.

231. *As our good wills.* "As our dispositions towards him are" (Malone); or "as our best endeavours" (Wr.). On the other hand, Mason (so Schmidt) makes *wills* a verb: "as our advantage requires;" or "as our advantage would have it" (Clarke). The latter is perhaps to be preferred.

233. *For an end.* "To cut the matter short" (Schmidt); or, perhaps, "to bring matters to a crisis" (Wr.). The folios join the words to what precedes.

234. *Suggest.* Prompt (Steevens); as in *Rich. II.* i. 1. 101: "Suggest his soon-believing adversaries." See our ed. p. 153 (cf. p. 198).

235. *Still.* Ever, constantly; as in ii. 2. 129 below. Gr. 69.

*To 's power.* To the utmost of his power, according to his power. Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 182: "I will prove so, sir, to my power;" *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 220: "That which we have we prize not to the worth;" and *T. and C.* i. 1. 7: "The Greeks are strong and skilful to their strength." Gr. 187.

237. *Dispropertied their freedoms.* "Made their freedom no freedom, took from it all the properties of freedom" (Wh.). The verb occurs nowhere else in S.

240. *The war.* The folio has "their Warre," corrected by Hanmer. A few editors retain "their." Mason conjectured "their wars."

*Provand*= "provender," which Pope substituted and which S. elsewhere uses, as in *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 35, *Oth.* i. 1. 48, etc. Steevens cites examples of *provand* (oftener spelt *provaunt* or *provant*) from Stow, Raleigh, and other writers of the time. Wr. remarks that Jamieson, in his *Scottish Dictionary*, gives the word in the forms *provant* and *proviant*; and readers of *A Legend of Montrose* will remember that "provant" was frequently in the mouth of the famous Captain Dugald Dalgetty.

On the passage, cf. *J. C.* iv. 1. 21 fol.

244. *Shall teach the people.* "If this be the true reading, the sentence is perhaps abruptly broken off" (Wr.). Hanmer's "touch" is a very probable emendation, adopted by many editors. Malone explains *teach* as "instruct the people in their duty to their rulers," and Steevens "instruct the people in favour of our purposes." The latter however is strongly inclined to read "reach," as Theo. does. Wh. makes *teach* = "open their eyes." Mr. Crosby favours Seymour's conjecture of "tech" = irritate (cf. *tetchy*).

245. *Put upon 't.* Cf. ii. 3. 246 below: "by our putting on." See also *Lear*, pp. 190, 199, or *Ham.* p. 257.

246. *His.* Needlessly changed by Pope to "the," and by Capell to "its."

249-252. *You . . . lines.* Arranged as by D. The lines end *Capitall . . . Consull . . . him . . . Glou(e)s* in the folio.

251. *Dumb.* That is, *deaf* and dumb.

253. *Handkerchers.* The folio spelling, indicating the pronunciation. In *Oth.* the quarto has "handkercher," the folio "handkerchief."

254. *Bended.* S. uses *bended* and *bent*, both as past tense and participle, but *bent* when the latter is = inclined, prone, etc.

256. *A shower and thunder*, etc. Wr. compares for the arrangement v. 3. 100 below. See also *Macb.* i. 3. 60:

> "Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
> Your favours nor your hate;"

*W. T.* iii. 2. 164:

> "though I with death and with
> Reward did threaten and encourage him;"

and *Id.* iii. 2. 206:

> "if you can bring
> Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye," etc.

258. *The time.* That is, the present time, the occasion. *Hearts for the event* is "courage to abide the issue" (Wr.). On *event*, cf. *Ham.* iv. 4. 41, 50.

259. *Have with you.* I'll go with you. See *A. Y. L.* p. 146.

SCENE II.—The stage direction in the folio is "*Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions, as it were, in the Capitoll.*" This *as it were* was inserted

because, there being no scenery in the theatres of that day, no representation of the interior of the Capitol could be given (Malone).

3. *Of.* By. See on i. 2. 13 above.

5. *Vengeance.* The only instance of this colloquial adverb in S. It grows out of its use as a curse; as in iii. 1. 262 below.

13. *In.* In regard to, about. Cf. Gr. 162.

14. *Lets.* For the ellipsis of the subject, see on i. 3. 58 above.

16. *He waved.* That is, he *would* waver. See Gr. 361, and cf. iv. 6. 115 below. Wr. cites *M. of V.* ii. 1. 20 fol. He adds that in what follows there is a "confusion of two constructions, 'he waved indifferently 'twixt good and harm,' and 'doing them neither good nor harm.'" Cf. ii. 3. 221 below.

19. *Opposite.* Opponent. See *T. N.* p. 145.

*Affect.* Desire, seek. Cf. iii. 3. 1, iv. 6. 33, and v. 3. 149 below.

23. *As those.* As *that of* those. Cf. i. 5. 24 and i. 6. 27 above.

24. *Bonneted.* That is, *took off* their *bonnets*, or caps. S. uses the verb only here. Wr. quotes Cotgrave: "Bonneter. To put of his cap vnto." Cf. iii. 2. 73 below. See also *Rich. II.* i. 4. 31: "Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;" and the note in our ed. p. 169. Delius (followed by Wh.) connects *into their estimation and report* with *bonneted;* that is, "bonneted their way, made their way by dint of bonneting and servility, into the favour of the people." K. thinks that *bonneted* is = put on their caps: "His ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, *having* been supple and courteous to the people, *put on* their bonnets *without any further deed.*"

*Without any further deed*, etc. That is, without doing anything further to win their good opinion. *To have them into* = literally, to get themselves into. Wr. compares *C. of E.* ii. 2. 10 and *T. of S.* ind. 2. 39.

28. *Ingrateful.* S. uses both *ingrateful* and *ungrateful.* Cf. ii. 3. 9 and iv. 5. 132 below. See also *K. John*, p. 180.

33. *Of.* Concerning. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 2: "to determine of the coronation." See also 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 183, note on *Determine.*

35. *After-meeting.* So we have *after-inquiry* (*Cymb.* v. 4. 189), *after-loss* (*Sonn.* 90. 4), *after-love* (*T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 95, *Rich. II.* v. 3. 35), *after-nourishment* (*Per.* i. 2. 13), etc.

36. *Gratify.* Requite. See *T. of S.* p. 141, or *M. of V.* p. 160.

40. *Well-found.* "Fortunately met with" (Wr.); "found to be as great as they were reported" (Schmidt). In the only other instance of the compound in S. (*A. W.* ii. 1. 105) it is = well-skilled, expert. See our ed. p. 148.

42. *Caius Marcius.* The names are transposed in the folio, as in ii. 1. 153 above.

43. *Met.* Changed by Hanmer to "meet," and by Capell to "are met." Cf. i. 9. 10 above. For a somewhat similar use of the past tense, see Gr. 347.

45. *Make us think*, etc. "Rather say that our means are too defective to afford an adequate reward for his services, than suppose our wishes to stretch out those means are defective" (Steevens). Wr. explains the passage thus: "make us rather think that our state is deficient in the

means of requiting his services, than that we are slack in extending its power for this purpose to the utmost."

48. *After.* Afterwards; as in *Temp.* ii. 2. 10: "And after bite me," etc.

49. *Your loving motion*, etc. "Your kind interposition with the common people" (Johnson).

50. *To yield what passes.* To grant whatever is enacted or decided upon.

50–62. *We are . . . your place.* Arranged as by Pope; prose in the folios.

*Convented.* Convened; as in *M. for M.* v. 1. 158 and *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 52. Cf. *T. N.* p. 169.

51. *Treaty.* "Proposal tending to an agreement" (Schmidt). See *K. John*, p. 149. Wr. remarks that *entreaty* was used in the same sense, and cites Stow's *Summarie*, 1595: "Dyuers entreatyes of peace were made betwene the kyng of Englande & Fraunce, by meane of the byshoppe of Rome, but none was concluded."

53. *Our assembly.* Warb. would read "your" for *our*, because until the passing of the Lex Atinia the tribunes were not allowed to sit in the Senate, but had benches outside; "a fact no doubt of which Shakespeare was either ignorant or to which he was indifferent" (Wr.).

54. *Blest to do.* Happy to do: as in *K. John*, iii. 1. 251:

"and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure, and continue friends."

56. *That 's off.* "That is nothing to the purpose" (Johnson); or "a little off the matter," as Dogberry puts it (*Much Ado*, iii. 5. 10).

62. The stage-direction in the folios is, "*Coriolanus rises, and offers to goe away.*" At the beginning of the scene it is said "*Coriolanus stands.*" But from Brutus's remark in 67, it appears that he must afterwards have taken his seat (Wr.).

63. *Shame.* Be ashamed; as in *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 136:

"I do not shame
To tell you what I was," etc.

See our ed. p. 192.

67. *Disbench'd.* Used by S. only here; but we find *bench* as a verb in *W. T.* i. 2. 314 and *Lear*, iii. 6. 40. Cf. *bencher*=senator in ii. 1. 74 above.

69. *Sooth'd.* Flattered. Cf. *soothing* in i. 9. 44 above.

72. *Alarum.* The call to arms (Ital. *all'arme*). See *Macb.* p. 187, note on *Alarum'd.*

73. *Monster'd.* Made *monstrous* or extraordinary. S. has the verb again in *Lear*, i. 1. 223: "That monsters it."

74. *How can he flatter*, etc. "How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself?" (Johnson).

75. *That 's thousand*, etc. Among whom there 's not one in a thousand good for anything.

77. *On 's.* Of his. Cf. i. 3. 64 above.

81. *Haver.* Possessor; the only instance of the noun in S.

83. *Singly.* By any single man.

*At sixteen years.* North (see p. 170 above) says "a stripling."

84. *Made a head for Rome.* Raised an army to recover Rome. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 173, note on *Made head.* Cf. also iii. 1. 1 below.

87. *Amazonian.* Beardless as that of an Amazon. For *chin* the 1st and 2d folios have "Shinne;" and for *bristled* all the folios have "brizled" (corrected by Rowe).

88. *Bestrid.* Bestrode; that is, to defend him when fallen in battle. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 192:

> "When I bestrid thee in the wars and took
> Deep scars to save thy life."

See also the quibble in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 122, and the metaphor in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 207 and *Macb.* iv. 3. 4. *Bestrid* is the only form for the past tense and participle in S.

91. *Struck him on his knee.* "This does not mean that he gave Tarquin a blow on his knee, but gave him such a blow as occasioned him *to fall on his* knee: 'ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus'" (Steevens).

92. *Act the woman,* etc. That is, play female parts on the stage. In the time of S. these parts were always taken by boys or young men. See *M. N. D.* p. 134, note on *Let me not play a woman;* and cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 201, note on *If I were a woman.*

94. *Pupil age.* Minority; now written as one word, *pupilage.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 106: "to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight."

95. *Man-enter'd.* Initiated into manhood. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 6: "After well-enter'd soldiers;" that is, after being well initiated as soldiers.

97. *Lurch'd all swords of the garland.* That is, robbed them all of the prize. For the derivation of *lurch,* see Wb. or Skeat. Cf. also *Edinburgh Review,* July, 1869, article on "Shakespearian Glossaries." Steevens quotes B. J., *Silent Woman,* v. 1: "Well, Dauphine, you have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot." Malone at one time thought that this might be a sneer at the passage in the text; but on finding a similar phrase in a pamphlet by Thomas Nash, he came to the conclusion that it was a common expression of the time. Wr. is inclined to attach more weight to the coincidence than Malone felt justified in doing, and to see in Jonson a reminiscence of Shakespeare. If he is right, *Coriolanus* must have been written before 1609, the year in which *The Silent Woman* appeared. Cf. p. 10 above.

99. *Speak him home.* Describe him thoroughly, or as he deserves. Cf. iii. 3. 1 below. See also *Cymb.* i. 1. 24: "You speak him far," etc.

101. *Weeds.* The reading of the 1st folio, changed in the 2d, as in some modern eds., to "waves." Steevens says that "*weeds,* instead of falling below a vessel under sail, cling fast about the stem of it;" but K. replies that "S. was not thinking of the weed floating on the billow; the Avon or the Thames supplied him with the image of weeds rooted at the bottom." V. adds: "The *weeds* of the *flats* of the Hudson, and the inlets of Long Island Sound, have so often furnished the American editor with a practical illustration of this image, that he has no hesitation in adopting this as the true reading."

103. *Stem.* Carrying out the comparison in *vessel.*

104. *It took.* It "told," as we say; it left its impress.' The folios read "it tooke from face to foot: He," etc. Tyrwhitt corrected the pointing.

106. *Was tim'd*, etc. "The cries of the slaughtered regularly followed his motion, as music and a dancer accompany each other" (Johnson).

107. *The mortal gate.* The fatal gate, or that which it was death to enter. Cf. *mortal* in iii. 1. 297 below. It may be = "made the scene of death," as Johnson explains it.

*Which he painted*, etc. "The figure of his sword being death's stamp and marking his victims is here carried on. Coriolanus set his bloody mark upon the gate, or upon the city, indicating that it was his by an inevitable fate, as plague-stricken houses were painted with a red cross" (Wr.).

108. *Shunless.* Used by S. only here. It belongs to a class of words to which some modern critics have made objection; asking, for instance, in the case of *fadeless*, "what is a *fade?*"

110. *Like a planet.* An astrological allusion. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 162: "The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike;" and see our ed. p. 177.

111. *Gan.* Began; but not a contraction of that word. See *Macb.* p. 153, note on *Gins.*

113. *Fatigate.* Fatigued; used by S. nowhere else. Wr. quotes Minsheu, *Guide into Tongues*, 1627: "To fatigate or make wearie." For the form, cf. "articulate" in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 72, etc. Gr. 342.

115. *Run reeking o'er*, etc. "Coriolanus is compared to a continuous stream of reeking blood, which marked the course of his slaughtering sword" (Wr.).

119. *With measure.* "That is, no honour will be too great for him; he will show a mind equal to any elevation" (Johnson).

123. *Misery.* Explained by Warb. and others as = avarice, miserliness; but perhaps simply = wretchedness, miserable poverty.

125. *To end it.* Johnson would read "to spend it," explaining the passage thus: "To do great acts for the sake of doing them; to spend his life for the sake of spending it." But, as Malone remarks, "the words afford this meaning without any alteration."

129. *Still.* Ever. Cf. ii. 1. 235 above.

133. *Put on the gown*, etc. As Wr. notes, S. was indebted for this (as for "the napless vesture of humility" in ii. 1. 223) to North's translation of Plutarch, there being no such custom in ancient Rome that candidates for an office should appear in poor and threadbare garments. Rather they whitened their togas with pipeclay to give them as good an appearance as possible, and were hence called *candidati.* It is not difficult to trace the origin of the mistake. Plutarch, in his life of Coriolanus (c. 14) merely says that it was usual for candidates for an office to stand in the Forum dressed in a toga (ἱμάτιον) only, without the *tunica* (χιτών) or close-fitting garment underneath. In the *Quæstiones Romanæ*, 49, he makes the same statement on the authority of Cato. Now Amyot, in his French translation, renders the expression correctly enough, "une robbe simple, sans saye dessoubs," but North (see p. 178 above) translates this "only with *a poor gown* on their backs, and without any coat underneath;" and just below he has "in such *mean* apparel" for the French

"en si humble habit." Shakespeare copies North's mistake, and emphasizes it. Bacon (see on ii. 1. 107 above) would have corrected it.

134–139. *For my wounds' . . . have.* Arranged as by Capell; in the folios the lines end *sufferage . . . doing . . . Voyces . . . Ceremonie . . . too't . . . Custome . . . haue.*

135. *Pass.* Pass by, disregard; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 258: "But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer."

136. *Voices.* Votes; as often below. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 53, iii. 4. 20, 29, *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 70, ii. 2. 94, etc.

140. *Your form.* Hanmer substituted "the form;" but *your form* means "the form which custom prescribes *to you*" (Steevens).

144. *Unaching.* The folios have "unaking;" the verb being spelt *ake*, the noun *ache*. See *Temp.* p. 119, note on *Aches.*

147. *We recommend to you*, etc. We commit to you the presentation of our purpose to the people. For *recommend*, cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 94:

> "denied me mine own purse,
> Which I had recommended to his use
> Not half an hour before."

152. *Require them.* Ask them, make his request to them. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 144: "In humblest manner I require your highness," etc.

155. *Here, on the market-place.* The folio has "heere on," etc. Many eds. follow Theo. in putting a colon after *here*, connecting what follows with the next line.

Scene III.—1. *Once.* "Once for all" (Warb.). Steevens cites *C. of E.* iii. 1. 89: "Once this, your long experience," etc. Farmer quotes Gascoigne, *Supposes*: "Once, twenty-four ducattes he cost me." See also *Much Ado*, p. 125, note on *'T is once.* The folios have "Once if," etc., which might be explained as an instance of the transposition of the adverb (cf. Gr. 420), but on the whole it seems better to follow Theo. in the insertion of the comma.

9. *Ingrateful.* See on ii. 2. 28 above.

14. *Once.* "Once when" (Rowe's reading). See Gr. 244. W. compares the modern British barbarism of "immediately I did thus he did so (meaning *as soon as* or *when* I did, etc.)." *Directly* is used in the same bad way.

15. *Stuck not.* Wr. remarks that the expression was once in very good use and had nothing colloquial about it. In 1 *Esdras*, iv. 21 we find, "He sticketh not to spend his life with his wife." Cf. *Sonn.* 10. 6: "That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire."

*The many-headed multitude.* Cf. iii. 1. 93 and iv. 1. 1 below.

17. *Auburn.* The first three folios read "Abram," which was one of the forms of the word. See *R. and J.* p. 163, note on *Young Abraham Cupid.*

20. *Consent of.* Agreement upon.

21. *Should be.* Would be. Cf. Gr. 326.

28. *In a fog.* See on i. 4. 30 above.

30. *Conscience sake.* The possessive inflection was often omitted in

dissyllables ending with a sibilant (Gr. 217, 471), and sometimes before *sake* in other cases. Cf. "sentence end" in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 144, "fashion sake" in *Id.* iii. 2. 271, "heaven sake" in *K. John*, iv. 1. 78, etc.

31. *You may, you may.* That is, go on, go on, make fun of me as you will. Steevens quotes *T. and C.* iii. 1. 118:

"*Helen.* Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.
*Pandarus.* Ay, you may, you may."

34. *The greater part.* The majority. The folio points "carries it, I say;" corrected by Theo.

39. *By particulars.* One by one. Cf. iv. 7. 13 below.

45. *What must*, etc. Arranged as in Pope. The folio reads:

"What must I say, I pray Sir?
Plague vpon't, I cannot bring
My tougne," etc.

49. *Some certain.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 112: "Some certain special honours." See also *Hen. V.* i. 1. 87, i. 2. 247, *Rich. III.* i. 4. 124, etc.

53. *Like the virtues*, etc. "Those virtuous precepts, which the divines preach up to them, and lose by them as it were, by their neglecting the practice" (Theo.). S. was evidently thinking of modern preachers rather than ancient priests. Hanmer reads "advices" for *virtues*, and "on 'em" for *by 'em*.

56. *Wholesome.* Rational. Steevens compares *Ham.* iii. 2. 328: "If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer," etc.

*Bid them*, etc. Perhaps a question, as Mr. Crosby suggests.

57. *Re-enter two of the Citizens.* The folios have *Enter three of the Citizens;*" corrected by Rowe, who also changed the old "3 *Cit.*" before 59, 63, and 66 to "1 *Cit.*"

62. *Ay, not mine own desire.* The 1st folio has "I, but mine owne desire;" the 2d changes "but" to "no," and the 3d and 4th to "not." The reading in the text is Rowe's.

71. *Kindly, sir, I pray.* The reading of the 4th folio; the others have "Kindly sir, I pray," etc. Johnson reads "Kindly, sir?" and Capell "Kindly? Sir," etc.

75. *A match.* A bargain! Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 6. 30:

"Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 't is our match."

78. *An 't were to give again*, etc. "The naturalness of the writing here—with this break in the speech, and with the half-expressed but most expressive sentences of puzzled annoyance and grudged consent—is inimitable. There is no one like S. for conveying perfect *im*pression through imperfect *ex*pression" (Clarke).

79. *Stand with.* Be consistent with; as in *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 91: "if it stand with honesty," etc.

89. *My sworn brother.* Alluding to the *fratres jurati* of the middle ages, who were sworn to share each other's fortunes. See *A. Y. L.* p. 199, or *Rich. II.* p. 208.

91. *Condition.* Disposition; as in v. 4. 10 below. See *Hen. V.* pp. 183, 186.

93. *Be off.* That is, off with the *hat.*

95. *Bountiful.* Changed by Rowe to "bountifully;" but adjectives are often used as adverbs. See on ii. 1. 57 above. Gr. 1.

106. *Starve.* Spelt "sterue" in the folio; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 38, *R. and J.* i. 1. 225, *T. of A.* i. 1. 257, and *Cymb.* i. 4. 180. See *M. of V.* p. 158.

107. *Hire.* The 1st folio has "higher;" either the mistake of a copyist writing from dictation (Malone), or, as Wr. suggests, that of the compositor from "carrying several words in his mind and so spelling as he pronounced them to himself."

108. *Wolvish toge.* "Rough hirsute gown" (Johnson). The 1st folio has "Wooluish tongue," changed in the 2d to "Woolvish gowne." "Tongue" is very probably a misprint for *togue* or *toge* (=toga); like "Tongued" in the folio reading of *Oth.* i. 1. 25, where the quarto has "toged." See *Oth.* p. 155. *Wolvish* may also be a misprint, and "woollen," "woolish," "woolless" (Coll. MS.), "foolish," etc., have been proposed as emendations. Clarke suggests that the word may be "wool'nish," an abbreviation of "woollenish." Wr. thinks tha the soldier in his citizen's gown of humility felt like a wolf in sheep's clothing;" but the explanation seems rather forced.

109. *Of Hob and Dick.* As we say, "of Tom, Dick, and Harry." Wr. quotes Cotgrave: "Pied gri. A clowne, boore, hinde, swaine; a countrey hob." *Hob*=Robert. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 464: "Some mumble-news, some trencher knight, some Dick."

110. *Vouches.* For the noun, cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 156, *Oth.* ii. 1. 147, etc. By *needless* he seems to mean that they *ought not* to be needed when the senate has once settled the question.

112. *Antique.* Accented on the first syllable, as regularly in S. See *A. Y. L.* p. 152, or *Mach.* p. 234. On the passage, see p. 20 above.

118. *Moe.* More. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176.

122–124. *I have . . . Consul.* Arranged as by Pope; in the folios the lines end *Voyces . . . more . . . Consull.*

*And heard of.* This must be thrown in contemptuously, like the *some less, some more* in the next line. The plebeians do not see at the time that he is *mocking* them (152) while begging their voices.

131. *Your limitation.* The time required of you. Lines 131–134 are arranged as by Pope; in the folios they end *Limitation . . . Voyce . . . inuested . . . Senate.*

132. *Remains.* It remains; as in *Ham.* ii. 2. 100: "And now remains," etc. Gr. 404.

133. *The official marks.* "The insignia of office" (Wr.).

137. *Upon your approbation.* That is, for *approving* or confirming your election. Cf. 245 below; and for *upon*, ii. 2. 51 above.

145. *'Tis warm at 's heart.* Wh. explains this "There is rage in his heart;" but it more likely refers to the gratification he evidently feels, though too proud to express it.

146. *Weeds.* Garments. See *M. N. D.* p. 149. Cf. 215 below.

162. *Aged custom.* Warb. notes that this was but eighteen years after

the expulsion of the kings; but the poet was probably misled by Plutarch's reference to the custom as one of a former time. See p. 178 above.

167. *No further.* Nothing further to do; an ellipsis not unlike scores of others in S.

168. *Ignorant to see 't.* "Did you want knowledge to discern it?" (Johnson).

170. *To yield. As* to yield. Cf. Gr. 281.

171. *Lesson'd.* For the verb, cf. *Rich. III.* i. 4. 246: "As he lesson'd us to weep;" and see our ed. p. 196.

175. *Weal.* "The weal o' the common" (i. 1. 144), or commonwealth. For the transitive *arrive*, cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 110: "arrive the point propos'd." See also *R. of L.* 781 and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 8.

178. *Plebeii.* The only instance of the form in S.

182. *Would think upon you*, etc. "Would retain a grateful remembrance of you, etc." (Malone).

184. *Standing your friendly lord.* Wr. compares 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 89: "Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report."

185. *Touch'd.* Tested as with a touchstone. See *K. John*, p. 153.

186. *Pluck'd.* See on i. 3. 6 above, and add i. 3. 29 and iii. 1. 309 to the examples there given.

188. *Cause.* Occasion; as in i. 6. 83 above.

190. *Article.* Condition, restriction.

191. *Putting him to rage.* Cf. iii. 3. 25 below: "Put him to choler."

194. *Free contempt.* "Contempt open and unrestrained" (Johnson).

198. *Heart.* "Sense, wisdom" (Wh.). Cf. i. 1. 109 above: "the counsellor heart."

199. *Rectorship.* Guidance, government; used by S. only here.

199–202. *Have you . . . tongues?* As arranged by Pope; three lines in the folios, ending *asker . . . mock . . . tongues?*

*Of him bestow.* Cf. *A. W.* iii. 5. 113: "I will bestow some precepts of this virgin;" and *T. N.* iii. 4. 2: "what bestow of him?" Gr. 175.

206. *I twice*, etc. The reading of the folios ("I, twice" in the 4th folio), which Rowe took to be = "Ay, twice," etc.

*To piece 'em.* Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 202: "Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd," etc.

213. *Enforce his pride.* "Object his pride, and enforce the objection" (Johnson); lay stress upon it.

215. *Weed.* See on 146 above.

218. *Portance.* Bearing, demeanour; used by S. only here and in *Oth.* i. 3. 139.

219. *Most.* Omitted by Pope. *Ungravely* = without dignity.

220–226. *Lay . . . do.* Arranged as by Capell; six lines in the folios, ending *Tribunes . . . betweene . . . him . . . commandment . . . that . . . do.*

222. *But* is "unnecessary, and inserted only in consequence of the preceding parenthetical clause" (Wr.).

225. *Affections.* Inclinations; as in i. 1. 97 above.

228. *To voice.* To vote. Cf. the use of the noun in 1, 33, 73, etc., above.

230. *Youngly.* Cf. *Sonn.* 11. 3: "And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest." It is an adjective in Gower, *Conf. Am.*: "with a yongly face."

237. *And Censorinus*, etc. The folios read:

> "hither
> And Nobly nam'd, [illegible] twice being Censor,
> Was his great [illegible]stor."

Something has evidently been lost, which the corresponding passage in North (see p. 169 above) helps us to supply, though the editors do not agree on the precise wording of it. Pope pieced it out thus:

> "And Cens[illegible]us, darling of the people
> (And nobly nam'd [illegible] twice being censor),
> Was," etc.

Sr. reads: "One of that family nam'd Censorinus;" Delius: "And Censorinus, that was so surnam'd;" Leo: "And Censorinus, nam'd so by the people;" and Keightley: "And Censorinus, he that was so nam'd." Dr. Nicholson proposes: "And he that was surnamed Censorinus." The reading in the text is that of D. The Camb. editors had given, "And Censorinus, nobly named so," etc., which D. modified in order to preserve the "nam'd" of the folio. This reading has the merit of leaving the words of the folio still in their order, and of introducing what must have been the significant fact that Censorinus was chosen *by the people*: and it does *not* lug in *darling* in a way entirely unlike the poet's use of the word elsewhere.

As Malone points out, Plutarch does not say that any of these persons was *ancestor* of Coriolanus, but only that they were of *the same house* or *family*. Caius Martius Rutilius did not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 487, and the Marcian aqueduct was not built until the year 613, nearly 350 years after the death of Coriolanus. The ruins of the Aqua Marcia are still one of the most striking features of the Roman Campagna. A modern aqueduct, 33 miles long, has been built to bring the same waters to the city. It was completed in September, 1870, and the water is considered to-day the *best* in Rome.

243. *Scaling*, etc. "That is, *weighing* his past and present behaviour" (Johnson).

246. *Putting on.* Instigation; as in *Oth.* ii. 1. 313, etc. See also on ii. 1. 245 above.

250. *This mutiny*, etc. It would be better to risk this mutiny than to wait for a worse one that would unquestionably come.

252. *In.* Into. Cf. iii. 1. 33 below: "fall in broil." Cf. 159.

253. *Both observe*, etc. "Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity which his hasty anger will afford us" (Johnson).

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—1. *Made new head.* Raised a new army. See on ii. 2. 84 above.

3. *Our swifter composition.* Our making terms the sooner. For *composition*, cf. *Macb.* p. 156.

5. *Make road.* Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 138: "the Scot, who will make road upon us." Wr. cites 1 *Sam.* xxvii. 10.

6. *Worn.* Worn out, exhausted. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 38: "Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise;" and see our ed. p. 158. Cf. *A. W.* p. 175.

7. *In our ages.* In our day, "the age *of any of us*" (Wh.). We have the plural in a different sense in *W. T.* iv. 4. 78:

> "well you fit our ages
> With flowers of winter.'

9. *On safe-guard.* "With a convoy, a guard appointed to protect him" (Steevens).

10. *For.* Because; as in v. 2. 84 below. Gr. 151.

16. *To hopeless restitution.* Beyond all hope of restitution.

23. *Prank them.* "Plume, deck, dignify themselves" (Johnson). See *T. N.* p. 141. Wr. cites Cotgrave: "Ajolier. To pranke, tricke vp, set out, make fine." Steevens compares *M. for M.* ii. 2. 118: "Drest in a little brief authority."

24. *Against all noble sufferance.* Past the endurance of the nobility.

29. *The noble and the common.* The folio reading; changed by Rowe to "the nobles and the commons." Cf. *common* in i. 1. 144; and for *noble*, 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 59.

43. *When corn was given*, etc. See North, p. 179 above.

44. *Scandal'd.* For the verb, cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 76: "And after scandal them." See also *Cymb.* iii. 4. 62.

47. *Sithence.* Since; an old form used by S. only here and in *A. W.* i. 3. 124, where it is a conjunction. For *sith*, which he uses often, see *Ham.* pp. 201, 246, 253. Gr. 132. See also p. 180 above.

48. *You are like*, etc. You are likely, etc. Theo. gives the speech to Coriolanus, as many of the editors do, and at first sight the reply seems to favour the change; but, as K. remarks, the interruption by Cominius gives spirit and variety to the scene. The *yours* in the reply might be addressed to Cominius as identified with the interests of Coriolanus: the *business* of *your party*.

49. *Each way to better yours.* If this were given to *Coriolanus*, Clarke's explanation might be accepted: "In all respects to improve upon your method of informing the people, which it would be your business to do were you to become consul."

50. *Yond.* Not a contraction of *yonder*, as often printed. See *Temp.* p. 121.

58. *Abus'd.* Deceived; as often. See *Ham.* p. 215, or *Oth.* p. 158.

*Set on.* It is a question whether *set on* here = instigated to this, or whether it should be separated from what precedes, and made imperative = go on; as in *J. C.* i. 2. 11: "Set on; and leave no ceremony out." The former is favoured by 37 above, and the latter by 112 below.

*Paltering.* Shuffling, equivocation. See *J. C.* p. 145, or *Macb.* p. 254.

59. *Rome.* Steevens would read "Romans," for the measure.

60. *Rub.* Impediment, obstacle; "a metaphor from the bowling-green" (Malone). See *Rich. II.* p. 197; and cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 128.

*Dishonour'd.* An adjective = dishonourable (Schmidt); as in *Lear*, i. 1. 231: "dishonour'd step." Cf. *honour'd* in 72 below, and *deserved* = deserving in 292. See Gr. 374 (cf. 294).

*Falsely* = treacherously (Johnson).

61–62. *Tell . . . again.* As in Pope; in the folios the first line ends with *speech*.

64–68. *Now . . . again.* Arranged as by Capell; in the folios the lines end *will . . . pardons . . . Meynie . . . flatter . . . againe.*

66. *Many.* The 1st folio has "Meynie;" the 2d and 3d folios "Meyny." We find "meiny" (= retinue, attendants) in *Lear*, ii. 4. 35 (see our ed. p. 208), but here *many*, which is the reading of the 4th folio, seems better. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 91: "O thou fond many, with what loud applause, etc. See our ed. p. 159.

*Let them*, etc. "Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves" (Johnson).

69. *Soothing.* Flattering. See on ii. 2. 69 above.

70. *Cockle.* A weed (*Agrostemma githago*) which grows in cornfields. The metaphor is taken from Plutarch. See p. 179 above. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 383: "Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn."

78. *Measles.* The word originally (see Wb.) meant both leprosy and lepers; and here, as Clarke notes, the two senses appear to be combined. S. uses the word nowhere else.

79. *Tetter.* The only instance of the verb in S. Compare the noun (= eruption) in *Ham.* i. 5. 71 and *T. and C.* v. 1. 27.

80–85. *You speak . . . sleep.* Arranged as by Capell; in the folios the lines end *God . . . Infirmity . . . know 't . . . his . . . Choller? . . . sleep.*

82. *Of their infirmity.* As weak as they.

89. *Triton.* The only allusion in S. to Neptune's trumpeter. *Minnows* = "small fry" (Warb.). The English editors think it necessary to explain the word, but it is in familiar use in this country. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 251.

90. *His absolute 'shall.'* Wr. compares *Macb.* iii. 6. 40. See pp. 13, 21 above.

*From the canon.* Johnson explained this as "contrary to the established rule;" but Mason makes it = "according to the rule; alluding to the absolute *veto* of the tribunes, the power of putting a stop to every proceeding." "Accordingly," he adds, "Coriolanus, instead of disputing this power of the tribunes, proceeds to argue against the power itself, and to inveigh against the patricians for having granted it." The latter explanation, as Clarke remarks, is favoured by what Sicinius says in iii. 3. 13 fol. below. The passage is a curious illustration of the directly opposite sense which this little word *from* may give to a statement. Cf. the play upon the word in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 258 fol.

91. *O good.* The folios have "O God!" The correction was made by Pope (suggested by Theo.).

92. *Reckless.* Wr. notes that the word is spelt "wreaklesse" and "wreakless" in the folios, as in *M. for M.* iv. 2. 150: "Carelesse, wreak-

lesse, and fearlesse of what 's past, present, or to come;" and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 7: "So flies the wreaklesst shepherd from y^e Wolfe."

93. *Given Hydra here to choose*, etc. Allowed this "many-headed multitude" (see ii. 3. 15 above) to choose, etc. *Here* is changed to "leave" in the Coll. MS.; and to "heart" by D. (Leo's conjecture); but no alteration is required by either sense or syntax.

For other allusions to *Hydra*, see 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 201, note on *Like Hydra's heads.* Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 35. See also iv. 1. 1 below.

95. *Horn.* Carrying out the idea of *Triton*, blowing "his wreathed horn," as Wordsworth calls it.

*Monster's.* The folios have "Monsters," the regular form of the possessive in the printing of that day. Some editors follow Capell in reading "monster;" but, as Wr. notes, the construction is the same as in *Cymb.* ii. 3. 149:

"'Shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe;"

and *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 70:

"Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's."

96. *In.* Into. See on ii. 3. 252 above.

98. *Vail your ignorance.* "Cause your ignorance, which has allowed him to have this power, to sink before it" (Wr.); or "let your admitted ignorance take a lower tone and defer to their admitted superiority" (Clarke). For *vail*=lower, let fall, cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 28: "Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs;" and see our ed. p. 128. Cf. *Ham.* p. 179. The Coll. MS. has "impotence" for *ignorance*, and St. conjectures "signorie" or "signories."

For *awake your lenity*, cf. "wake your patience" in *Much Ado*, v. 1. 102; and see our ed. p. 164. Cf. also *Rich. III.* p. 191, note on *Move our patience.*

99. *Learn'd.* So in the folios. Cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 279: "Invoices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant." The usual form in S. is *learned*, as now. Cf. iii. 2. 77 below.

103. *The great'st taste*, etc. The predominant flavour is most like theirs. For contracted superlatives, see Gr. 473. Cf. iv. 6. 70 below. For *palate* as a verb, cf. *T. and C.* iv. 1. 59 and *A. and C.* v. 2. 7.

110. *Confusion.* Ruin, destruction; as often. Cf. 190 below. Here the word is a quadrisyllable, as in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 149: "So quick bright things come to confusion." Gr. 479.

112. *Take the one by the other.* "Mutually destroy each other's power" (Clarke). Cf. iv. 4. 20 below.

114. *As 't was us'd*, etc. "As they used to do in the cities of Greece" (see p. 179 above).

115. *Sometime.* Formerly; as often. Cf. v. 1. 2 below. *Sometimes* was occasionally used in the same way. See Gr. 68*a*.

120. *More worthier.* The 2d folio has "Worthie" (the 3d and 4th "worthy") for *worthier;* but double comparatives are common in S. See Gr. 11.

121. *Our recompense.* A reward *from* us; the *our* being "subjective," not "objective."

124. *Thread the gates.* Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 5. 17: "To thread the postern of a needle's eye." Wr. thinks that *thread* is = file through one by one, in contrast to *thronging* to the service.

129. *Motive.* The folios have "native," which the Camb. ed., Wr., and Clarke retain. Capell explains it as "native cause," getting the hint from *unborn.* But *motive*, suggested by Heath, and adopted by Sr., D., W., and others, is probably what S. wrote. He does not elsewhere use *native* as a noun.

131. *Bisson multitude.* The folios have "Bosome-multiplied," which Clarke and Wr. retain (omitting the hyphen), comparing *Lear*, v. 3. 49, and 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 91 fol. The reading in the text is from the Coll. MS., and is generally adopted. For *bisson*, see on ii. 1. 59 above.

134. *The greater poll.* The majority. Cf. iii. 3. 10 below.

137. *Call our cares fears.* "Attribute all we do in care of them to our fear" (Wr.).

142. *Worship.* Dignity, authority; as in *W. T.* i. 2. 314: "rear'd to worship," etc.

143. *Where on.* The folios have "Whereon;" corrected by Rowe.

144. *Without all reason.* Cf. *Macb.* iii. 2. 11: "without all remedy," etc. Wr. cites *Hebrews*, vii. 7. For *gentry* = gentle birth, cf. *R. of L.* 569: "By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath," etc.

145. *Conclude.* Decide, settle a question.

*Yea and no.* Wr. remarks: "According to Sir Thomas More's rule, *yea* and *nay* go together, and *yes* and *no*; the former being the answers to questions framed in the affirmative, and the latter to those framed in the negative. But this was a rule which was not strictly observed, and Shakespeare neglected it both here and elsewhere. Cf. *R. of L.* 1340: 'Receives the scroll without or yea or no;' and *M. W.* i. 1. 88: 'By yea and no, I do.'"

148. *Slightness.* Weakness; used by S. only here. Cf. *slight* in *J. C.* iv. 1. 12, iv. 3. 37, etc. Wh. well paraphrases *Unstable slightness* by "the feebleness of vacillation."

150. *Less fearful than discreet.* "He does not disguise the danger of the course he advises, but to be fearless here is true discretion, for it is the single chance of safety" (Wh.).

152. *Doubt.* Dread, fear. Johnson paraphrases the passage thus: "You whose zeal predominates over your terrors; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as wish the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government."

154. *To jump.* "To put to stake, to hazard" (Schmidt). Cf. *Macb.* i. 7. 7: "We 'd jump the life to come;" and *Cymb.* iv. 4. 188: "Jump the after inquiry on your own peril." Steevens quotes Holland's *Pliny*, xxv. 5: "for certainly it putteth the patient to a jumpe or great hazard." Pope reads "vamp," Sr. "imp," and St. conjectures "purge;" but, as Clarke remarks, "the argument throughout the passage, as well as the sentence in immediate juxtaposition, requires that the original word sig-

nifying *risk* should be retained and not altered to one that means *patch up by attempted cure*."

156. *The multitudinous tongue.* "The tongues o' the common mouth" (22 above), or the tribunes.

159. *Integrity.* "Thoroughness and singleness of purpose" (Wh.).

161. *Has.* See on i. 3. 58 above.

165. *Bald.* Evidently contemptuous; apparently used in the same sense as when applied to language or reasoning. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 110: "a bald conclusion;" and 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 65: "bald unjointed chat." Wr. quotes Cotgrave: "Chauve d'esprit. Bauld-spirited: that hath as little wit in, as he hath haire on his head."

167. *In a rebellion.* The folios join these words to what precedes; the pointing here is Pope's.

170. *Let what is meet,* etc. "Let it be said by you that what is meet to be done must be meet, that is, shall be done, and put an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was established when irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature" (Malone).

173. *Let him be apprehended.* See extract from North, p. 180 above.

175. *Attach.* Arrest. See *R. and J.* p. 217.

*Innovator.* Used by S. only here. Like *innovation,* which he has three times, it implies change *for the worse* (Schmidt).

178. *Surety.* For the verb, cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 298: "he shall surety me."

185. *Weapons,* etc. The editors generally follow the folios in assigning this line to the 2d Senator, and most of them give the next two lines to the same speaker. "But surely the words are intended to express the tumultuous cries of the partisans on both sides, who are bustling about Coriolanus. The following words, *Peace, peace,* etc., attributed to '*All*' in the folios, are spoken by some of the elder senators endeavouring to calm the tumult" (Camb. ed.).

190. *Confusion.* See on 110 above.

194. *At point to lose.* Cf. v. 4. 61 below. See also *Lear,* iii. 1. 33:

"and are at point
To show their open banner," etc.

204. *That is the way,* etc. Pope gave this speech to Coriolanus; but, as K. remarks, "Coriolanus is standing apart, in proud and sullen rage; and yet the modern editors put these four lines in his mouth, as if it was any part of his character to argue with the people about the prudence of their conduct."

206. *Distinctly ranges.* Is standing in line, upright and perfect.

207. *This deserves death.* This does not necessarily refer to what has just been said by Cominius, though it has been made an argument for transferring that speech to Coriolanus. As St. remarks, it may refer to what the latter has previously said. Even if it were a comment on the preceding speech, it would not justify our taking that away from Cominius.

210. *In whose power.* By whose power. Cf. i. 10. 14 above.

212. *Present.* Instant, immediate; as very often. Cf. iii. 3. 21 and iv. 3. 42 below. See also p. 187 above.

213. *The rock Tarpeian.* See extract from North, p. 182 above.

215, 216. Prose in the folios, like 227, 228 below.

230. *Your.* The folios have "our;" corrected by Rowe.

231. *Naught.* So spelt in the folios, but generally *nought* in this sense. See *A. Y. L.* p. 142.

*Stand fast,* etc. The folios give the speech to Cominius. Warb. transferred it to Coriolanus, Capell to a senator. K. remarks: "Amidst all this tumult the first words which Coriolanus utters, according to the original copy, are, 'No, I 'll die here.' He again continues silent; but the modern editors must have him talking: and so they put into his mouth the calculating sentence, 'We have as many friends as enemies,' and the equally characteristic talking of Menenius—'I would they were barbarians.'" But Cominius does *not* want to make a stand against the mob, as his next three speeches clearly show; and that the other speech to which K. refers (238–242) should be divided between Coriolanus and Menenius, as Tyrwhitt first suggested, appears from 241, which, as Wr. notes, implies that Coriolanus has just spoken.

236. *Tent.* Probe. See on i. 9. 30 above.

237. *Come, sir,* etc. The 1st folio gives this speech to Coriolanus; corrected in the 2d folio.

241. *Worthy.* Justifiable, legitimate; as in *K. John,* ii. 1. 281, *Oth.* iii. 3. 254, etc.

242. *One time will owe another.* "One time will compensate for another. Our time of triumph will come hereafter. . . . Let us trust to futurity" (Malone).

244. *Take up.* Cope with. See *2 Hen. IV.* p. 159.

245. *'T is odds against arithmetic.* The odds against us is beyond calculation.

247. *Against.* In the way of; literally, opposite (cf. *over against*).

248. *Tag.* Rabble, "the tag-rag people" (*J. C.* i. 2. 260). "The lowest and most despicable of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them *Tag, rag, and bobtail*" (Johnson).

259. *Does.* See on i. 3. 58 above.

268. *Scorn him.* "Disdain to allow him" (Wr.).

273. *Shall, sure on 't.* The 1st folio has "shall sure ont;" the other folios change "ont" to "out." Pope reads "shall be sure on 't," and Theo. "shall, be sure on 't."

275. *Cry havoc,* etc. Give the signal for general slaughter when you should try more moderate measures. See *K. John,* p. 147.

277. *Holp.* Used by S. oftener than *helped,* both as past tense and participle. Cf. iv. 6. 83 below.

284. *Turn you to.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 64: "the teen that I have turn'd you to," etc.

288. *One danger.* If this be what S. wrote, we must accept Clarke's explanation: "To eject him hence were but one danger; and to keep him here another—our certain death." Perhaps it would be better to read "our danger" (Theo.). The Camb. editors conjecture "moe danger;" but *moe* (as one of these editors has himself elsewhere noted) is used only with a plural or a collective noun. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176.

292 *Deserv'd.* Deserving. See on 60 above. Cf. *Oth.* p. 168, note on *Delighted*, or *R. and J.* p. 204, on *becomed*.

293 *Jove's own book.* Wr. thinks that S. had in mind either *Malachi*, iii. 16 or *Exodus*, xxxii. 32.

304 *Clean kam.* "Clean from the purpose" (*J. C.* i. 3. 35), "clean out of the way" (*Oth.* i. 3. 366), quite irrelevant. For *clean*, cf. also *Josh.* iii. 17, *Ps.* lxxvii. 8, etc. *Kam* = crooked, awry. Wr. quotes Cotgrave: "Escorcher les anguilles par la queue. To doe a thing cleane kamme, out of order, the wrong way," and "a contrepoil. Against the wooll, the wrong way, cleane contrarie, quite kamme." The combination *clean kam* must have been a pet phrase with Cotgrave, for Furnivall adds yet another instance of it from his *Fr. Dict.*: "Brider son cheval par la queue. To goe the wrong way to worke; or, to doe a thing cleane kamme."

305 *Merely.* Absolutely. See *Temp.* p. 111, note on *We are merely cheated*, etc.

306 *The service*, etc. Warb. gives this speech to Sicinius, but it is "a following up of Menenius's former speech and argument. 'You allege,' says Menenius, 'that being diseased he must be cut away. According to your argument, the foot, being once gangrened, is not to be respected for what it was before it was gangrened. "Is this just?"' he would have added, if the tribune had not interrupted him; and, indeed, without any such addition, from his state of the argument these words are understood" (Malone).

313 *Unscann'd.* Inconsiderate; used by S. only here. The accent is on the first syllable because it is before the noun (Schmidt). Cf. *A. W.* p. 150, note on *Resolv'd*.

317 *What.* Why; as in *A. and C.* v. 2. 317: "What should I stay?" See also *2 Hen. IV.* pp. 148, 155, 161. Gr. 253.

322 *Bolted.* Sifted, refined. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 157.

324. *Bring him.* The folios add "in peace," which was doubtless caught from 326 below; corrected by Pope.

327 *Humane.* Accented on the first syllable, as regularly in S. See *Macb.* p. 218, note on *Human*.

328 *The end*, etc. Steevens quotes *Temp.* ii. 1. 157: "The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning."

332 *Attend.* Wait for. See on i. 10. 30 above.

Scene II.—4 *Precipitation.* Used by S. only here and in iii. 3. 102 below.

7 *Muse.* Wonder. See *K. John*, p. 158, or *Macb.* p. 219.

9 *Woollen.* Referring rather to the coarseness than to the material of their garments. Wr. compares the "hempen homespuns" of *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 79.

10 *With groats.* That is, fourpences—the largest coin they could be supposed to have.

12 *Ordinance.* Order, rank.

18 *Let go.* Let it go, let it pass. Cf. *let be* in *W. T.* v. 3. 61; *A. and C.* iv. 4. 6, etc.

21. *Thwarting things.* The folios have "things," emended by Theo. Rowe gives "the things that thwart."

23. *Lack'd.* Had lost (Wr.).

24. *Ay, and burn too.* Some have doubted whether this speech belongs to Volumnia, who is here counselling moderation; but D. says that, as spoken by Mrs. Siddons, it "seemed to come quite naturally from the lips of Volumnia as a sudden spirt of contempt for that rabble whom, however, she saw the necessity of her son's endeavouring to conciliate." Wr. thinks it should be marked "Aside."

29. *Apt.* Susceptible, docile. Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 31, *Hen. V.* v. 2. 312, etc.

After this line the Coll. MS. inserts "To brook control without the use of anger."

32. *Herd.* The folios have "heart," corrected by Theo. at the suggestion of Warb. *Herd* was often spelt "heard," as in i. 4. 31 above. The Coll. MS. has "stoop o' the heart."

41. *But when extremities speak.* "Except in cases of urgent necessity, when your resolute and noble spirit, however commendable at other times, ought to yield to the occasion" (Malone).

42. *Unsever'd.* Not to be severed, inseparable. See Gr. 375.

44. *Lose.* Changed by Pope to "loses," but cf. *Sonn.* 28. 5 (quoted by Wr.):

> "And each, though enemies to either's reign,
> Do in consent shake hands to torture me;"

and Crabbe, *Tales of the Hall*, iv. 71:

> "Sounds too delight us,—each discordant tone
> Thus mingled please, that fail to please alone."

47. *The same.* Equivalent to the demonstrative *that*, as in *M. of V.* i. 1. 119:

> "Why tell me now, what lady is the same
> To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage?"

and *A. W.* v. 3. 226:

> "*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you?
> *Diana.* Sir, much like
> The same upon your finger."

51. *Force.* Urge; as in *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 2, etc.

52–56. *Because . . . syllables.* Arranged as by Malone; in the folios they make six lines, ending *that . . . people . . . matter . . . words . . . Tongue . . . Syllables.*

52. *Lies you on.* Lies on you, is incumbent upon you. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 59: "it stands me much upon," etc. See our ed. p. 225, or *Ham.* p. 269. Gr. 204.

55. *Roted.* Learned by rote, spoken mechanically. The folios have "roated," and Johnson reads "rooted." In two of the four instances of the noun *rote*, the folio has "roate."

57. *Of no allowance*, etc. Not acknowledged as the offspring of your heart. For *allowance*=acknowledgment, cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 377, ii. 3. 146, etc.

59 *Take in.* Not in the modern sense, which would seem pertinent enough, but = take, capture; as in i. 2. 24 above.

60 *Put you to your fortune.* "Force you to try the chances of war" (Wr.).

64 *I am in this.* I am involved or *at stake* in this; but Wright took it to mean "*I am, in this, your wife*," etc.; that is, "in this advice she speaks as his wife," etc. Clarke also explains it "I represent, in this appeal," etc.

68 *Inheritance.* Possession; as in *Ham.* i. 1. 92, etc. Cf. *inherited* in ii. 1. 188 above.

69 *That want.* The want of that *inheritance*.

71 *Not.* Not only; as in iii. 3. 97 below. Gr. 54. Wr. quotes *M. for M.* iv. 1. 67. See also *Per.* iii. 2. 46.

74 *Here.* "At this point, suiting the action to the word; as in ii. 3. 165" (Wr.). St. quotes Brome, *A Jovial Crew*, ii. 1, where Springlove, describing his having solicited alms as a cripple, says, "For here I was with him [*Halts*."

75 *Bussing.* Kissing. Cf. *K. John*, p. 160.

77 *Which often, thus,* etc. A much discussed and much tinkered passage. Johnson would read "With often, thus," etc. (that is, "shaking thy head, and striking thy heart"); Capell has "And often, thus," and Tyrwhitt conjectured,

> "(Which humble thus) correcting thy stout heart,
> Now soften'd as the ripest mulberry."

St. suggests "While often," and Dr. Nicholson "Whiles often." Delius and Schmidt take *humble* to be a verb. W. (who, by the way, joins *thus* to *correcting*) and Clarke are probably right in making *Which often* = which do often, the ellipsis being not unlike many others in S. Wr. says: "The two lines describe two different gestures, one indicated by *thus* and the other by *Now*. While uttering the former Volumnia raises her head to a position of command, in which 'the kingly crowned head,' where the reason is enthroned, corrects and controls the passions which are seated in the heart. Having curbed his pride he is to lower his head to the people in token of humility, as if it were the ripest mulberry just ready to fall. As regards the construction, *Which* is used loosely, as the relative often is in Shakespeare, and is either redundant or equivalent to the personal pronoun." He compares v. 6. 22 below, where *who* is thus used; but it does not seem to us necessary to resort to that explanation here, or to assume that *Now* implies a second gesture. *Now humble* = now made humble.

*Stout.* Proud; as in *2 Hen. VI.* i. 1. 187: "As stout and proud as he were lord of all," etc. Cf. *stoutness* in 127 and v. 6. 27 below.

79 *Mulberry.* Malone infers from this allusion that the play could not have been written before 1609, assuming that mulberries were not much known in England until that year. "But," as Wr. remarks, "S. was familiar with mulberries at least fifteen years before, as is evident by the mention of them in *V. and A.* 1103, and *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 170; and a reference to Gerarde's *Herball* (1597) will show that the mulberry-tree was

well known in England before the end of the sixteenth century. It is quite true that in 1609 especial attention was called to it by an attempt made by the King to encourage the breeding of silkworms, and 'there were many hundred thousands of young Mulberrie trees brought out of France, and planted in many Shires of this land' (Stow's *Annales*, ed. Howes, 1615, p. 894). But to assume that, in consequence of this, Shakespeare wrote the line which has just been quoted is to infer too much; for if mulberry-trees were first planted in England in 1609, he would have had very little opportunity of observing how the fruit ripened and hung before writing his play or even before his own death seven years after, for the mulberry does not bear fruit till the tree is of a certain age. In all probability, however, he had a mulberry-tree in his own garden at New Place, Stratford, which he bought in 1597, whether it was the tree of which relics are still shown or not."

83. *As they.* As for them. Cf. 125 below. See also Gr. 216.

99. *Unbarb'd sconce.* Unarmed head, bare head. *Barb*, or *barde* (see Wb.), meant the armour used for horses; whence the "barbed steeds" of *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 117 (see our ed. p. 196) and *Rich. III.* i. 1. 10. Cotgrave (quoted by Wr.) has "Bardes: f. Barbes, or trappings, for horses of seruice, or of shew;" and "Desbarder. To vnload a ship, or boat; . . . also, to vnbarbe, or disarme a horse of seruice." *Sconce* is a half-comic word, used with intentional contempt by Coriolanus. See Cotgrave: "Teste: f. A head, pate, skonce, nole, costard, noddle." Some make *unbarb'd*= unbarbered.

102. *Plot.* Used figuratively of his body (Warb.). Delius strangely takes it to mean the ground he stands on.

105. *Such . . . which.* See *W. T.* p. 148, or Gr. 278. The metaphor in *part* is taken from the theatre, and Cominius keeps it up in *we'll prompt you.*

113. *Quired.* Chimed, sounded in unison. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 62: "Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins." Wh. quotes Tennyson, *Princess*:

> "Modulate me, soul of mincing mimicry;
> Make liquid treble of that bassoon, my throat."

114. *Small.* Cf. *T. N.* i. 4. 32:

> "thy small pipe
> Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound."

Hanmer reads "eunuch's;" but cf. i. 6. 27 above. W. remarks of *virgin* that it is "the most infelicitous use of epithet" that he remembers to have noticed in S.

115. *Lulls.* The folios have "lull," which may be what S. wrote. See Gr. 412.

116. *Tent.* Lodge as in a tent, encamp; a natural figure for a soldier.

117. *The glasses of my sight.* Wr. quotes *Rich. II.* i. 3. 208: "even in the glasses of thine eyes."

119. *Who.* Often used of "irrational antecedents personified" (Gr. 264). Cf. i. 1. 258 above. In the present passage, however, the antecedent may be implied in *my*. Cf. Gr. 218.

120. *An alms.* For the singular, see Wb.; and cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 164:

"it were an alms to hang him;" *T. of S.* iv. 3. 5 "a present alms," etc. Wr. cites *Acts*, iii. 3.

121. *Surcease.* Cease. Cf. *R. of L.* 1766: "If they surcease to be that should survive." See also *R. and J.* p. 202; and for the noun, *Macb.* p. 177.

124. *More.* Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 34 "a more requital;" and see our ed. p. 140.

125. *Than thou*, etc. See on 83 above.

127. *Stoutness.* Pride. See on 78 above. Johnson paraphrases the passage thus: "Go do thy worst; let me rather feel the *utmost* extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy."

129. "So Cassius, in *J. C.* iv. 3. 120, attributes his hasty temper to his mother: 'That rash humour which my mother gave me.' And the influence of the mother in the formation of the child's character is again referred to in *Macb.* i. 7. 72–74" (Wr.).

130. *Owe.* Own, possess, as often. See *Rich. II.* p. 204.

132. *Mountebank.* Play the mountebank to win.

133. *Cog.* Cheat, cozen. See *Much Ado*, p. 164.

134. *Of.* By; as in i. 2. 13 above.

141. *Upon you.* Cf. iii. 3. 47 below.

142. *The word.* The watch-word; as in *M. of V.* iii. 5. 58, *T. N.* iii. 4. 263, *A. and C.* i. 2. 139, etc.

SCENE III.—1. *Affects.* See on ii. 2. 19 above.

3. *Enforce.* Urge; as in ii. 3. 223 above. For *envy* = malice, hatred, see on i. 8. 4 above.

7. *With.* Regularly used by S. with *accompanied.* Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 52:

> "*King.* And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?
> *Clarence.* With Poins and other his continual followers."

See also *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 99, *T. A.* ii. 3. 78, etc.

10. *By the poll.* By the head, individually.

12. *Presently.* Immediately; as in ii. 3. 247 above.

14. *Either.* For its use of more than two things, cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 149: "Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking." See also *M. W.* v. 1. 4.

18. *I' the truth o' the cause.* "In the justice of the procedure" (Clarke).

21. *Present.* Instant. See on iii. 1. 212 above.

25. *Put him to choler.* Cf. ii. 3. 191 above.

26. *His worth.* "His full quota or proportion" (Malone). Schmidt explains the passage: "To gain high reputation by contradiction;" but this does not suit the context as well. Wh. paraphrases it thus: "Not to have the worst of the quarrel; to give as good as he gets."

27. *Chaf'd.* Irritated, angered. See *J. C.* p. 131.

28. *Temperance.* Self-restraint. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 124:

> "What, are you chaf'd?
> Ask God for temperance."

See also *Macb.* p. 240.

30. *With us.* As we shall use it, or take advantage of it.

33. *Bear the knave.* "Bear being called knave" (Steevens).

35. *Among us.* The 1st folio has "amongs," the later folios "amongst you." We adopt Capell's reading, which is generally followed. D. has "among 's."

36. *Throng.* The folios have "through;" corrected by Theo. and Warb. Wr. suggests that S. may have had in mind some occasion like that of Nov. 24, 1588, when Queen Elizabeth went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the victory over the Spanish Armada.

43. *Determine.* Terminate, end; as in v. 3. 120 below. Cf. also *A. and C.* iii. 13. 161 and iv. 3. 2.

*Demand.* Ask; the more common meaning in S. See *Ham.* p. 243. Cf. *require* in ii. 2. 152 above.

45. *Allow.* Acknowledge. Cf. *allowance* in iii. 2. 57 above.

50. *Show.* Appear; as in iv. 5. 61 below. See also *A. Y. L.* p. 148.

51. *Graves in the holy churchyard.* English rather than Roman, of course. Could Bacon have written that? See on ii. 1. 107 above.

55. *Accents.* The folios have "actions;" corrected by Pope, at the suggestion of Theo.

57. *Envy you.* Show ill-will to you. Cf. the noun in 3 above.

63. *Contriv'd.* Plotted; as often. See *A. Y. L.* p. 191.

64. *Season'd.* Johnson explains this as "*established* and *settled* by time, and made familiar to the people by long use;" Wr. as "well ripened or matured and rendered palatable to the people by time." Schmidt makes it = "qualified, tempered," which seems to us favoured by the context. Such *limited* power is the natural antithesis to *power tyrannical.* Besides, the office of the tribunes, against which the opposition of Coriolanus was specially directed, was *not* a long-established one.

68. *Fold in.* Infold, enclose. Cf. v. 6. 125 below.

69. *Their traitor.* A traitor to them.

*Injurious.* Insolent, insulting. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 78: "Injurious Margaret!" *Cymb.* iv. 2. 86: "Thou injurious thief," etc.

71. *Clutch'd.* That is, were there clutched.

82. *Extremest.* S. always accents the positive *extreme* on the first syllable, except in *Sonn.* 129. 4, 10; but the superlative *extrémest*, as here. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 42, *Lear*, v. 3. 136, etc. See also iv. 5. 71 below, and note on iv. 5. 106.

89. *Pent to linger.* "We may either take *pent*, like *clutch'd* in 71, as equivalent to *were I pent*, or as connected with *pronounce:* let them pronounce the sentence of being pent, etc." (Wr.). The latter seems better on the whole, as continuing the construction, though somewhat loosely, instead of breaking it with a new one.

92. *Courage.* From the context this seems to be = fearless utterance. The Coll. MS. changes it to "carriage;" and D. and Schmidt make it = heart, disposition; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 57, *T. of A.* iii. 3. 24, etc. Coll. considers it "inconsistent with the noble character of the hero to represent him vaunting his own *courage;*" but he simply says "I will not restrain my boldness of speech," just as he has said above (70 fol.) that he will fearlessly tell the tribune that he lies, even at the risk of twenty thousand deaths.

95. *Envied against.* Shown his enmity to. See on 57 above.

96. *As now at last.* As *he has* now at last, etc. (Clarke).

97. *Not.* Not only. See on iii. 2. 71 above.

99. *Do.* The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "doth." The latter occurs with a plural subject in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 33 and *R. and J.* prol. 8; and Abbott (Gr. 334) recognizes it as a "third person plural in *-th.*" See also *R. and J.* p. 140.

104. *Rome gates.* See on i. 8. 8 above, and cf. ii. 1. 152.

106. *It shall be so*, etc. Note how promptly here the plebeians take their cue from the tribune's *It shall be so;* as he had drilled them to do in 13 fol. above.

110. *For.* The folios have "from;" corrected by Theo.

114. *Estimate.* Estimation; or "the rate at which I value her" (Wh.).

120. *Cry.* Pack; as in iv. 6. 150 below. Cf. also *Oth.* ii. 3. 370: "not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry." This is probably the meaning of *cry* in *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 129:

> "Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
> Each under each. A cry more tuneable
> Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn."

121. *Reek.* Vapour, exhalation; used again in *M. W.* iii. 3. 86: "the reek of a lime-kiln."

*The rotten fens.* Steevens quotes *Temp.* ii. 1. 47:

> "*Sebastian* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
> *Antonio.* Or as 't were perfumed by a fen."

123. *I banish you.* Malone quotes *Rich. II.* i. 3. 280:

> "Think not the king did banish thee,
> But thou the king."

127. *Fan you.* Wr. cites *Macb.* i. 2. 50:

> "Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
> And fan our people cold."

130. *But.* The folio reading, changed by Capell to "not," which is generally adopted. Malone says: "If the people have the prudence to make reservation of themselves, they cannot with any propriety be said to be in that respect *still their own foes;*" but, as Wh. remarks, "Coriolanus says that the mischief is just this: that they spare none but themselves, their own worst enemies." St. paraphrases the passage thus: "Banish all your defenders as you do me, till at last, your ignorance, having reserved only your impotent selves, always your own foes, deliver you the humbled captives to some nation, etc."

132. *Abated.* Beaten down, humiliated; "the Fr. *abattu*" (Steevens).

137. *Hoo! hoo!* See on ii. 1. 96 above.

140. *Vexation.* As Wr. notes, both *vex* and *vexation* had a stronger meaning in the time of S. than now. In the A. V. *vex* is frequently = torment; as in *Matt.* xv. 22. Cf. *Deut.* xxviii. 20, where *vexation* translates the word rendered *destruction* in *Deut.* vii. 23.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—1. *The beast*, etc. Cf. ii. 3. 15 above. Steevens quotes Horace, *Epist.* i. 1. 76: "Bellua multorum es capitum."

3. *Ancient.* Former. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 2. 33: "Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment," etc.

4. *Extremity.* The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "Extreamities," which Delius explains as collective, or expressing one idea; but it is probably a misprint.

5. *That common chances*, etc. Steevens quotes *T. and C.* i. 3. 33:

"In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!"

7. *Fortune's blows*, etc. The construction here is not according to the books of grammar, and sundry attempts have been made to mend it; but as it stands it may be explained thus: "When Fortune's blows are most struck home, to be gentle, although wounded, demands a noble philosophy" (Clarke). Pope reads "gently warded, craves;" Hanmer, "greatly warded, crave;" and Capell, "gently wounded craves." The Coll. MS. has "gentle-minded craves." For *home*, cf. iii. 3. 1 above.

9. *Cunning.* Knowledge, wisdom, or "philosophy," as Clarke has it above. See *Oth.* p. 183.

12. *O heavens! O heavens!* "Be it observed that after this one irrepressible burst of anguish, when her husband has bidden her to check it, Virgilia utters no further syllable during this parting scene" (Clarke).

13. *The red pestilence.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 364: "The red plague rid you!" and *T. and C.* ii. 1. 20: "A red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!" The physicians of the time recognized three different kinds of the plague-sore, the red, the yellow, and the black.

On the passage see p. 184 above.

15. *Lack'd.* Missed. See *Macb.* p. 218. Wr. quotes *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 220 fol. and *A. and C.* i. 4. 44.

23. *Sometime.* Former. For the adjective use, see *Ham.* p. 177.

26. *Fond.* Foolish; as very often. See *M. of V.* pp. 146, 152. For the ellipsis of *as*, cf. 53 below, and see on ii. 1. 40 above.

27. *Wot.* Know. See *M. N. D.* p. 171.

28. *Still.* Ever, constantly.

30. *Fen.* Grey conjectured "den;" but Wr. quotes Topsell, *Hist. of Serpents*: "Of the Indian Dragons there are also said to be two kindes, one of them fenny, and living in the marishes . . . the other in the Mountains," etc.

33. *Cautelous.* Crafty, deceitful; as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 129: "Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous." For the noun *cautel* (=craft, deceit), see *Ham.* p. 187.

*Practice.* Artifice, stratagem; as in *M. for M.* v. 1. 123 (cf. 239): "This needs must be a practice." See also *Ham.* pp. 255, 257, 275.

*First.* Probably = first-born, not "noblest," as Warb. explains it. Heath conjectured "fierce," and Keightley would read "fairest."

36. *Exposture.* The reading of all the folios, changed by Rowe to "exposure," which S. elsewhere (twice) uses. As we have *composture* in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 444, though *composure* elsewhere (three times), it is possible that the old text may be right. As Wr. suggests, the word may be framed on the analogy of *imposture.* Cf. *Lear*, p. 198, note on *Reposal.*

41. *Repeal.* Recall from banishment; as in *J. C.* iii. 1. 54: "an immediate freedom of repeal," etc. See also iv. 7. 32 below; and cf. the verb in v. 5. 5.

44. *Needer.* The word "gives the effect of the man needing the advantage of which there is a prospect, and of the man needed home by the friends who want him to profit by it. Moreover, what golden wisdom and practical truth are comprised in a line or two!" (Clarke).

49. *Of noble touch.* Of tested nobility. See on ii. 3. 185 above; and cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 193, note on *Must bide the touch.*

*Am forth* = have gone away. Wr. quotes *M. W.* ii. 2. 278: "her husband will be forth."

SCENE II.—2. *Whom.* Changed by Rowe to "who;" but cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 92: "Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd;" and see also *K. John*, p. 166. Gr. 410.

5. *A-doing.* See *Much Ado*, p. 145 (note on *A talking of*), or Gr. 140.

11. *The hoarded plague o' the gods.* "The punishment which the gods reserve for some special vengeance" (Wr.). Cf. *Lear*, ii. 4. 164:

> "All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
> On her ingrateful top!"

and *Rich. III.* i. 3. 217:

> "If heaven have any grievous plague in store
> Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
> O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
> And then hurl down their indignation
> On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!"

14. *Will you be gone?* "Not meaning 'Will you go when I bid you?' but 'Are you going, when I say you shall hear me?'" (Clarke). The context shows that this must be the correct explanation.

16. *Mankind.* "The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius asks Volumnia if she be *mankind.* She takes *mankind* for a *human creature*, and accordingly cries out, 'Note but this fool.—Was not a man my father?'" (Johnson). Cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 67: "A mankind witch!" and see our ed. p. 169.

17. *Note but this fool.* St. points "Note but this, fool;" but Johnson's explanation is probably correct.

18. *Hadst thou foxship*, etc. "Hadst thou, fool as thou art, cunning enough to banish Coriolanus?" (Johnson). Schmidt notes that the fox

is the symbol of ingratitude as well as of cunning. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 6. 24: "Now, you she-foxes;" and *Id.* iii. 7. 28: "Ingrateful fox!"

21. *Mor.* See on ii. 3. 118 and iii. 1. 288 above.

22. *Yet go.* "She will leave it unsaid; then—once more changing her mind—Nay, but you *shall* stay. *Too*=after all; and yet I see reasons *too* why you should stay" (Wh.).

24. *In Arabia.* "In the desert, where none could part them" (Wr.). Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 104 and *Cymb.* i. 2. 167.

*Thy tribe.* "Contemptuously; not in the Roman sense" (Wh.).

25. *What then!* etc. Hanmer is perhaps right in giving this speech to Volumnia, as not in keeping with the gentle character of Virgilia. Wr. is inclined to rearrange the dialogue thus:

> "*Volumnia.* What then!
> He 'd make an end of thy posterity,
> Bastards and all.
> *Virgilia.* Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!"

The last line certainly seems more appropriate to Virgilia pleading for her husband than to the sterner Volumnia. Delius takes it to refer ironically to Sicinius.

32. *The noble knot.* "The knot of noble service that bound him to his countrymen" (Wh.). Steevens quotes 1 *Hen. IV.* v. i. 16:

> 'Will you again unknit
> This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?"

34. *Cats.* A term of contempt, repeatedly used by Bertram of Parolles in *A. W.* iv. 3. Cf. also *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 260, etc. The Coll. MS. changes it here to "Curs," and St. conjectures "Bats."

44. *With.* By; as often. See Gr. 193.

48. *Lies heavy to 't.* Wr. quotes *Macb.* v. 3. 44:

> "Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart."

For the construction, Schmidt compares *Ham.* i. 2. 124:

> "This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
> Sits smiling to my heart."

For *home*, see on ii. 2. 99 above.

49. *Troth.* Faith; literally truth, as in iv. 5. 188 below. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 151.

51. *Starve.* The 1st folio has "sterue." See on ii. 3. 106 above.

52. *This faint puling.* "By this slight touch, and by the epithet *faint*, how well is indicated the silent agony of weeping in which Virgilia is lost!" (Clarke).

53. *Juno-like.* The "queen of heaven" is often alluded to by S.; as in ii. 1. 92 above and v. 3. 46 below. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 102 fol., *A. W.* iii. 4. 13, *W. T.* iv. 4. 121, etc.

SCENE III.—9. *Favour.* Face, look. See *Much Ado*, p. 129, or *Ham.* p. 263.

*Is well appear'd.* Wr. says that if this be the true reading, *appear'd*

must be used in a "transitive" sense, and Abbott (Gr. 295, 296) considers this possible; but an explanation so improbable should be admitted only as a last resort. It is better, with Schmidt, to take *appear'd* as an adjective = apparent (cf. *dishonour'd* = dishonourable, in iii. 1. 60 above) or to take *is appear'd* as = has appeared. For this latter, it is true, we have only Dogberry's authority in *Much Ado*, iv. 2. 1; but on the face of it *is appeared* is as allowable as *is arrived, is come*, etc. See Gr. 295, where Abbott calls these forms "passive verbs;" though they are simply active "perfects" (or "present perfects," or whatever the grammars may call them), with the auxiliary *be* instead of *have*—as in the French *est arrivé*, the German *ist gekommen*, etc. *Apparaître*, by the way, is conjugated with *être* as well as *avoir*. Hanmer reads "affeer'd," Warb. "appeal'd," and Coll. "approv'd" (Steevens's conjecture).

12. *Hath.* For the singular verb preceding a plural subject, see Gr. 335. Cf. i. 9. 49 above.

18. *Receive so to heart.* We still say "take to heart."

20. *Ripe aptness.* Perfect readiness.

21. *Glowing.* Carrying on the metaphor in *blaze* and *flame* above.

28. *She's fallen out.* As Wr. notes, this may be a contraction of either *she is* or *she has*. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 4. 11: "am fallen out;" and *R. and J.* iii. 4. 1: "Things have fallen out," etc. See on *is appeared* above.

32. *He cannot choose.* He has no alternative, he cannot do otherwise. See *T. of S.* p. 126, or 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 174.

38. *Their charges.* Cf. *J. C.* iv. 2. 48: "Bid our commanders lead their charges off," etc.

39. *In the entertainment.* Engaged for the service. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 1. 17: "some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment;" and see our ed. p. 165.

SCENE IV.—3. *Fore my wars.* To be connected, we think, with what follows; but Wh. says "many a one who before my wars was heir." For *fore*, see *Hen. V.* p. 155.

5. *Wives.* Women; as often. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 58: "the Dardanian wives;" *Hen. V.* v. chor. 10: "with men, with wives, and boys," etc.

6. *Save you.* That is, God save you! For the full form, see *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 82, v. 1. 327, etc.

8. *Lies.* See on i. 9. 82 above.

12. *O world*, etc. "This fine picture of common friendship is an artful introduction to the sudden league which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius, and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome" (Warb.).

13. *Seem.* The 1st folio has "seemes," probably a misprint. Steevens compares *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 212: "So with two seeming bodies, but one heart," etc.

14. *House.* The reading of the Coll. MS., adopted by nearly all the editors. The folio has "hours," which has been defended by comparing *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 62:

> "I knew him as myself; for from our infancy
> We have convers'd and spent our hours together;"

and the similar passage in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 198 fol.; but the context here is very different and seems to demand *house*.

16. *Unseparable.* Used by S. only here. *Inseparable* occurs in *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 78 and *K. John*, iii. 4. 66. So we find *incapable* and *uncapable*, *incertain* and *uncertain*, etc. See on *ingrateful*, ii. 2. 28 above.

17. *Of a doit.* About a doit (see on i. 5. 6 above), or the value of a doit.

20. *To take the one the other.* To destroy each other. Cf. iii. 1. 111 above.

21. *Trick.* Trifle. See *Ham.* p. 246, note on *Trick of fame.*

22. *Interjoin their issues.* Let their children intermarry.

23. *My love's upon*, etc. Cf. *V. and A.* 158: "Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?" For *hate*, the folios read "haue" or "have," corrected by Capell.

24. *Enemy.* For the adjective use, cf. *Lear*, v. 3. 220: "his enemy king;" and *A. and C.* iv. 14. 71:

"Shall 's do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?"

25. *If he give me way.* If he yields to me, lets me do it. Cf. v. 6. 32 below.

SCENE V.—10. *In being Coriolanus.* "In having obtained that name by the capture of Corioli" (Clarke).

12. *Companions.* Fellows. For the contemptuous use, cf. v. 2. 57 below, and see *Temp.* p. 131, note on *Your fellow.*

20. *A strange one*, etc. For the ellipsis of *as*, see on ii. 1. 40 above.

24. *Avoid.* Leave, quit; as in *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 86: "Avoid the gallery." In 31 below it is used intransitively; as in *W. T.* i. 2. 462: "let us avoid." See our ed. p. 163.

33. *Batten.* Fatten, gorge yourself. See *Ham.* p. 236. Delius compares *Cymb.* ii. 3. 119:

"that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court."

37. *And I shall.* Yes, I will. See Gr. 97.

39. *The canopy.* "This most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament" (*Ham.* ii. 2. 311).

45. *It is.* Contemptuous; as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 18, *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 70, etc.

*Daws.* The daw, or jackdaw, was reckoned a foolish bird. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 18: "Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw."

56. *If, Tullus*, etc. See extract from North, p. 185 above.

58. *Think me for.* Think me to be. Wr. compares "know him for" in *M. for M.* v. 1. 144, and "reputed for" in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 45. Capell thought it necessary to read "take me to be."

59. *Commands me name.* For the construction, cf. *T. of S.* v. 2. 96: "Say, I command her come to me," etc. Gr. 349.

62. *Appearance.* Spelt "apparance" in the 1st folio; as in *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 76:

"Why, what reade you there,
That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood
Out of apparance."

As Wr. notes, it was probably a recognized form of the word, and represented the pronunciation, for Cotgrave gives, "Apparence: f. An apparance, or appearance." In Florio's *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598, we find, "Apparizcenza, comelines, seemlines, apparance;" and Huloet, *Abcedarium*, 1552, has, "Apparance. *Species*."

64. *Show'st.* Appearest. Cf. iii. 3. 50 above.

71. *Extreme.* For the accent, see on iii. 3. 82 above.

73. *Memory.* Memorial. Cf. v. 6. 154 below; and see also *A. Y. L.* p. 155. Here the word is taken from North (see p. 186 above).

76. *Envy.* Hatred. Cf. iii. 3. 3 above.

78. *Hath devour'd.* For the singular verb with two singular nouns as subject, see Gr. 336. Here, as Wr. remarks, the two may be regarded as expressing a single idea = envious cruelty. Cf. *Ps.* lxxxiv. 2.

80. *Whoop'd.* Spelt "Hoop'd" in the folios; and we find "hooping" in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 203. Wr. cites Sherwood's English-French supplement to Cotgrave's *Fr. Dict.*, 1632: "To hoope, or hallow." He finds "whoope" in Palsgrave, 1530.

84. *Voided.* Avoided. The folio spell it "voided," and we think that form should be retained. In Golding's *Cæsar* we read: "they decreed that all such as eyther by sicknes or age were vnnecessary for the warres, should void the towne;" that is, leave the town (cf. *avoid* in 24 above), not clear the town, make it *void* or empty, as they were but a part of the population. Cf. Barrow: "watchful application of mind in voiding prejudices;" that is, avoiding them (not casting them out, as Wb. defines it). The same author has *voidance* = avoidance: "the voidance of fond conceits," etc.

85. *Full quit of.* Fully even with, thoroughly revenged upon. Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 1. 92: "Hortensio will be quit with thee." See also *Much Ado*, p. 156, note on *To quit me of them.*

87. *Wreak.* Vengeance; as in *T. A.* iv. 3. 33: "Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude;" and *Id.* iv. 4. 11: "Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks?" Steevens quotes Chapman, *Iliad*, v.: "Or take his friend's wreake on his men."

*Wilt.* Changed by Hanmer to "will;" but probably to be explained by the *thee* immediately preceding it. Wr. compares 67 above: "My name is Caius Marcius, who *hath* done," etc.

88. *Particular.* Private, personal; as in v. 2. 65 below. See *Lear*, p. 252.

*Maims of shame.* "That is, disgraceful diminutions of territory" (Johnson); or simply "disgraceful injuries" (Wr.).

93. *Canker'd.* "Canker-bit" (*Lear*, v. 3. 122), or "unsound at heart, ill-conditioned" (Wh.). We find it associated with the idea of ingratitude in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 137: "this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke."

94. *The under fiends.* Probably = the fiends below; not the "subordinate fiends," as Steevens explained it.

*But if so be*, etc. See extract from North, p. 186 above.

95. *And that.* And *if* that. Gr. 285.

98. *Ancient malice.* Cf. ii. 1. 217 above.

105. *Envy.* Hatred. See on 76 above.

106. *Divine.* Accented on the first syllable; as in *Cymb.* ii. 1. 62, iv. 2. 170, etc. For many dissyllabic adjectives and participles which are thus accented *before a noun* (never otherwise), see Schmidt, pp. 1413–1415. *Extreme* (see on iii. 3. 82 above) is among the number, but *divine* is omitted.

109. *Where-against.* Against which; a compound like *whereat, whereby, whereinto* (*Oth.* iii. 3. 137), *whereout* (*T. and C.* iv. 5. 245), *where-through* (*Sonn.* 24. 11), etc.

111. *Scarr'd.* Changed by Rowe (2d ed.) to "scar'd," in support of which Malone quotes *Rich. III.* v. 3. 341: "Amaze the welkin with your broken staves." On the other hand, Delius cites in favour of *scarr'd* the hyperbole in *W. T.* iii. 3. 92: "the ship boring the moon with her mainmast."

*Clip.* Embrace; as in i. 6. 29 above.

112. *Anvil.* Green (*S. and the Emblem Writers*, p. 327, quoted by Wr.), not seeing that Aufidius is compared to the anvil on which the strokes of Coriolanus's sword have fallen like repeated blows of a sledge-hammer, would change *anvil* to "handle." Steevens quotes *Ham.* ii. 2. 511:

"And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour forged for proof eterne
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam."

117. *Sigh'd truer breath.* Malone quotes *V. and A.* 189: "I 'll sigh celestial breath," etc.

120. *Bestride my threshold.* "A Roman bride was carried over the threshold of her husband's house. We know nothing of the custom of Antium in this respect, nor did Shakespeare" (Wr.).

*Thou Mars!* Delius quotes *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 101: "the Black Prince, that young Mars of men."

121. *Power.* Army; as in i. 2. 9 above. On *had purpose*, cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 152.

122. *From thy brawn.* From thy brawny arm. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 297: "And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;" and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 311: "The brawns of Hercules."

123. *Out.* Thoroughly, out and out. Wr. thinks it refers to what follows, but we prefer (as Wh. does) to connect it with *beat.* Steevens cites *Temp.* i. 2. 41:

"for then thou wast not
Out three years old."

129. *No quarrel else.* The 1st and 2d folios read "no other quarrel else." For *to* after *quarrel*, cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 243: "The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you;" and see our ed. p. 132.

133. *O'erbear.* The folios have "o're-beate" or "o're-beat." Rowe's emendation of *o'erbear* is confirmed by iii. 1. 249 above. For other instances of the verb applied to a flood of waters, see *Oth.* i. 3. 56, *Ham.* iv.

5. 102, and *Per.* v. 1. 195. Neither *o'er-beat* or *over-beat* is found elsewhere in S.

138. *Most absolute sir.* For *absolute*=faultless, perfect, see *Hen. V.* p. 170. "Preceded by *most*, it serves as an appellation expressing the highest veneration" (Schmidt). Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 14. 117: "Most absolute lord;" and sportively in *Id.* i. 2. 2: "most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas," etc.

145. *Ere destroy.* For the construction, Wr. compares i. 1. 212, 236.

146. *Commend.* Recommend, introduce; as in *Cymb.* i. 4. 32: "I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine," etc.

151. *Strucken.* The spelling of the 3d and 4th folios; the 1st and 2d have "stroken." See *J. C.* p. 146 (note on *Hath stricken*), or Gr. 344.

152. *My mind gave me.* I suspected. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 109:

"My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and information
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye."

160. *I thought there was more in him than I could think* "One of Shakespeare's humorously paradoxical speeches" (Clarke). Cf. ii. 3. 4 above.

165. *Wot.* See on iv. 1. 27 above. D. changes *one* to "on."

168. *Worth six on him.* "Delius interprets this as meaning that Aufidius is worth six of Coriolanus, and so we should infer from the first Servingman's reply, but it is not consistent with what follows (183, 184), and perhaps Shakespeare did not intend that the servants should in their admiration for Coriolanus always express the same opinion of their master" (Wr.). *On*=of; as in i. 1. 218, etc.

178. *Lieve.* Lief; indicating the popular pronunciation, still common among the uneducated. It often becomes "live," which is the spelling of the first three folios here. *Had as lief* is still good English—the *best* English, because the old established form. See *A. Y. L.* p. 139.

187. *Directly.* To be direct or plain about it. Cf. *simply* in 162 above. For *troth*, see on iv. 2. 49 above.

188. *Scotched.* Cut; as in *Macb.* iii. 2. 13: "We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;" where the folios have "scorch'd." We find the noun in *A. and C.* iv. 7. 10: "six scotches more."

189. *Carbonado.* A slice of meat prepared for broiling. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 201, and *W. T.* p. 198 (on *Carbonadoed*).

191. *Broiled.* The folios have "boyld;" corrected by Pope, on account of *carbonado.*

193. *On.* Cf. 168 above.

197. *Sanctifies himself,* etc. "Considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress" (Malone). Johnson thought it to be an allusion "to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event."

201. *Sowl.* Pull by the ears; an old word not used elsewhere by S. Wr. quotes Moor, *Suffolk Words and Phrases:* "Sowle. To seize a swine

by the ear. 'Wool 'a sowle a hog?' is a frequent inquiry into the qualifications of a dog . . . Shakespeare happily uses the word in the exact Suffolk sense." It is found also in other provincial dialects; as in Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, etc. Steevens quotes Heywood, *Love's Mistress*, iv. 1: "Venus will sole me by the eares for this." Cole in his *Latin Dict.*, 1679, renders it by "aurem summa vi vellere."

202. *Rome gates.* Cf. iii. 3. 104 above.

203. *Polled.* "Bared, cleared" (Johnson). "To *poll* a person anciently meant to cut off his hair" (Steevens). Cf. Wooton, *Damœtas' Madrigall*, etc.: "Like Nisus' golden hair that Scilla pol'd." Wr. cites 2 *Sam.* xiv. 26.

209. *Directitude.* "The third servant, wishing to use a fine long word and intending to coin some such term as *discreditude* from *discredit*, or *dejectitude* from *dejectedness* (S. using the words *discredit*, *deject*, and *dejected* in such a way as to countenance either of these suggestions), blunders out his grandiloquent *directitude*. The author's relish of the joke is pleasantly indicated by his making the first servant repeat the word amazedly, as if not knowing what to make of it, and ask its meaning; and then making the third servant avoid the inconvenient inquiry by not noticing it, but running on with his own harangue" (Clarke). The commentators have, however, tried to mar the joke by substituting "discreditude" and "dejectitude," the latter being found in the Coll. MS.

212. *In blood.* In good condition. See on i. 1. 152 above.

213. *Conies.* Rabbits. See *A. Y. L.* p. 177. Wr. quotes Cotgrave: "Connil: m. A Conie, a Rabbit." See also *Ps.* civ. 18.

215. *Presently.* At once. See on iii. 3. 12 above.

217. *Parcel.* Part. Cf. i. 2. 32 above.

223. *Sprightly, waking.* Pope's emendation of the "sprightly walking" of the folios, and generally adopted. St. retains the folio reading, which he makes = "quick *moving*, or *marching*."

*Audible* is used actively = quick of hearing, attentive, on the alert. See Gr. 3.

224. *Full of vent.* Explained by Johnson as = "full of *rumour*, full of materials for *discourse*;" and by Clarke as = full of "impulse, unrestrained speech and action" (cf. *vent* in iii. 1. 258); but, according to a writer in the *Edinburgh Rev.* for Oct., 1872, it is a hunting term = keenly excited, full of pluck and courage. "When the hound *vents* anything, he pauses to verify the scent, and then, full of eager excitement, strains in the leash to be after the game." Schmidt remarks that if *vent* could be proved to have been used in this technical way in the time of S., the explanation would be undoubtedly preferable to any other. Wr. criticises it as follows: "According to this view, war is compared to a pack of hounds in full cry. But I think it is scarcely in accordance with what follows in the description of peace, where the epithets appear to correspond to the epithets applied to war, but in an inverted order; *insensible* corresponding to *spritely*, *sleepy* to *waking*, *deaf* to *audible*, and *mulled* to *full of vent*. If this view is correct, the figure involved in *full of vent* is not from the hunting field, but the expression must be descriptive of something in wine which is the opposite to that conveyed by *mulled*. And as *mulled* signi-

fies flat, insipid, *full of vent* would seem to be either effervescent, working, ready to burst the cask, or full of scent. Cotgrave indeed gives 'Odorement . . . a smell, waft, sent, vent;' but it does not appear from this that *vent* means scent except as a hunting term, and I therefore hesitate to suggest that it is equivalent to what is now termed the bouquet of wine."

*Mulled.* "An expressive epithet; suggesting the idea of softness and drowsy quality, as that of wine warmed, spiced, and sweetened" (Clarke).

226. *War's.* The 1st and 2d folios have "warres," the others "Warrs" and "Wars;" and so also in the next line. The correction is due to Rowe. Some would retain the plural (see on i. 3. 73 above).

231. *Reason.* Elliptical for "there is reason for it" (Schmidt). See *K. John*, p. 174, or *W. T.* p. 199.

SCENE VI.—2. *Tame.* "Ineffectual in times of peace like these" (Steevens). Johnson wished to read "ta'en," and Mason "lame." The Coll. MS. has "tam'd by the," etc. As Steevens says, *tame* seems designedly opposed to *wild*.

5. *Rather had.* Had rather; as in *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 147, etc. See also *A. Y. L.* p. 158, or *M. of V.* p. 132. Pope changes *behold* to "beheld;" but the construction plainly is *had rather behold than see*, etc.

7. *Pestering.* Thronging, crowding; the original sense of the word. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 7: "Confin'd and pester'd in this pinfold here;" and Webster, *Malcontent*, v. 2: "the hall will be so pestered anon." Schmidt does not recognize this sense in his *Lexicon*, giving only the secondary one of "annoy, harass, infest." See *Macb.* v. 2. 23, *Ham.* i. 2. 22, etc.

21. *God-den.* See on ii. 1. 84 above.

30. *Confusion.* See on iii. 1. 110 above.

32. *Ambitious*, etc. The pointing is that of the 4th folio; the earlier folios connect *past all thinking* with what follows.

33. *Affecting.* Desiring, aiming at. See on ii. 2. 19 above.

34. *Without assistance.* With no one to share it with him. Hanmer reads "assistant," and Walker conjectures "assistancy."

35. *We should . . . found.* A "confusion of construction." See Gr. 411.

*To all our lamentation.* To the sorrow of all of us. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 102: "To all our sorrows;" and see Gr. 219. Cf. also i. 9. 36 above.

40. *Powers.* Armies. See on iv. 5. 121 above.

41. *Enter'd in.* Wr. quotes *M. of V.* ii. 8. 42: "enter in your mind." Gr. 159.

45. *Horns.* The metaphor is taken from the snail, as *inshell'd* also shows.

46. *Stood for Rome.* "Stood up in its defence" (Steevens). Cf. ii. 2. 37 above.

51. *Record.* For the accent, see *Ham.* p. 197.

53. *Age.* Lifetime; as in iii. 1. 7 above. *Reason*=talk; as in i. 9. 58.

55. *Information.* Informant; the abstract for the concrete, as in ii. 1. 164 above.

57. *Tell not me.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 1: "But tell not me," etc.

60. *Come*. Rowe's correction of the "comming" or "coming" of the folios. For *is come*, see on iv. 3. 9 above.

65. *More, more fearful*. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 42: "and more, more strong;" and *Lear*, v. 3. 202: "If there be more, more woful, hold it in."

*Deliver'd* = reported; as in i. 1. 87 above.

69. *Revenge as spacious*, etc. "Revenge that shall embrace all, from the youngest to the oldest" (Wh.).

70. *Young'st*. For contracted superlatives, see on iii. 1. 103 above.

72. *Good*. Ironical, of course. The Coll. MS. has "God," which Clarke adopts, comparing *T. and C.* i. iii. 169: "Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!'" where many editors read "good."

74. *Atone*. Be *at one*, be reconciled. See *A. Y. L.* p. 199; and for the transitive use, *Oth.* p. 198. Steevens quotes Sidney's *Arcadia*: "a common enemie sets at one a civil warre." Boswell adds from Hall's *Satires*: "Which never can be set at onement more."

75. *Contrariety*. Hanmer reads "contrarieties; but it "takes two to make" a *contrariety*.

79. *And have*. Hanmer reads "and they 've," which is of course what is *meant*, but probably not what S. wrote.

80. *O'erborne their way*. Like a river that has "overborne" its "continents" (*M. N. D.* ii. 1. 92) or banks. See on iv. 5. 133 above.

83. *Holp*. See on iii. 1. 277 above.

84. *City leads*. The leaden roofs of the houses; as in ii. 1. 200 above.

87. *Cement*. Accented on the first syllable, as elsewhere in S.; and so with the one instance of the verb, *A. and C.* ii. 1. 48. *In their cement* = "the very walls penetrated and crumbled by the fire" (Wh.).

89. *Into*. For its use after *confine*, cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 277; and see our ed. p. 118. Steevens quotes *Macb.* ii. 3. 128: "our fate, Hid in an auger-hole." etc.

90. *I fear me*. I have my fears. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 283, *T. N.* iii. 1. 125, etc.

98. *Apron-men*. That is (*A. and C.* v. 2. 210),

> "Mechanic slaves
> With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers."

Cf. *J. C.* i. 1. 7.

99. *The voice of occupation*. "The vote of the workingmen" (Wr.). See on 55 above.

100. *Garlic-eaters*. For the contemptuous allusion, cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 195 and 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 162. Note also Bottom's admonition to his fellow "mechanicals" in *M. N. D.* iv. 2. 43.

102. *As*. As if. Gr. 107. Steevens considers the passage "a ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides."

105. *Other*. Otherwise; as in *Oth.* iv. 2. 13: "If you think other," etc. Gr. 12.

*Region*. The word has been suspected, and W. adopts Becket's conjecture of "legions;" to which Lettsom objects that Rome had then no army on foot, and consequently no *legions*. It is doubtful whether S. would have thought of that; but there does not seem sufficient reason for altering the old text.

106. *Smilingly.* As if with a smile of contempt for your authority. Warb. reads "seemingly." *Resist* is Hanmer's correction of the "resists" of the folios.

107. *Valiant ignorance.* For the contemptuous use, cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 315: "I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance."

115. *Charg'd.* Would charge. Cf. ii. 2. 16 above. Gr. 361.

117. *Show'd.* Would appear. See on iii. 3. 50 above.

120. *Made fair hands.* Equivalent to *made good work* in 97, and *made fair work* in 103 above. Wr. quotes *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 74: "Ye have made a fine hand, fellows!"

121. *Crafted.* A verb of Menenius's own coining. As Wr. notes, we are already indebted to him for *empiricutic*, *fidiused*, and *conspectuities*.

122. *A trembling.* An "ague-fit of fear" (*Rich. II.* iii. 2. 190), a panic.

125. *Clusters.* Swarms, mobs; contemptuous, and used by S. only here.

127. *Roar him in again.* "As they *hooted* at his departure, they will *roar* at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations" (Johnson).

128. *Points.* A "point of war" (see 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 52) was a signal given by a trumpet; hence *point* here for commands in general. It is possible, however, that *obeys his points* is = does all points of his command (*Temp.* i. 2. 500), obeys him "to the point" (*M. for M.* iii. 1. 254).

133. *Cast.* That is, "cast their caps up" (*A. and C.* iv. 12. 12).

137. *Coxcombs.* With a play upon the word as applied to the fool's cap. See *Lear*, p. 186.

147. *Yet it was against our will.* See on iv. 5. 160 above.

150. *Cry.* Pack; as in iii. 3. 120 above.

*Shall's.* Shall us; a colloquialism, for which see *W. T.* p. 156, or Gr. 215.

153. *Side.* Party. Cf. iv. 2. 2 above.

SCENE VII.—6. *Your own.* Your own soldiers. Cf. i. 9. 21 and iii. 1. 294 above. Clarke takes it to mean "your own *action*, or act."

8. *More proudlier.* The reading of the 1st folio; changed in the 2d to "more proudly." Cf. iii. 1. 120 above.

13. *For your particular.* For your own part, so far as you personally are concerned. See *Lear*, p. 214 (note on *For his particular*), or *A.'s W.* p. 156 (on *On my particular*).

16. *Had.* The folios read "have;" corrected by Malone. *Of yourself* = by yourself. For *bear*, cf. 21 below, and i. 1. 263 above.

22. *Husbandry.* Management; as in *M. of V.* iii. 4. 25: "The husbandry and manage of my house," etc. Cf. *husband* in *T. of S.* v. 1. 71, and see our ed. p. 167.

23. *Dragon-like.* Wr. quotes *K. John*, ii. 1. 68 and *Rich. III.* v. 3. 350.

25. *Break his neck.* Cf. iii. 3. 30 above.

28. *Yield.* The 1st folio has "yeelds," probably a misprint.

"Coleridge remarks that he always thought 'this in itself so beautiful speech the least explicable, from the mood and full intention of the speaker, of any in the whole works of Shakespeare.' I cannot perceive

the difficulty—the speech corresponds with the mixed character of the speaker, too generous not to see and acknowledge his rival's merit, yet not sufficiently magnanimous to be free from the malignant desire of revenging himself upon his rival for that very superiority" (V.).

*Sits down.* Besieges them. In i. 2. 28 and i. 3. 96 above we find *set down*, for which see *Macb.* p. 250.

32. *Repeal.* See on iv. 1. 41 above.

34. *Osprey.* Spelt "Aspray" in the folios. The allusion is to the popular belief that the osprey had the power of fascinating the fish. Langton quotes Drayton, *Polyolbion*, xxv. 134:

> "The *Ospray* oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
> Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
> But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy)
> Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
> They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous maw."

Steevens quotes Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594 (ii. 3):

> "I will provide thee of a princely osprey,
> That as she flieth over fish in pools,
> The fish shall turn their glistering bellies up,
> And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all."

Wr. adds *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, i. 1:

> "Your actions
> Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
> Subdue before they touch."

37. *Even.* Equably, without losing his equilibrium. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 3: "How smooth and even they do bear themselves!"

*Whether 't was pride*, etc. "Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus: pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority*, but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war." (Johnson).

38. *Taints.* That is, taints his wisdom (*M. for M.* iv. 4. 5).

43. *The cushion.* Cf. iii. 1. 101 above.

44. *Garb.* Demeanour. See *Lear*, p. 204, note on *Constrains the garb*, etc.

46. *Spices.* Touches; still a familiar metaphor. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 185: "Thy bygone fooleries were but spices of it;" and *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 26: "For all this spice of your hypocrisy."

48. *He has a merit*, etc. "He has a merit for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting of it" (Johnson); or "he has a merit which destroys its own power by striving to assert that power" (Clarke). Boswell explains it: "But such is his merit as ought to choke the utterance of his faults." Wr. paraphrases the passage thus: "One of these faults, says Aufidius, which I have enumerated, was the cause of his banishment; but his merit was great enough to have prevented the sentence from being uttered." Sundry other interpretations have been proposed. To our thinking, the choice must lie between Clarke's and Boswell's.

The former is supported by what seems to be the drift of the remainder of the speech but the latter is perhaps on the whole to be preferred Wh puts it thus "He did noble service as a soldier, and though, as a statesman promoted for his service in the wars, he fell into disgrace, yet, confronted with the transcendent merit of the man [which only waits its opportunity war, not peace] the very name of his fault must stick in the throats of his accusers

49 *So our virtues*, etc ' Our virtues are virtues no longer if the time interprets them as none The soldier who is all soldier is misinterpreted in time of peace, for his unfitness for peace is seen, his fitness for war is not seen So Coriolanus—the power he had won in war but wielded in peace, conscious of having deserved well, could *to itself* commend itself, but the chair of authority which irritated the people by seeming to do nothing else but commend his past exploits *to them*, proved just the tomb —the evident, inevitable tomb—that swallowed up the power it was intended to display So he offended the Romans when he had taken Corioli, much more will he offend the Volscians when he has taken Rome ' (Wh)

Taking the passage as it stands, this interpretation may, we think, be accepted Clarke gives the meaning thus "Our virtues lie at the mercy of popular interpretation in our own day, and power, ever anxious to exact commendation, has no tomb so sure as the pulpit of eulogium which extols its deeds and Wr similarly "The orator's chair from which a man extols his own actions is the inevitable tomb of that power, however deserving, which is the subject of praise ' But this explanation (which was first proposed by Warb) is open to the objection urged by Malone that if S meant to put Coriolanus in this *chair*, he must have forgot his character, for, as M M Mason has justly observed, he has already been described as one who was so far from being a boaster that he could not endure to hear his 'nothings monstered'" Coriolanus was proud, but he was no boaster

Steevens says that the passage and the comments upon it are to him "equally unintelligible" V remarks "It seems to me one continuous and inexplicable misprint" The emendations that have been proposed are many—because most of them, though unto their authors "most commendable," do not commend themselves to anybody else For *chair*, Si proposes "hair,' the Coll MS "cheer," Leo "claim," Mitford "care," etc W conjectures "tongue so eloquent as a chair," H "tomb as eloquent as a tear," Keightley "tongue so evident as a charmer's," etc

54 *One fire*, etc A proverbial expression Cf *J C.* iii 1 171. "As fire drives out fire, so pity pity," *T G of V* ii 4 192

> "Even as one heat another heat expels,
> Or as one nail by strength drives out another,"

*R and J* i 2 46 "Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning," and *K. John*, iii 1 277

> "And falsehood falsehood cures as fire cools fire
> Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd"

55. *Rights by rights falter.* For *falter* the folios have "fouler," which Wr. defends as = worse. It makes sense, indeed, but it is clear to us that *rights by rights* is the full counterpart in the antithesis to *strengths by strengths*, and that a verb is required to balance *fail. Falter*, proposed by D. and adopted by W., seems to us the best of the various emendations. If written "faulter," as it often was, it might easily be misprinted "fouler." Johnson conjectured "founder," Ritson "foul are," Sr. "foil'd are," etc. The Coll. MS. has "suffer." Pope reads "Right 's by right fouler," Hanmer "Right 's by right foiled," and Warb. "Right 's by rights fouled."

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—2. *Which.* Equivalent to *who*, as often. See Gr. 265, and cf. 266.

3. *Particular.* Personal relation. Cf. the use of the word in iv. 7. 13 above. See also *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 189: "As 't were in love's particular."

5. *Knee.* For the verb, cf. *Lear*, ii. 4. 217: "To knee his throne."

6. *Coy'd.* "Disdained" (Schmidt). The ordinary meaning of the adjective in S. is disdainful, contemptuous. See *V. and A.* 96, 112, *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 30, iii. 1. 82, *T. of S.* ii. 1. 245, etc. In the only other instance in which he has the verb (*M. N. D.* iv. 1. 2) it is = fondle, caress.

16. *Rack'd.* Strained every nerve, exerted yourselves to the utmost. Steevens, defining rack as "to harass by exactions," explains the passage: "You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expense of coals." The folios read "wrack'd," which Coll. retains in the form "wreck'd," and explains: "Menenius intends to say that the tribunes have wrecked a noble memory for Rome, by occasioning its destruction." Others read, "sack'd fair Rome," "reck'd for Rome," "wrack'd poor Rome," "wreck'd fair Rome," "work'd for Rome," etc.

"The sneer involved in the words *to make coals cheap* refers to *the fire of burning Rome*, which is to bring hot coals of vengeance on them all" (Clarke).

17. *Memory.* Cf. iv. 5. 73 above.

18. *Minded.* Reminded; as in *W. T.* iii. 2. 226:

> "Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
> Of what you should forget;"

*Hen. V.* iv. 3. 13: "I do thee wrong to mind thee of it," etc.

20. *A bare petition.* "A mere petition. Coriolanus weighs the consequence of verbal supplication against that of actual punishment" (Steevens). Mason would read "base petition."

23. *Offer'd.* Attempted; as in *T. and C.* ii. 3. 67: "Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles," etc.

28. *Nose.* For the verb, cf. *Ham.* iv. 3. 38: "you shall nose him," etc.

32. *Above the moon.* Delius compares, for the hyperbole, *Ham.* iii. 3. 36: "O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven."

34 *So never needed.* We should say "never so needed."

37 *Instant.* That is, instantly or hastily levied.

41 *Towards Marcius.* We compares ii 2 49 above, and *Cymb* ii 3. 68. "To employ you towards this Roman."

44. *Grief-shot.* "Sorrow-stricken" (Schmidt).

46 *That thanks*, etc. Such gratitude as is proportionate to your good intentions. For essentially similar constructions, see *Gr* 280.

49 *Hum.* That is, contemptuously or angrily. Cf the noun in v 4 20 below, and see also *Mach* iii 6 42:

> "The cloudy messenger turns me his back
> And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time
> That clogs me with this answer.'"

In *T and C* i 3 165 ("Now play me Nestor, hem and stroke thy beard"), the folios have "hum," the quartos "hem," which suits the context better.

*Unhearts* — "disheartens," which S elsewhere (twice) uses. *Discourage* does not occur in his works.

50 *Well.* That is, at a favourable time. Menenius, who loved good cheer (cf ii 1 45 above), appears to judge Coriolanus by himself.

56 *Watch him.* Wr says that "the figure is taken from the language of falconry, although the treatment prescribed by Menenius is different from that practised by Petruchio." See *T of S* iv 1 206:

> "Another way I have to man my haggard,
> To make her come and know her keeper's call,
> That is, to watch her as we watch these kites
> That bate and beat and will not be obedient."

But *watch* in that technical sense means to *keep one from sleep* (see *T of S* p 158, or *Oth* p 182), while here all that Menenius intends to say is that he will watch for the opportunity of making his appeal to Coriolanus when he is *dieted to it* — that is, put in good humour for it by a good dinner.

61 *Speed.* Turn out, result. Delius connects *Speed how it will* with what follows.

63 *Sit in gold.* That is, "in his chair of state, with a marvellous and unspeakable majesty" (North). See p 189 above. Steevens quotes Pope's *Iliad*: "Th' eternal Thunderer sat thron'd in gold," where the original (viii 442) has

> Αὐτὸς δὲ χρύσειον ἐπὶ θρόνον εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
> ἕζετο.

Cf *A and C* iii 6 4:

> "Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
> Were publicly enthron'd."

64. *His injury*, etc. His sense of wrong restraining his pity.

69. *Bound with an oath*, etc. A perplexing passage, perhaps corrupt or incomplete. As it stands, it appears to mean that Coriolanus was bound by an oath as to *what he would not*, unless the Romans should *yield to his conditions*, whatever those may have been. Wh. puts it thus: "Sent after

me in writing what he would, what he would not, consent to do; confirming this with an oath which only our acceptance of his terms can cancel." This is not perfectly satisfactory, but to our thinking it is the best that has been offered. Farmer says: "I suppose Coriolanus means that he had sworn to give way to the conditions into which the ingratitude of his country had forced him." Delius understands that Coriolanus bound Cominius by an oath to yield to his conditions; and K. also makes *his conditions*=those imposed upon Coriolanus by the Volscians. Johnson proposed to read

> "What he would not,
> Bound by an oath. To yield to his conditions,"—

supposing something to be lost. Malone conjectured that two half-lines were lost, *Bound by an oath* being the beginning of one, and *to yield to his conditions* the end of the other. W. thinks a line is lost after *not*. Sr. proposed to read "to no conditions." For other emendations, see the Camb. ed.

71. *Unless his noble mother*, etc. That is, unless it *be* his mother, etc. Capell reads "unless from his," and W. "unless in 's." If any change is necessary, the latter is to be preferred; but as the passage stands it is no unnatural inversion of "His mother and wife are our only hope." If there is any corruption, it is probably in the imperfect line 70, not in 71.

SCENE II.—10. *It is lots to blanks.* That is, it is pretty certain, it's a hundred to one. Steevens compares *Rich. III.* i. 2. 238: "And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!" The *lots* are the *prizes* in the lottery (cf. the Fr. *lot*, and see also Wb.), as Johnson explained. Malone disputed this, because there are many more blanks than prizes, but the reference is to the *value* of the latter compared with the former.

14. *Lover.* Loving friend. See *M. of V.* p. 153.

15. *Book.* Wr. compares, for the metaphor, *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 27:

> "Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
> The history of all my secret thoughts."

Steevens quotes *Per.* i. 1. 15 and *Macb.* i. 5. 63. See also *R. of L.* 615, etc.

16. *Haply.* The folios have "happely" or "happily." See *T. of S.* p. 138, or Gr. 42.

17. *Verified.* "Supported the credit of" (Schmidt), or "spoken the truth of" (Malone). The word has been suspected on account of the *verity* that follows; but the repetition is not un-Shakespearian. Wh. paraphrases the passage thus: "I have always told the truth about my friends' good acts—always the whole truth—sometimes perhaps a little more than the truth." Hanmer reads "magnified," and Warb. "narrified" (!). Edwards conjectures "varnished," St. "rarefied," Leo "glorified," and Jervis "certified." Wr. suggests that "amplified" might be repeated from the preceding line. Coll., D., and W. adopt "magnified."

20. *Subtle.* "So smooth and deceptive that the bowl moves over it more rapidly than the bowler intends, and goes beyond the mark" (Wr.). For another allusion to bowling, see on iii. 1. 60 above. Steevens quotes B. J., *Chloridia*: "Tityus's breast, that . . . is counted the subtlest bowling ground in all Tartarus."

22. *Stamp'd the leasing.* Given the falsehood the stamp of truth; a metaphor taken from coining. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 247, and see i. 6. 23 above. For *leasing*, see *T. N.* p. 129. Wr. quotes *Ps.* v. 6.

29. *Factionary on the party.* Taking part on the side. S. uses *factionary* nowhere else. For *party*=part, side, see *K. John*, p. 133.

38. *Out.* Out from. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 153, note on *Bawl out.* Cf. *forth* in i. 4. 23 above.

40. *Front.* Confront; as in *A. and C.* i. 4. 79: "To front this present time," etc.

41. *Virginal.* Virgin, maidenly; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 52 and *Per.* iv. 6. 32.

42. *Dotant.* "Dotard;" the reading of the 4th folio.

54. *Your having.* What you have; as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 396: "your having in beard." See also *M. W.* iii. 2. 73, *Cymb.* i. 2. 19, etc.

57. *Companion.* See on iv. 5. 12 above.

*Errand.* Spelt "arrant" in the first three folios, indicating the old pronunciation, still a vulgar one in New England.

59. *A Jack guardant.* A Jack on guard. Steevens compares "a Jack in office." For the contemptuous use of Jack, see *Much Ado*, p. 164. *Guardant* occurs again in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 9: "But when my angry guardant stood alone."

*Office me from.* Use your office to keep me from. Cf. *officed* in *A. W.* iii. 2. 129.

60. *But by.* The folios omit *by;* inserted by Malone. Hanmer omits *but.*

64. *Synod.* Used by S. in six passages, in five of which it refers to an assembly of the gods. See *A. Y. L.* p. 173.

67. *Look thee.* Here *thee* is apparently=*thou.* See Gr. 212.

68. *Hardly.* With difficulty; as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 115: "it came hardly off," etc.

70. *Our.* The folios have "your," which the Camb. ed. retains. If the second person were used, we should expect "thy."

71. *Petitionary.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 199: "with most petitionary vehemence."

77. *Servanted to.* Subject to, under the control of. Gr. 294.

*Though I owe*, etc. "The Volscians have charged me with the execution of my own revenge; it is mine therefore to execute, but not to remit" (Wh.). For *owe*, see on iii. 2. 130 above. *Properly*=as my property, as mine personally. Cf. *proper* in i. 9. 57 above.

80. *Ingrate.* "Ingrateful" (ii. 2. 28 above). See *K. John*, p. 174. *Poison*=destroy.

83. *For.* Because; as in iii. 1. 10 above.

84. *Writ.* For the past tense S. uses *writ* oftener than *wrote;* for the participle he has usually *writ* or *written*, sometimes *wrote.*

88. *Constant.* See on i. 1. 232 above.

92. *Shent.* Reproved, rated. Cf. *T. N.* iv. 2. 112: "I am shent for speaking to you." See our ed. p. 159, or *Ham.* p. 231.

97. *Slight.* Insignificant, worthless; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 463: "some slight zany;" *J. C.* iv. 1. 12: "a slight, unmeritable man," etc.

103. *Wind-shaken.* We have *wind-shaked* in *Oth.* ii. 1. 13. See our ed. p. 190.

SCENE III.—2. *Set down.* Cf. i. 2. 28 above.

3. *How plainly.* "That is, how openly, how remotely from artifice or concealment" (Johnson).

4. *I have borne this business.* See on i. 1. 263 above.

9. *A crack'd heart.* Cf. *Lear*, ii. 1. 92: "O madam, my old heart is crack'd,—it 's crack'd!" See also *A. and C.* iv. 14. 41.

11. *Godded.* Idolized; used by S. only here.

13. *Show'd.* Appeared. See on iii. 3. 50 above.

15. *To grace him.* To do honour to him. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 81: "We grace the yeoman by conversing with him," etc.

17. *To.* The 1st folio has "too."

23. *In her hand.* Wr. quotes *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 12:

> "Who meets us here? My niece Plantagenet
> Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?"

32. *Aspect.* Accented on the last syllable, as always in S. See *A. Y. L.* p. 190. Gr. 490.

35. *To obey.* *As* to obey. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 167:

> "I would with such perfection govern, sir,
> To excel the golden age."

Cf. the ellipsis of *as* after *so* (Gr. 281).

*Instinct*, like *aspect*, is accented by S. on the last syllable. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 149.

39. *The sorrow*, etc. "Virgilia interprets her husband's speech literally, as if it referred to the altered appearance of the suppliants, which was caused by their sorrow. Coriolanus merely says that in his banishment he saw every thing in a different light" (Wr.). *Delivers*=shows; as in v. 6. 140 below.

40. *Like a dull actor.* Malone quotes *Sonn.* 23. 1:

> "As an unperfect actor on the stage,
> Who with his fear is put beside his part."

On *out*=at a loss, cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 76: "Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit;" and see our ed. p. 186.

46. *The jealous queen of heaven.* "Juno, who presided over marriage, and punished conjugal infidelity" (Clarke). Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 103 fol., *A. Y. L.* v. 5. 147, and *Per.* ii. 3. 30.

48. *Virgin'd it.* Been as a virgin. For the *it*, cf. *fool it* in ii. 3. 114 above. Gr. 226.

*Prate.* The folios have "pray;" corrected by Pope (the conjecture of Theo.).

54. *Unproperly.* Used by S. only here; *improperly* not at all. *Improper* occurs only in *Lear*, v. 3. 221, and *unproper* only in *Oth.* iv. 1. 69. See on iv. 4. 16 above.

57. *Corrected.* "Rebuked by the sight" (Wh.).

58. *Hungry.* Defined by some as=barren; by others as=eager for

shipwrecks. It is perhaps suggested by the same epithet as applied to the sea. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 4. 103: "as hungry as the sea."

59. *Fillip.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 255: "If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle;" and see our ed. p. 157.

60. *Strike the proud cedars*, etc. It is singular that the critics who think it necessary to tone down the hyperbole in iv. 5. 111 have not "emended" this line. Is scarring the moon a more preposterous rhetorical achievement than striking against the sun?

61. *Murthering impossibility.* Putting an end to it: after this, let nothing be impossible.

63. *Holp.* See on iii. 1. 277 above.

65. *The moon of Rome*, etc. See pp. 28, 38 above. Cf. i. 1. 250 and ii. 1. 88 above.

66. *Curded.* Congealed. The folios have "curdied," which some editors retain. Schmidt also gives "curdy," but *curd* is the form in *A. W.* i. 3. 155 and *Ham.* i. 5. 69. Rowe (2d ed.) reads "curdled," which S. nowhere uses.

68. *This is*, etc. Steevens proposed to give this speech to Valeria, who has nothing to say in the scene; but, as Wr. remarks, Volumnia first presents Valeria and then young Marcius whom she holds by the hand. For *of yours* Johnson would read "of you." Cf. iii. 1. 95 above.

71. *Supreme.* Accented on the first syllable everywhere in S. except iii. 1. 110 above, which is the only instance in which it does not come before the noun. See on *divine*, iv. 5. 106 above.

74. *Flaw.* "That is, every *gust*, every *storm*" (Johnson). See *Ham.* p. 264. Malone quotes *Sonn.* 116. 5:

> "O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
> That looks on tempests and is never shaken."

80. *Forsworn to grant.* Sworn not to grant. Wr. cites *R. and J.* i. 1. 229: "She hath forsworn to love;" and *T. N.* iii. 4. 276: "or forswear to wear iron about you."

81. *Denials.* "The plural is used because the refusal affected several persons" (Wr.). Cf. 85 below.

82. *Capitulate.* Treat, make terms; not now used of the victor. In the only other instance of the verb in S. (1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 120) it means to conspire, form a league.

85. *Allay.* Cf. ii. 1. 45 above.

90. *If you fail in.* Either = fail us in, or = fail in granting; probably the former. Rowe (2d ed) changed *you* to "we."

93. *Nought.* See on iii. 1. 231 above.

95. *Bewray.* Betray, show. See *Lear*, p. 199.

96. *Exile.* See on i. 6. 35 above.

97. *Unfortunate.* In the editions of North's *Plutarch* published in 1579, 1595, and 1603, this adjective is misprinted "unfortunately." The error is corrected in the ed. of 1612, from which Halliwell (*Trans. New Shaks. Soc.* for 1874, p. 367) infers that S. must have used this edition, and that the date of the play must therefore be put as late as 1612. On the other hand, Fleay (*Shaks. Manual*, p. 52) argues that the play must have been written before 1612, because the correction in North was got from

it. One argument is just as good as the other; but, as Wr. remarks, a moment's comparison of the passage in North with that in *Coriolanus* will show that S., in turning the former into verse, "had recourse to omission and transposition, and may therefore have written *unfortunate* instead of *unfortunately* for metrical reasons, without having had the word in the printed copy before him."

100. *Constrains them weep.* For the ellipsis of *to*, see Gr. 349. *Shake* refers, of course, to *hearts*.

103. *To poor we.* Cf. "between you and I" in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 321, etc. See Gr. 205, 206, 209, 211. For *we*=*us* in other constructions, see *J. C.* iii. 1. 95, *Ham.* i. 4. 54, and *Cymb.* v. 3. 72.

104. *Capital.* Deadly, mortal. Cf. "capital punishment." For the double object of *barr'st*, Wr. compares *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 20: "bars me the place of a brother."

107. *Alas, how can we*, etc. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 331 fol.: "Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win," etc.

109. *Alack! or we must lose*, etc. See extract from North, p. 191 above.

115. *Thorough.* The folios have "through" here, but *thorough*, which Johnson substituted for the sake of the measure, is often used by S. See *M. of V.* p. 144 (note on *Throughfares*) or *M. N. D.* p. 136. Gr. 478.

120. *Determine.* Terminate. See on iii. 3. 43 above.

122. *Thou shalt no sooner*, etc. See North, p. 191 above.

127. *A' shall not*, etc. See p. 25 above.

138. *In either side.* Elsewhere we have *on;* as in i. 6. 51 and iii. 1. 181 above.

139. *All-hail.* Cf. *Macb.* i. 5. 56: "Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter," etc.

143. *Such . . . whose.* Cf. iii. 2. 55 above. Gr. 279.

145. *Writ.* See on v. 2. 84 above.

149. *The fine strains.* "The niceties, the refinements" (Johnson); "the emotions or impulses" (Wr.); "the aspirations, high reachings, lofty attempts" (Clarke). For *fine*, the folios have "fiue" or "five;" corrected by Johnson.

150. *To imitate*, etc. "The *divine graces* that Coriolanus *affected to imitate* are—terror and mercy, both attributes of their gods: to express this, he is said to thunder as they do; but so to temper his terrors that mankind is as little hurt by them as they commonly are by thunder, which mostly spends its rage on oaks" (Capell).

151. *The wide cheeks o' the air.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 4: "the welkin's cheek;" and *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 57: "the cloudy cheeks of heaven."

152. *Charge.* The folios have "change;" corrected by Warb. and Theo. Schmidt makes "change with"=exchange for, as in *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 12.

"The meaning of the passage is, to threaten much, and yet be merciful" (Warb.).

155. *Daughter, speak you.* "With what exquisitely artistic touches S. finishes his character-portraits! Here, in two half-lines, he paints Virgilia's habitual silence, and Volumnia's as habitual torrent of words. She

bids her daughter-in-law plead, yet waits not for her to speak! And then how consistently has he depicted Volumnia's mode of appeal to her son throughout, in iii. 2 and here; beginning with remonstrance, and ending with reproach: her fiery nature so like his own, and so thoroughly accounting for his inherited disposition" (Clarke).

160. *Like one i' the stocks.* "Keep me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose" (Johnson).

163. *Cluck'd.* The 1st folio has "clock'd," which appears to have been a form of the word. Wr. quotes Cotgrave: "Glosser. To cluck, or clocke, as a Henne."

On the passage, see p. 30 above.

164. *Loaden.* Used by S. interchangeably with *laden.* See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 140. Cf. quotation from Cotgrave in note on i. 1. 20 above.

170. *Longs.* Belongs; generally printed "'longs," but incorrectly. See Wb. or *Hen. VIII.* p. 162.

176. *Reason.* Reason or argue for. Cf. the somewhat similar transitive use in *Lear*, ii. 4. 267: "reason not the need."

178. *To his mother.* For his mother. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 6. 14: "that has a gentleman to his son;" *Temp.* ii. 1. 75: "a paragon to their queen," etc. Gr. 189. See also *Matt.* iii. 9.

179. *His child.* Changed by Theo. (followed by W.) to "this child;" but, in our opinion, quite unnecessarily. Volumnia does not think of the apparent inconsistency; or we might say that *his child* is = this child that passes for his, or that we call his.

189. *Mortal.* Mortally, fatally. It is common enough to find an adjective used adverbially (Gr. 1), but here we might perhaps say, as Wr. and Clarke do, that "the adverbial termination is carried on from *dangerously.*" Cf. Gr. 397.

190. *True wars.* For the plural, cf. i. 3. 98 above.

192. *Were you.* Capell reads "If you were" for the sake of the measure; and Walker conjectures "An were you."

199. *Stand to.* Stand by. Cf. iii. 1. 208 above.

202. *A former fortune.* That is, such as I had before I shared my power with Coriolanus.

203. *Drink together.* In token of peace. Steevens quotes 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 63:

> "And here between the armies
> Let 's drink together friendly and embrace,
> That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
> Of our restored love and amity."

Farmer would read "think" for *drink.*

207. *A temple.* According to Plutarch "a temple of Fortune" was built to commemorate the occasion. It is said to have stood at the fourth milestone on the Via Latina, where Coriolanus met his mother.

SCENE IV.—1. *Coign.* Corner. See *Mach.* p. 174.

7. *Stay upon.* Wait but for. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 20, etc.

10. *Condition.* See on ii. 3. 91 above.

11. *Differency.* The reading of the 1st folio, changed in the 2d to

"difference." So in *Oth.* iii. 4. 149, the 1st folio has "obsèrvancie," the 2d "observance."

20. *Bum.* See on v. 1. 49 above. *State*=chair of state; as in *Macb.* iii. 4. 5: "Our hostess keeps her state," etc. See our ed., p. 214.

21. *Made for.* Made to represent; that is, a statue.

22. *Throne.* Not elsewhere used intransitively by S. For *throned*= enthroned, see *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 158, *T. N.* ii. 4. 22, etc.

26. *In the character.* To the life, as he is.

29. *Long of you.* Owing to you. *Long* is commonly printed "'long;" but see *M. N. D.* p. 168.

36. *Plebeians.* For the accent, see on i. 9. 7 above.

37. *Hale.* Haul, drag. See *Much Ado*, p. 137.

46. *Make doubt.* Cf. i. 2. 18 above.

47. *Blown.* Perhaps=swollen; as in *Lear*, iv. 4. 27: "No blown ambition doth our arms incite;" but it had occurred to us before we saw Collier's note on the word that it probably refers to the effect of the wind upon the tide. Malone quotes *R. of L.* 1667:

"As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste."

Both passages were doubtless suggested by the tide rushing through the arches of Old London Bridge. See *2 Hen. IV.* p. 29, foot-note.

49. *The trumpets*, etc. Wr. remarks that S. probably had in mind the list of instruments in *Dan.* iii. 7.

51. *Make the sun dance.* It was a popular superstition that the sun dances on Easter Sunday. Cf. Suckling, *Ballad upon a Wedding*:

"But, O, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter Day
Is half so fine a sight!"

57. *Doit.* See on i. 5. 6 above.

61. *At point.* See on iii. 1. 194 above.

Scene V.—D. was the first to make this a new scene. Coll. follows the early eds. in adding it to Scene 4.

4. *Unshout*, etc. "Annul the former noise with shouts of welcome to his mother" (Wh.). Wr. compares *unspeak* in *Macb.* iv. 3. 123, *unsay* in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 181, and *unpay* in *2 Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 130.

5. *Repeal.* Recall. See on iv. 1. 41 above.

Scene VI.—*Antium.* The locality is not marked in the folios. Rowe made it *Antium*, and has been followed by most of the editors; but Sr., D., Coll., and St. substitute *Corioli* on account of 90 below. But we should infer from 116 that the scene is not in Corioli. According to Plutarch, Antium should be the place.

5. *Him.* He whom. Cf. iv. 1. 2 above, and see Gr. 208.

6. *Ports.* Gates; as in i. 7. 1 above.

15. *Of.* From; as in *K. John*, iii. 4. 55: "deliver'd of these woes." Gr. 166.

20. *Pretext.* Accented on the last syllable; used by S. nowhere else.

21. *Pawn'd.* Pledged. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 185.

22. *Who.* For the construction, cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 162, iii. 2. 53, etc. Gr. 249.

27. *Stoutness.* Cf. iii. 2. 78, 127 above.

32. *Gave him way.* Gave way to him. Cf. iv. 4. 25 above.

35. *Designments.* Designs; used again in *Oth.* ii. 1. 22: "their designment halts."

36. *Holp.* See on v. 3. 63 above.

37. *End all his.* Made all his own at last. The use of *end* would not be singular, even if it had not been shown that it is a provincial term for getting in a harvest, still used in Surrey, Sussex, and elsewhere Arrowsmith (quoted by D.) cites advertisements from the *Hereford Times* of Jan. 23, 1858, in which "well-ended hay-ricks" and "well-ended wheat-ricks" are mentioned among things for sale at auction. The 4th folio has "make" for *end*, and the Coll. MS. "ear" (see *Rich. II.* p. 192, or *A. W.* p. 141). St. conjectures "bind," and Keightley "inn" (see *A. W.* p. 141).

40. *Wag'd me with his countenance.* "Paid me with his patronage; made me feel that, when he approved me, he was paying me wages" (Wh.). S. uses *wage* in this sense nowhere else. Steevens quotes Holinshed: "to levie and wage thirtie thousand men." For *countenance*, see *Ham.* p. 243.

43. *Had carried.* That is, had in effect done so. Wr. thinks it may be=might have carried (Gr. 361).

*And that.* And *when* that. Gr. 285. Cf. iv. 5. 95 above.

45. *For which my sinews,* etc. "This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities" (Johnson).

46. *At.* At the price of. Cf. i. 5. 5 above.

*Rheum*=tears; as often in S. See *K. John*, p. 152.

50. *Post.* "A messenger, bringing the news of the victories of Coriolanus" (Wh.). Cf. *T. N.* p. 133.

54. *At your vantage.* When you find the opportunity. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 3. 24: "With his next vantage," etc.

57. *Which we will second.* The pointing is that of Theo. The folios read:

> "Which we will second, when he lies along
> After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury," etc.

58. *After your way,* etc. After your version of his story.

59. *His reasons.* His arguments, or what he would say in defence of himself.

64. *What faults he made.* Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 220: "What faults I make;" and just before (218): "you have made fault." See our ed. p. 178.

67. *Answering us,* etc. "Instead of spoils and victory, bringing back the bill—for ourselves to pay" (Wh.). For *answer*, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 185: "To answer all the debt," etc.; and for *charge*=cost, see *K. John*, p. 133. Cf. 79 below.

71. *Soldier.* A trisyllable. Cf. i. 1. 109 above.

73. *Parted.* Departed. See *M. of V.* p. 145.

78. *A full third part.* That is, *by* a full third. Gr. 420.

84. *Compounded.* Agreed. See *K. John*, p. 145.

85. *In the high'st degree.* The folio has no comma after *traitor*, and it is possible, though not probable, that *in the high'st degree* qualifies that word. Wr. quotes *T. N.* i. 5. 61: "Misprision in the highest degree;" and *Rich. III.* v. 3. 196: "Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree!" For the contracted superlative, see on iii. 1. 103 above.

90. *In Corioli.* Clarke, in remarking upon the locality of this scene, connects these words with *stolen*, not with *grace*, the emphasis being thrown upon *I*: "Dost thou think *I*'ll grace thee with that robbery, thy name of Coriolanus, stolen in Corioli?" This seems rather forced; it is more probable that S. forgot for the moment that the scene was not in Corioli.

93. *Drops of salt.* Often used of tears; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 55: "drops full salt;" *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 92: "Salt tears," etc. Cf. iv. 1. 22 above.

100. *Each at other.* The folios have "others;" corrected by Rowe. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 239: "Wink each at other;" and see our ed. p. 166. So "each on other" in *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 26.

102. *No more.* Probably to be explained as = no more than *a boy of tears.* Tyrwhitt conjectured that the speech should be given to the first Lord.

105. *The first time.* Coriolanus forgets how he berated the tribunes in iii. 1 and iii. 3.

107. *Notion.* Understanding, mind; as in *Macb.* iii. 1. 83: "a notion craz'd," etc. See also *Lear*, p. 191, note on *His notion weakens.*

108. *Who.* The antecedent is implied in *his.* Cf. iii. 2. 119 above. Gr. 218. For *that*, see Gr. 260, 262.

116. *In Corioli.* Surely he would not have said this in Corioli, but rather "in this city here," or to that effect; but we believe that none of the commentators have referred to this as a reason for not following Sr. in placing the scene in Corioli.

For *flutter'd*, the 1st and 2d folios have "flatter'd."

121. *All the People.* Cf. iii. 1. 186–188 above.

*Presently.* At once. See on iii. 3. 12 above.

125. *Folds in.* Cf. iii. 3. 68 above.

127. *Judicious.* Judicial; the only instance of this sense in S. *Stand* = stop; as in *T. and C.* v. 6. 9, etc.

138. *Did owe you.* Had for you, exposed you to.

140. *Deliver.* Show; as in v. 3. 39 above.

142. *Censure.* Judgment, sentence. Cf. iii. 3. 46 above.

144. *That ever herald*, etc. "This allusion is to a custom unknown, I believe, to the ancients, but observed in the public funerals of English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the style of the deceased" (Steevens).

145. *His.* Referring of course to Coriolanus.

152. *Unchilded.* Used by S. only here.

154. *Memory.* See on iv. 5. 73 above.

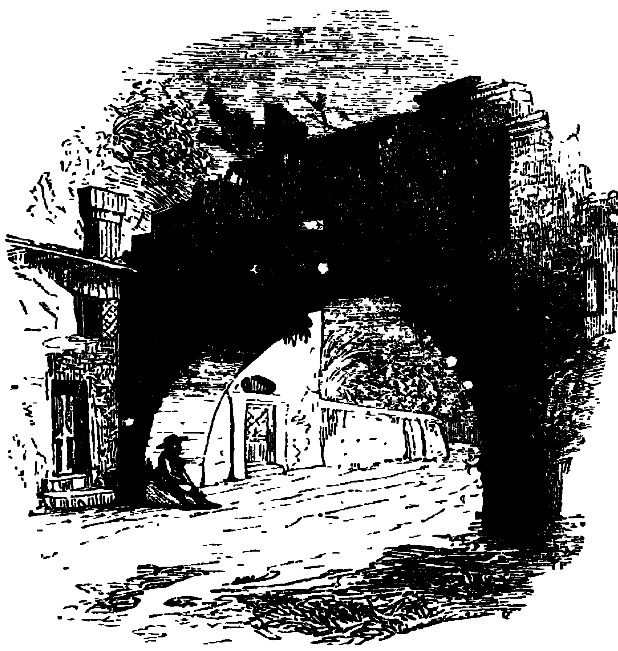
155. *Assist.* Omitted by Pope.



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